

Collier's

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November 11, 1950



U.S. MARINES IN ACTION AGAINST CHINA'S REBELLIOUS BOXERS

Vishinsky
THE KREMLIN'S GREMLIN

Hail Sid
COMIC WITH



☆
It's always a pleasure
to give...to receive...

the
Magnificent Whiskey
in the Magnificent
Gift Decanter



The Gold Medal
Whiskey

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

Bottled in Bond — Kentucky Straight Bourbon
in the DeLuxe Decanter

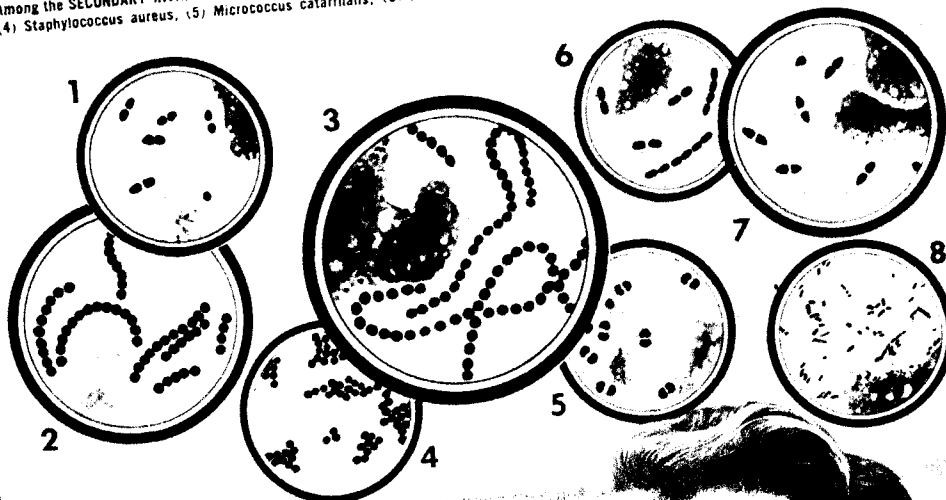
...at no extra cost!

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO.
KENTUCKY REGISTERED DISTILLERY NO. 1, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Catching Cold? Sore Throat?

Get after these germs
with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**
... Quick!

Among the **SECONDARY INVADERS** are the following: (1) *Pneumococcus* Type IV, (2) *Streptococcus viridans*, (3) *Streptococcus hemolyticus*, (4) *Staphylococcus aureus*, (5) *Micrococcus catarrhalis*, (6) *Friedlander's bacillus*, (7) *Pneumococcus* Type III, 8) *Bacillus influenzae*.



Germs reduced up to 96.7% in tests

Yes, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced mouth germs (including some of the Secondary Invaders shown above) as much as 96.7% even 15 minutes after the gargle — up to 80% even one hour after.

Safe, direct way to fight trouble

Whatever else you do, start with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat.

It's a safe method... no dangerous side-effects... it attacks the infection with quick germicidal action.

Taken early and often this delightful precaution may head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen its severity once started.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs doctors call the Secondary Invaders.

Many authorities say they are the cause of most of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the tissue through the throat.

Listerine Antiseptic often halts this mass invasion... attacks the germs before they attack you.

Tests over 12 years showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, than those who did not gargle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

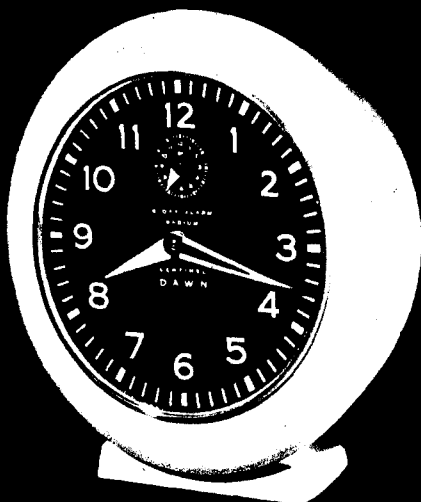




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World famous designer
has created two new

SENTINEL

ALARM CLOCKS

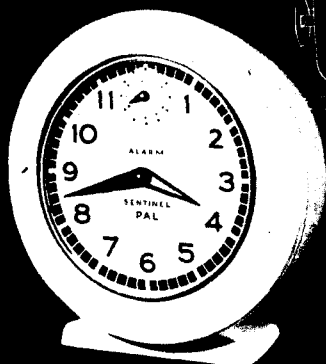


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Compare it with leading one-day clocks!
These eight day alarm clocks can't be over-
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electronically inspected and radar timed.

\$4.95* EVERYWHERE.

\$5.50* with Radium.



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Can't be over wound. Electronic inspection
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The Cover

When the U.S. Marines pitched in with for-
eign allies to subdue China's uprising Box-
ers 50 years ago, the Corps was already 125
years old; and this week, on November 10th,
the leathernecks will celebrate their 175th
anniversary. This painting of a memora-
ble chapter in Marine history was made for
the Corps six years ago by John Clymer
and now hangs in the Washington office of
their commandant, General Clifton Cates.

Week's Mail

1950 Model GI

EDITOR: As an airman who went through
the old routine in 1943, I began *The New*
GI Joe, by Bill Davidson and Dave Breger
(Sept. 30th), with some trepidation. It had
all the earmarks of a wise-guy article writ-
ten by some ex-officer in public relations
who likes to talk about the good old days
when sergeants were tough and didn't baby
the recruits. Therefore, I was considerably
surprised when I found that the article was
actually a serious treatment of the Army's
(and the Air Force's) new method of train-
ing and selecting soldiers for combat.

The concept behind the new methods of
classification and training is one of develop-
ing a sense of dignity and initiative within
the individual soldier (and airman) conso-
nant with the concepts embodied in the
system of free democracy.

Peacetime soldiers, that is, career sol-
diers, have to live with the thing and there-
fore cannot indulge in sadistic, selfish
expressions of some neurosis, as so many
wartime officers and noncoms did for the
period that they were away from some dull
civilian job. My ideas on the thing are ex-
pressed ably in the article by General De-
vers: "There are a few persons who have
said that the Army is 'going soft' in its train-
ing. These people are ignorant of the dis-
tinction between intelligent leadership and
coercive methods." SGT. D. D. DIMITRY,
Davis-Monthan AFB, Tucson, Ariz.

... About that crack in *The New GI Joe*
that the quickest way for an Army instruc-
tor to be sent to an infantry outfit in Alaska
is to bully a recruit in class, all I can say is
that unless things have changed greatly since
I left Alaska, not many infantry instruc-
tors are bullies.

At that time there were very few actual
combat troops in the entire Territory. The
bulk of the armed forces there were Air
Force personnel, most of whom had never
seen an M-1 rifle before they went up there.

I can't help but think that it would be nice
if there were a lot more bullies to send up
there to "nail a few boards" on Uncle Sam's
back fence. SILAS R. VERMILYEA, JR.,
Eagle Creek, Ore.

Member of the Family

EDITOR: I am writing this letter to correct
several mistakes in the article titled *The*
Women Behind MacArthur (Sept. 23d). I
am Mrs. MacArthur's half brother and
shared the same home with her until she
left to marry the general in 1937.

The article states that she, Mrs. Mac-
Arthur, had an indulgent stepfather of
whom "she was never particularly fond,"
while actually she was fond of her step-
father and lived in his home with his two
children and her mother in Murfreesboro,
Tennessee. So far as the indulgence was
concerned, Jean was always self-supporting
and received her income from her father,
who lived in Nashville, Tennessee.

It was also her father and not her step-
father who left her a part of his estate at his
death. So far as taking cruises with her
stepfather, this is simply not true. She did
take me around the world in 1934 as a grad-



I never imagined it would happen to me!

I'm a good driver. Even my husband says so. But my first accident, even though small, was a frightful experience. I'd heard friends say that even a small accident like mine involved miles of red tape and filling out a mountain of forms!

So imagine my delight when I called my State Farm Insurance man, Fred Mitchell*, and he just laughed at my fears and told me State Farm didn't believe in red tape or inconveniencing policyholders.

He came right out to my house, inspected the car, and asked me a few questions. That was all there was to it!

A few days later my car was fixed good as new, and Fred delivered my check. And I forgot about it. But, I'll never forget what a comfort it is to be insured with State Farm Mutual!

Agents give personal attention

That's one of the extra benefits you enjoy as a policyholder in the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. Should you have an accident near your home, generally your claim will be *personally* handled by the man who wrote your automobile insurance in the

first place. He, naturally, is *keenly* interested in keeping you a well-pleased customer. In addition, State Farm has 120 field claim offices, strategically located.

Away from home—same service!

Since automobiles were made to travel, State Farm service is geared to travel with the car. Wherever trouble occurs, in the United States or Canada, claim service is available.

Savings benefit policyholders

Efficient, friendly service plus *low cost insurance* is what you get as a State Farm Mutual policyholder. Why? Because State Farm desires to insure only careful drivers—who have fewer losses—keep costs down. State Farm is a mutual company—savings benefit policyholders.

The State Farm agent in your community will be glad to discuss any or all of your insurance problems. If you don't know him yet—simply look up State Farm in your phone book.

Note to new car buyers: *Before* you buy your new car, ask your State Farm agent about convenient low cost financing through a local bank—often substantial savings can be made

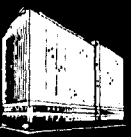
on both the financing and insurance. And remember, once you have State Farm insurance, you can easily transfer it to your new car.

Do you know? How small regular savings can build a comfortable retirement income if you start now? Ask your State Farm agent about the guaranteed savings and security program available in the State Farm Life Insurance Company.



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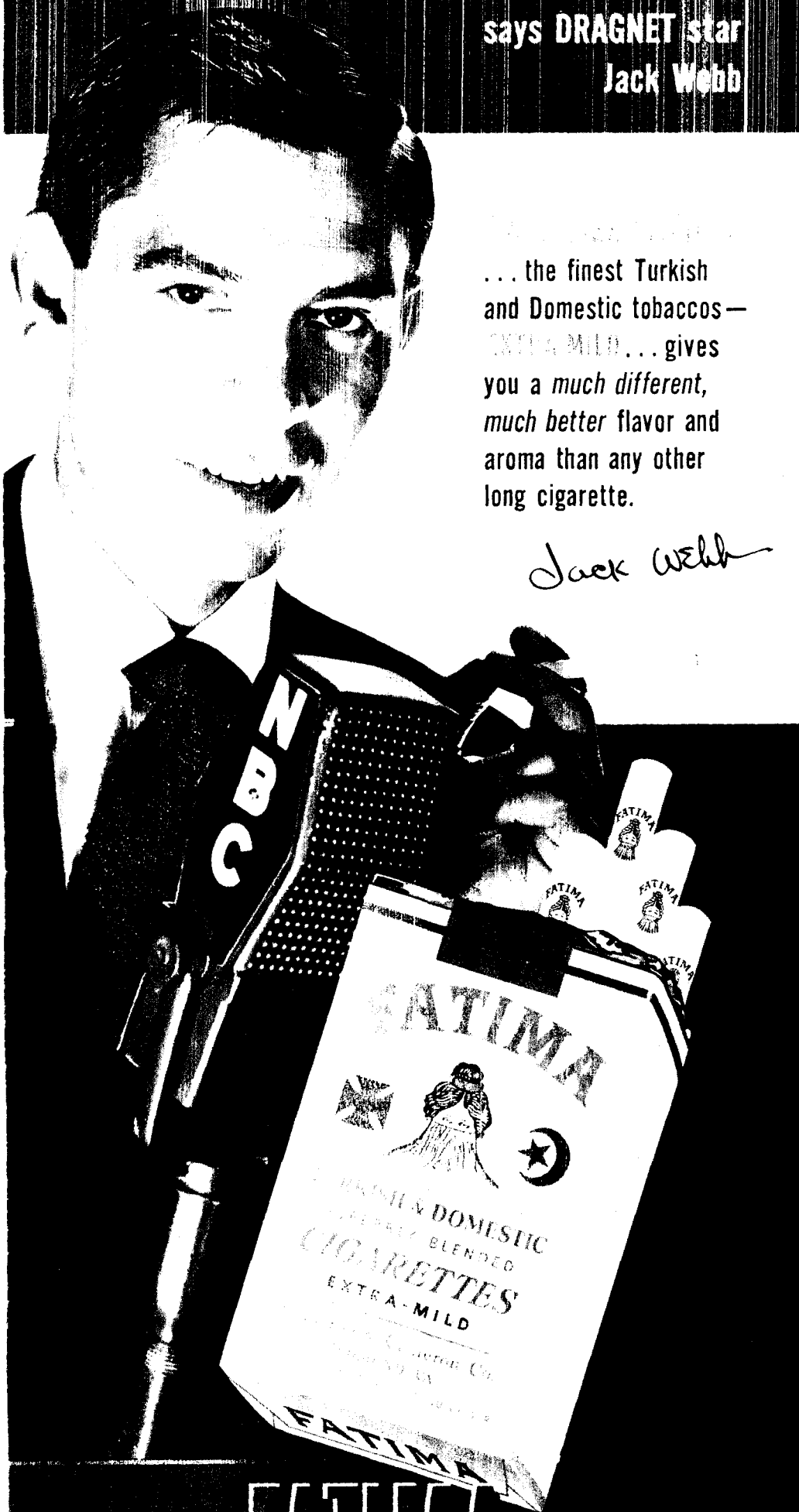
*Fred Mitchell is a fictitious name, but his efficient, capable service is typical of State Farm agents.

It's Wise TO SMOKE EXTRA-MILD FATIMA

says DRAGNET star
Jack Webb

... the finest Turkish
and Domestic tobaccos—
EXTRA-MILD... gives
you a much different,
much better flavor and
aroma than any other
long cigarette.

Jack Webb



ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF
... BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

uation present and she also took her sister Angeline on a cruise at one time to South America. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Kelley are also wrong in saying that her family knew nothing of the wedding, and this report within itself speaks well of their confidence.

HARVARD P. SMITH, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Parson's Blessing

EDITOR: Thank you, Collier's, for the beautiful and moving story *The Robe and the Sword* (Sept. 30th). It is a wonderful sermon on mercy and understanding.

I read it once and was deeply moved. I reread it and marveled at the craftsmanship. One of its great qualities is the element of suspense.

The reader is led to see both sides of the question. Was the priest guilty? he asks. Was he weak? Was he culpable? It ends happily for the good father and the blame is put where it belongs.

You and Major Voorhees have the blessing of a country Congregational parson.

WALTER SAMUEL SWISHER, D.D.,
North Wilbraham, Mass.

Sergeant from Vermont

EDITOR: I have just read your editorial *Thank You, Sergeant Huntoon* (Sept. 23d). I would just like to say that if he ever comes to California, my heart and my house will be always wide open to him.

I only wish that I could have been half the soldier that he is.

ANTHONY MAGNO, Bakersfield, Cal.

... I wish to commend you for your editorial *Thank You, Sergeant Huntoon*. You are right about some of Green Mountain boys at Ticonderoga being as old as Sergeant Huntoon. Many were in all the Continental services. I had an ancestor who enlisted in 4th Maryland Line at thirty-eight and saw six years of the Revolution, then moved to Kentucky and pioneered new land. Another one enlisted at sixteen, went with Clark to Northwest Territory at eighteen, with Wayne and St. Clair, and at age of fifty-three, when Governor Shelby called for Kentucky volunteers, rode to Canada and fought in the battle of Thames River.

I am fifty, an ex-cavalryman (horse) and now an Air Force reservist, still fit for active duty, and yes, can still walk!

JOHN A. DOYLE, Madeira, Ohio



"... perpetuates, with much
honor, a family tradition"

... Your editorial states that possibly some of Ethan Allen's boys from Vermont may have looked somewhat like Sergeant Huntoon.

May I take the liberty of quoting from *The Hunton* (Huntoon)—the name was spelled either way in those early times—written by Daniel T. V. Huntoon, and published at Canton, Massachusetts, in 1881.

"John Huntoon, born Jan. 4, 1753; died at Unity, N. H., aged 85. He was at the

battle of Ticonderoga and was a captain in the Revolution.

"Aaron Huntoon, born June 9, 1758. He served in the Revolutionary War from its beginning to its close. He was at the capture of Burgoyne's army and said, 'I was the first soldier that stood at the gate when the British Army marched out.'"

The record is replete with others of this name so that Sergeant Huntoon perpetuates, with much honor, a family tradition.

MORGAN HUNTOON, Los Angeles, Cal.

... In your editorial on Sergeant Huntoon it is stated, "There was the German Big Bertha, a massive gun mounted on a railroad car that shelled Paris from 70 miles away."

According to the Statistics Branch—General Staff—War Department, 10-9-20, Characteristics of the German Long Range Gun, as described in Volume VI, Source Records of the Great War, published by the American Legion, 1931, "The German long-range guns used in the bombing of Paris were constructed from worn-out 15-inch, 45-caliber naval guns, mounted on concrete emplacements."

HARRY E. STROY, Starkville, Miss.

He'd Really Throw the Book

EDITOR: The writer agrees with everything you say in *Throw the Book at Them* (editorial, Sept. 30th). However, he believes the best ammunition is not indicated.

He served in World War I, was wounded at Cuneil, France, 14 October, 1918. It was also his lot to be a prisoner after the surrender of Bataan, 9 April, 1942, and was fortunate enough to survive the march out of Bataan and over three years in prison. His son was wounded in France, 23 December, 1944, and has been with the 1st Cavalry Division in Korea since 28 August, 1950.

Chiselers and any other of their ilk should face a firing squad. Other actions have failed on two prior occasions. A soldier remiss in his duties would have no alternative.

JOHN R. BOATWRIGHT, Col. U.S. Army
(Retired), Bedford, Va.

Pioneer

EDITOR: Orchids to you and Charlotte Knight for *I Flew a Jet Strike over Korea* (Sept. 30th).

Although the times and planes have changed, no one knows better than I the thrills and importance of such an achievement. I was one of the first women reporters in the world to fly—September 17, 1924, in a "Jenny," open, two-passenger crate, on an assignment from the Moline, Illinois, Daily Dispatch.

ALLYNNE BURT, Chicago, Ill.

Toward Better Understanding

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you for publishing such articles as 'Loved, Feared and Followed,' by Genevieve Forbes Herrick (Sept. 23d). They are so informative for us Caucasians who are ignorant because of our lack of education concerning Negro people. The only way we can learn how to help toward the betterment of race relations is by reading this type of article.

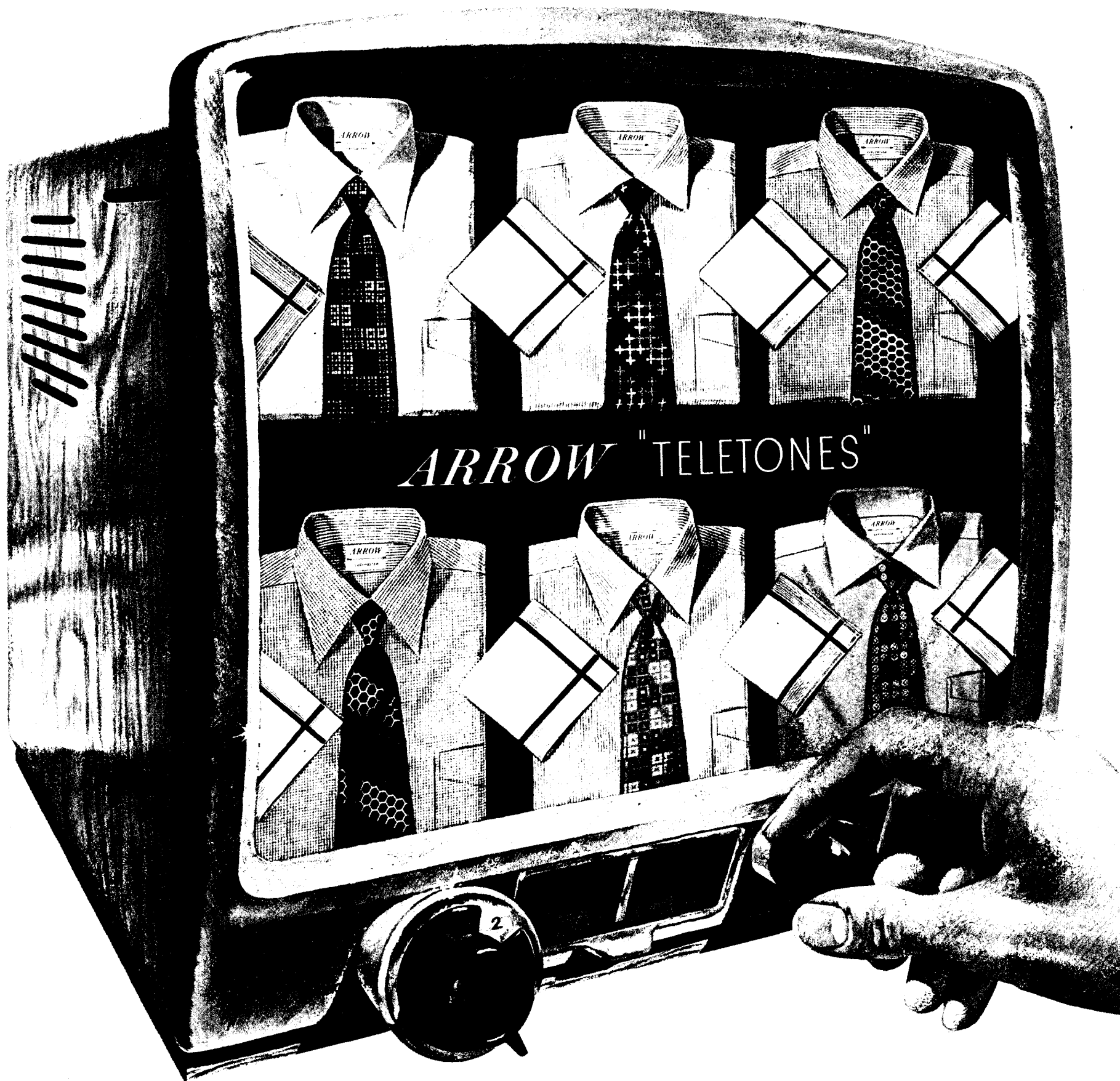
BLANCHE RICH, San Francisco, Cal.

... Genevieve Forbes Herrick has written a magnificent and inspiring article about Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, a distinguished American. Dr. Bethune, in her efforts to help others, has learned more and knows more about the interracial subject in America than all the other people put together.

It is most gratifying to note, in this connection, that "We have made and we are still making some progress." Twenty or 30 years ago a story like this could not have been featured in a magazine of this class. And today the pages of many so-called liberal publications are closed to subjects of this nature, regardless of the worthiness of the cause and the merits of the individual.

GEORGE W. BLOUNT, West Chester, Pa.

Collier's for November 11, 1950



20 good reasons for color television!

Color Television! How it would show up the colors and patterns of this new Arrow "Teletones" ensemble! Shirts come in unusual colors, each woven into 3 handsome patterns—a candy stripe, a small check, *solid* colors. \$3.95.

SWEET HARMONY—these Arrow "Teletones" shirts and ties and handkerchiefs are *especially*

styled and matched to be worn together!

What collars! Tops in style, perfect in fit! Short points, medium points, long points, and widespreads—all your favorite Arrow models.

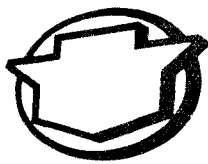
TIES—all-silk foulards in new patterns make Arrow Shirts look even *handsomer*. \$2.50. **HANDKERCHIEFS** that harmonize with the shirts. 65¢.

"Teletones" shorts (not shown) come in the same fabrics as the shirts. They're solid comfort, have *no* center seam to chafe. \$1.65.

WORD TO WIVES: Arrow Shirts are "Sanforized"-labeled, have firmly anchored buttons, and Arrow's superb tailoring cuts ironing time *way down!* Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW "TELETONES"

SHIRTS · TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS · SHORTS



*When performance becomes
the sole measure of value,
Florsheim quality becomes the
common sense choice of
the men of America.*

*Experience has proved that
Florsheim Shoes look better,
wear longer, and cost less
—by the month and by the
mile. Today's Florsheim Shoes
are the finest ever; today's
Florsheim pledge is that they
will continue to be.*

Florsheim Shoes

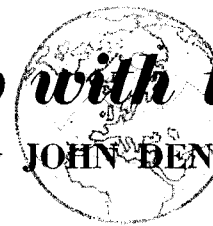


*The VIKING, S-1311,
in Braeburn Grain*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

By JOHN DENSON



Well along in his fourteenth year in professional football, Samuel Adrian (Slingin' Sammy) Baugh of the Washington Redskins is setting records as a forward passer which are likely to stand for generations. For example, Sammy has thrown forward passes which have gained 13½ miles, including his years as a star at Fort Worth's famous Texas



Christian University. In pro ball, he holds the all-time records in these departments:

Most times led the National League in passing: six, including the 1949 season. Most passes thrown: 2,663. Most passes completed: 1,532. Most yards gained: 19,699. Most touchdown passes: 168. Highest percentage for completions: .575. Highest average gain per completion: 12.83 yards.

Sammy also holds four professional season records; two specific game records (he threw six touchdown passes in each of the two games); and four records for the championship play-offs. Coaches say that Sammy's all-time records are likely to stand because no one as durable is likely to come along for many years, if ever. With this season, Sammy's record is surpassed only by the 15-year professional football record set by Johnny Blood, famed halfback of the Green Bay Packers. Sammy is thirty-six years old, but he still weighs what he did when he entered professional football in 1937—182 pounds. He is still first-string quarterback.

One of the most remarkable peacetime expeditions in history was the pilgrimage to Mecca made in 1324 by Emperor Kankan-Musa, ruler of Mali, Africa. The emperor took along 60,000 men and 500 women. Marching in front of his caravan were 500 slaves, each carrying a seven-pound staff of gold. There were 8,000 guards and 9,000 slaves to dig wells so that the party could grow vegetables and enjoy baths en route. At Cairo, Kankan-Musa and his entourage spent so wildly—buying singing and dancing girls, Turkish women slaves, Abyssinian eunuchs, jewelry and clothes—that they started a wave of inflation. In the end, the emperor had to borrow money to get himself and his followers back home to Mali.

Certainly one of the oddest animal memorials of all time is a plaque atop Inspiration Point north of Skagway, Alaska, on the route to the Yukon Territory. Placed there along the old trail of

'98 by Alaskans some three decades after the gold rush, it is a monument to the pack horses which fell to the gorges below while carrying supplies for their gold-hunting masters. The inscription on the plaque says:

"The Dead are speaking. In Memory of us three thousand pack animals that laid our bones on these awful hills during the Gold Rush of 1897-1898. We now thank those listening souls that heard our groans across this stretch of years. We waited but not in vain."

In Kwangtung Province, on the southeast coast of China, there is an ancient wedding custom which, in effect, gives the bridegroom three days to make up his mind whether he likes his marriage or not—after the ceremony. Three days after the ceremony, the tradition goes, the bridegroom must send a barbecued pig to the bride's family. It is called the golden pig and is a symbol of good fortune and the purity of the bride. It is a disgrace to the bride's family if the pig is not sent, and in this event the marriage may be terminated immediately.

The hottest weather ever recorded was at Azizia, Libya, North Africa, with 136 degrees. Hottest for the United States was only two degrees below that—134 degrees at Greenland Ranch, Death Valley, California, on July 10, 1913.

No one traveling south can escape the inevitable "hush puppies," a corn-meal bread most often served like muffins.



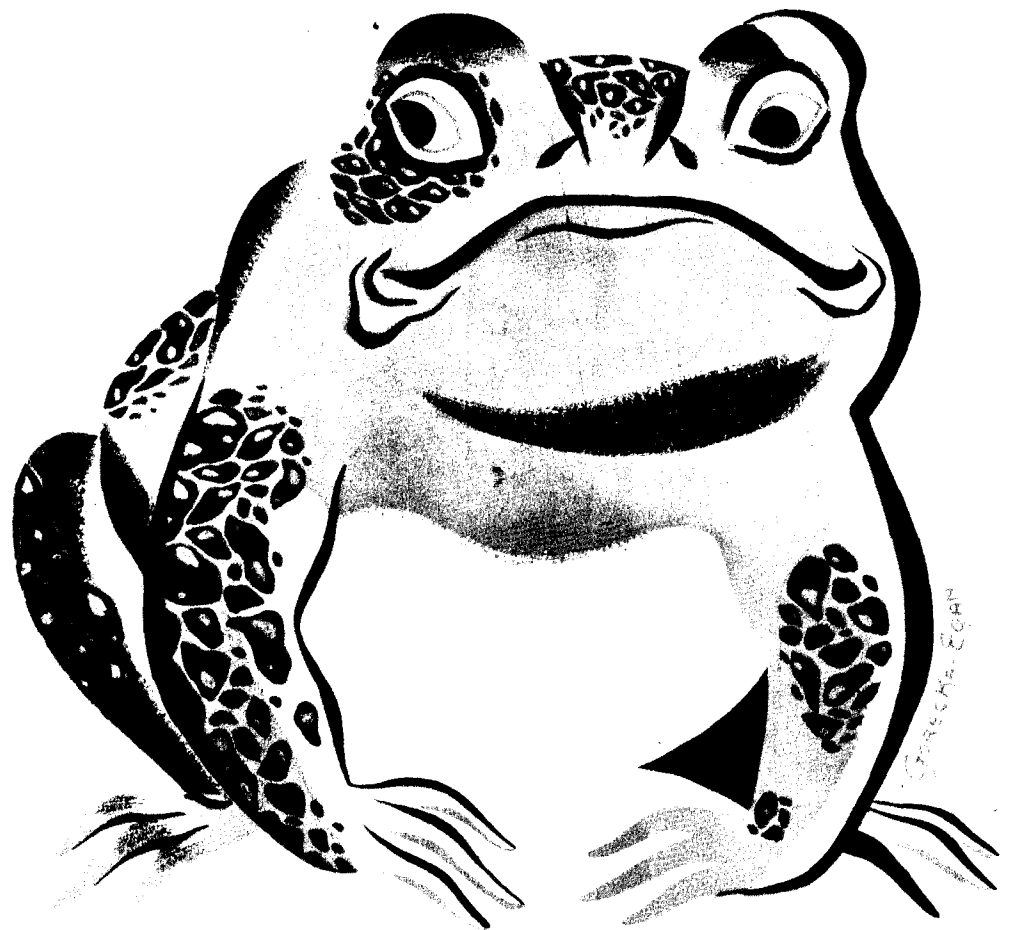
HARRY GOFF

Legend traces the name of this traditional Southern bread to the eastern coast of Florida during early slavery days. It is said that slaves in fishing camps would fry these corn breads in the fat of sizzling fish and then toss them to dogs to keep them quiet. As they fed the dogs, the slaves would cry: "Hush, puppy. Hush, puppy."

A new combination refrigerator-freight car, the first ever built in this country, has a cubic capacity of 50 per cent greater than that of conventional box-cars, yet the car weighs far less. The designers, following the engineering principles employed in building the Navy's PT boats during World War II, used plywood in the car's floor, ceiling, side and end walls.

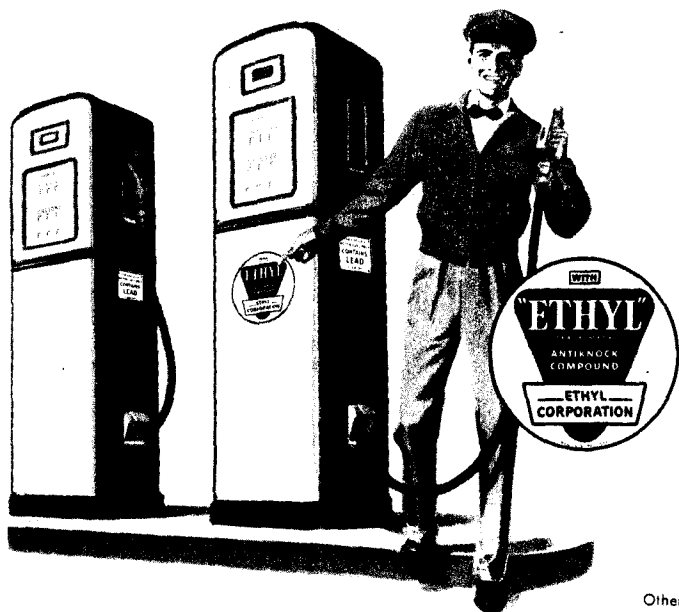
Collier's for November 11, 1950

Bullfrog



There's a tremendous difference
between a "bullfrog" and a bulldog

- and there is a powerful difference, too,
between
and "Ethyl" gasoline!



"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION... New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake... ethylene dichloride... sodium (metallic)... chlorine (liquid)... oil soluble dye... benzene hexachloride (technical)



up
you
go
in
the
ladies'
eyes!

"BOTANY" brand

Rise to new heights...in good looks...in enjoyable comfort. "Botany" Brand Shirts and Slacks are prestochango magic that works a miracle in your appearance. The reason? Special tricks in tailoring—and a touch of "hocus-pocus" in the soft, living-and-giving 100% virgin wool fabric. Both strictly Botany—both abracadabra. The shirt shown is an authentic Botany Scottish Tartan—a colorful T-style approved by Esquire. "Botany" Brand Shirts from \$8.95. Slacks from \$14.95...at your favorite dealer.

Look for the "Botany" Brand Label on Products for Men, Women and Children.

Listen to the Botany Song Shop starring Ginny Simms, ABC Network, Sunday evening. See your local paper for time and station.

shirts and
slacks



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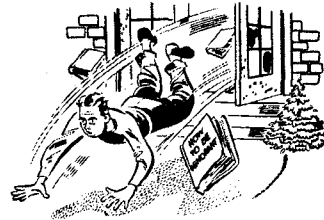
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We're not forgetting that this issue of Collier's is dated November 11th—a day less consecrated, perhaps, than it used to be. Armistice Day, of course—the day the fighting of World War I ended in 1918. Yes, that was the one to Make the World Safe for Democracy, and with disillusionment it's become easy to turn the once-glorious phrase into a cynical cliché. Perhaps it's because we tend to forget the important—the significant—thing: It's to the everlasting glory of the Men of '18 that they fought and died for the IDEA embodied in the old slogan. Nothing that's happened since, none of our international messes, can change that fact. They still rate your snappiest, proudest salute.

★ ★ ★

The number of veterans getting GI college educations is dwindling—down about 20 per cent from last year. More exactly, there were almost 892,000 of the lads on our college campuses in 1949 and there are fewer than 730,000 now. No one knows how much the government-subsidized education program for GIs has raised the national intelligence quotient, but we ran into one realistic student-veteran who admitted



honestly he'd been a one-man gang cutting into the gains. According to him, he'd enrolled at one of those early fly-by-night schools that mushroomed after the GI Bill was passed. "The sort of place," he said, "where the profs stayed one chapter ahead of the students. Well, it turned out I wasn't much of a scholar and they bounced me. You might say, I majored in ignorance—and flunked."

★ ★ ★

There's an irate citizen in Cheyenne, Wyoming, who telephoned the city clerk's office demanding to know how he could vote against a candidate for Congress. He was told that the only way to do this was to vote for the candidate's opponent. "Nuts to that," shouted the irate citizen. "I want to vote *against* this bum, not *for* somebody else."

★ ★ ★

Sign on the window of a store taken over by gypsies in Hollywood, California: Fortunes One Dollar. Dianetic Readings, twenty-five cents extra.

★ ★ ★

Of course you've heard of Dianetics. Its apostle, L. Ron Hubbard, describes it as The Modern Science of Mental Health. We've not gone into it, although our mentality could stand a good application of something bracing. However, we've heard from a lady in Pocatello, Idaho, who reports that a Dianetics course she took had a hook to it—to use a baseball term. She says that she feels just about the same, but that her hus-

band, who didn't know she was studying Mr. Hubbard's science, is a completely changed man. He has now stopped biting his fingernails, has taken up painting and presses his own clothes. She says,



too, that he "looks kind of different." And if only for that, she adds, she considers the money laid out on Dianetics well spent.

★ ★ ★

This department of Collier's would be glad to lend a helping hand to anyone launching a movement to discourage the habit of referring to our troops as "our boys." If those guys over there in Korea aren't MEN, then this country hasn't produced any.

★ ★ ★

We are deeply pained but may not, nevertheless, give you the names of the two congressmen involved. They are enemies from away back. One of them demanded of the other an apology for a cocktail party insult. Whereupon the other wrote: "Dear Sir: I hereby apologize to you—which is about as low as a man can get. Yours truly . . ."

★ ★ ★

You may as well know that within minutes after President Truman unhappily wrote what he did about the leather-necks, the Camp Pendleton (California) Marines changed the name of the place to Young Men's Republican Club.

★ ★ ★

There's a man in Boston, Massachusetts, who has been eying his ten-year-old son a little strangely of late. Seems they were discussing a statement made by Dr. Frederick T. Jung, of Chicago, before the American Congress of Physi-



JACK BETTS

cal Medicine. Dr. Jung had said, in effect, that if you'd like to know how long you can expect to live, you merely have to add the life-spans of your four grandparents and divide by four. "You see?" said the father to his son. "I'm going to live to be eighty-five." The boy looked hard at his old man for a moment and then said thoughtfully, "Good Lord."

★ ★ ★

A friend of ours has just told us that somehow professional football will have to get along in the future without his

(Continued on page 74)

Collier's for November 11, 1950

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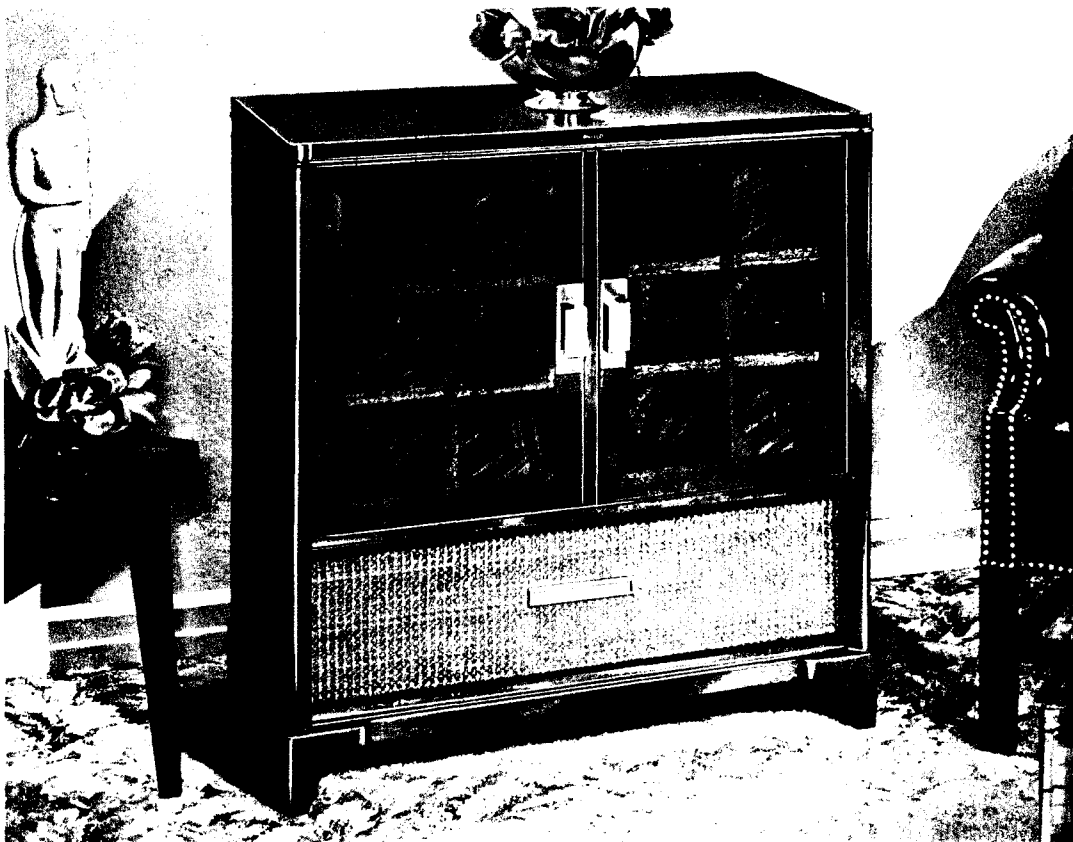
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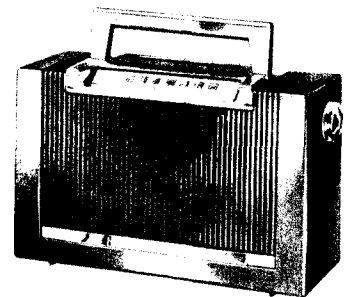
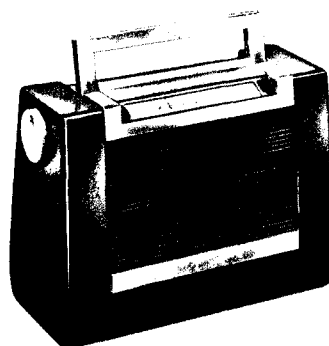


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VISHINSKY

The Kremlin's Gremlin

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

The little man who snafus the works is at it again. This time he's trying to throw a wrench into plans of the free United Nations members to organize against aggression

A MAN they call Russia's great mouthpiece will be having a fine time for himself from now until around Christmas. He'll be doing what comes naturally—using the forum of the United Nations General Assembly for some enthusiastic table slamming, screaming until his face becomes a patriotic red to sell the Kremlin's line that only the Soviet stands between the downtrodden of the world and the clutches of the West.

On the protocol lists, he's down as Andrei Yanvarievich Vishinsky, Foreign Minister of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. To many newsmen covering the UN, he's the Kremlin's Gremlin. And on the informal index card that diplomats carry around in their heads, the listing is something like this: Vishinsky, Stalin's salesman; shrewd; experienced; tough man in a debate; cynical; valuable to the 13 men on the Politburo, but kept on a short leash.

Once a year, Vishinsky is told by the Kremlin to pack up his favorite black suits and do some drumming on the United Nations route. His wares are whatever the Soviet Union wants to move off the shelves. Once it was "disarmament"; another time it was "peaceful settlement in Berlin." This year's Soviet catalogue has big color pictures of something called the Stockholm peace appeal and a large layout featuring a product designed to kill something called "American-colonial-imperialism-diplomacy-aggression-in-Korea."

Sales are kind of slow at the United Nations these days. The vast majority of the 60 member countries have lined themselves up with the United States and have changed the United Nations from a professor in the classroom to a young man with muscles.

So Vishinsky is adopting old-fashioned cutthroat tactics: If you can't sell your stuff, make sure the other fellow doesn't make any money, either. In the terms of the United Nations, that means that Vishinsky is doing everything he can toward these ends:

- 1. Break up the newly formed UN coalition against aggression.
- 2. Scare wavering but important countries like India away from the Western fold.
- 3. Stall.

Take what happened on the day the Assembly's important Political and Security Committee began its work. That was the day that General Douglas MacArthur was going to issue his surrender demand to the North Koreans. All the delegates at the UN knew that a break might be coming in the Korean war. They knew that military responsibility was MacArthur's, but they also knew that they themselves had



ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

the political responsibility for mapping Korea's postwar future, and that they had better get something down on paper before the UN military situation left the United Nations diplomatic situation hopelessly behind.

The delegates, about 55 out of 60, went into the committee room determined to waste no time putting Korea at the top of the list. It was a Saturday morning, ten forty-five. Hours counted.

At ten fifty-five, after the opening formalities, Vishinsky got the floor. The Russians weren't sure what they wanted to do. Instructions were still being written in the Kremlin. Vishinsky stalled, doing a beautiful job by professional standards. He announced that he wanted to talk first not about Korea, but about the "terror in Greece." Of course, Greece wasn't on the agenda, but what of it: "Gentlemen, the mothers of 18 Greek patriots condemned to death appeal to you. Heed their tears."

Vishinsky gave the signal and the rest of the team moved into action: the Pole, the Ukrainian, the Byelorussian (a man who sometimes forgets the fiction that he is an independent delegate and speaks of Vishinsky as the leader of "our" delegation). And the Czech. The Czech was a star performer. He started reading a long, long speech. The chairman told him he was out of order. The Czech droned on. Some of the more volatile Latin Americans got angry and began jumping up and down, screaming for order. One grabbed a heavy wooden marker and began slamming away at the table. The Czech droned on. The chairman finally had only one way to stop him: He adjourned the meeting. Vishinsky stared at the ceiling.

Later, the delegates did get around to Korea. But Vishinsky gets a couple of good marks in the Soviet book: He delayed the meeting a couple of hours, broke up the session, made the committee look silly. He was in an excellent mood for the rest of the day.

It's a tough job, being a traveling salesman in a part of the world that isn't buying anything. There is no eight-hour working day for the Soviet missionary, and there is no such thing as privacy. Wherever he goes he is surrounded—and watched—by a crew of aides. Always among them are a

couple or three bodyguards, usually quite obviously armed. The Soviet delegation does not approve of relaxing in public with a drink, and Vishinsky has never been seen at the magnificently stocked delegates' bar, even though vodka is always on hand.

Of course the job does have certain advantages not normally associated with Communism: a fleet of beautifully shined high-priced cars, the services of valets, a good cellar of his own, a fancy estate. And since Vishinsky became Foreign Minister he no longer suffers from the fact that when he was a mere first deputy he had to walk carefully behind his boss and speak to him in gentle tones.

Then there is the added attraction that as long as he is so valuable to the Kremlin, none of his assistants is going to be foolish enough to beat him consistently at his favorite game, chess.

Second Man Reputed to Be Real Boss

Stalin tabbed Vishinsky for the post of Foreign Minister early in 1949, to replace Viacheslav Molotov. That didn't mean Vishinsky became top dog. The Soviet Foreign Ministry is subservient to the Politburo and the Soviet secret police. The report is that the real boss in the Foreign Ministry now is young Andrei A. Gromyko, technically second man to Vishinsky.

As far as anybody is trusted in the Soviet, Gromyko is 100 per cent reliable. Vishinsky's trouble is that he has to keep proving how loyal he is and, try as he does, he knows he never will be admitted to the ruling clique, the Politburo. The reason he can never relax for a minute, the reason he never will make the Politburo, is that he has an indelible sin on his soul so far as the Russians are concerned. Say it in a low voice: Vishinsky once belonged to the Mensheviks, the party that fought the Bolsheviks for power in the early days of the Russian Revolution.

Vishinsky was born in Odessa on the Black Sea in 1883. Some of his ancestors were noblemen under the czars, although redheaded Andrei was born into a nontitled branch of the family. Anyway, he was definitely no proletarian. His father was a no-

tary and got a cut on every contract he notarized. Andrei was packed off to the best schools, where he established brilliant records for legal scholarship.

In his early days he began showing the razor-tongued wit that made him famous later. In his teens, though, young Vishinsky became attracted to the revolutionary movement. He was arrested a couple of times, exiled to Baku, thrown into dungeons, beaten by the police. A good record for a Russian revolutionary—but he made one little mistake. He chose the wrong faction, the Mensheviks, who at the time of the revolution outnumbered the Bolsheviks.

So when the Bolsheviks came to power, Vishinsky, a lawyer by that time, was on the cold, cold outside. He began to dig out a warm place for himself, not too much perturbed by the scorn his new heroes never bothered to hide. To put it bluntly, Andrei needed a job. He was a lawyer, but lawyers have no place in the Soviet society except as workers for the state. He was a man with a neat ankle for a waltz, a taste for good talk and good living. But he was also a Menshevik and therefore lucky to stay alive.

Vishinsky was never daunted. He convinced Soviet leaders that the days of Menshevik sin were behind him and they gave him some jobs—nothing too important, but Vishinsky made himself useful. Some of the old-time revolutionaries who escaped the Soviet have said that Vishinsky's chief usefulness was in acting as a spy among his old Menshevik pals.

Vishinsky worked hard. His hair turned a little white, but he kept his record clean. Then, in the mid-thirties came his Big Chance. Stalin started the purges against the Bolshevik leaders, convinced that the plots against him extended into every walk of Communist life. He wanted a prosecutor, one who wasn't too particular about details or methods and knew that his job was to get convictions. Who better for the job than a man who hated the old Bolsheviks himself, who wouldn't get any ideas in his head about double-crossing or grabbing for power? Vishinsky was picked.

He did a good job for Stalin. It wasn't long before he was known as the "great inquisitor," a name



Sleepy Gremlin may be feigning boredom to impress UN meeting. Or maybe he really was up late last night at the Russians' swank estate near New York City. Yawn came during a talk by U.S. delegate Austin



Slippery words and gestures are part of Vishinsky's sales come-on when he peddles Stalin's line of goods. Here he is declaring Russia won't alter her policies—and trying to make the reasons sound good

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he doesn't relish. He became "the law" in the eyes of the Russian people. The courtroom became his stage: He tore up and down in front of the bench, accusing Stalin's former comrades of every crime in the book. And he let the judges know what their own job was, too:

"Let your sentences, Comrade Judges, resound as a bell calling for new victories. Crush the accursed vipers . . . foul dogs . . . disgusting villains. We cannot leave such people alive . . . they can do such things in America where Al Capone remains alive . . . but not here. Thank God Russia is not America."

He got the convictions. He got the confessions. It was strange how the tough old Bolsheviks rushed to cleanse their souls in the courtroom, how eager they were to confess. Take this exchange between Vishinsky and a leader fallen low:

Vishinsky: "What appraisal should be given the articles and statements you wrote in 1933 in which you expressed loyalty to the party—deception?"

Kamenov: "No, worse than deception."

Vishinsky: "Perfidy?"

Kamenov: "Worse."

Vishinsky: "Worse than deception? More than perfidy? Would the word be treason?"

Kamenov: "You have found the word."

Vishinsky had found the word all right. He was in, he stayed in, and he began climbing. These days, Vishinsky claims that, if you look at it in a certain way, he really saved a lot of lives during those famous Moscow purge trials. After all, thousands of people were involved; Vishinsky had to stop somewhere. So, if you look at it in a certain way, Vishinsky is really a humanitarian for not condemning all the people he had to let go unprosecuted.

The purges were not Vishinsky's last hatchet job for Stalin. During and after the war, he was sent to eastern European countries to make sure they stayed within the Soviet orbit. The story of Vishinsky's two-hour ultimatum to the Rumanian royalty was told one day in the United Nations by Warren R. Austin, chief of the American diplomatic mission to the UN. Vishinsky pounded the table, said it was all a pack of lies, demanded evidence. Austin produced a letter from former Rumanian Foreign Minister Constantin Visoianu, now resident in the United States.

Visoianu recounted in detail the turbulent audiences which began on February 26, 1945, in Bucharest between King Michael and Vishinsky. The Russian demanded "in violent and brutal" language the immediate dismissal of General Nicolai Radescu's government and its replacement with a Communist-dominated regime.

An Ultimatum to Rumania's King

At three thirty the next day, according to the Visoianu letter Vishinsky showed up again and announced to the king:

"This very day, by six o'clock, the government's resignation must be made known and immediately thereafter the name of the person entrusted with the formation of the new government. If the government is not immediately changed, we can no longer answer for the free existence of the Rumanian people. I demand Your Majesty's reply."

Michael tried stalling but he was no match for Vishinsky:

"That is all. I shall await the news of General Radescu's resignation." Vishinsky left then, slamming the door. The change was made.

In private Vishinsky doesn't try to hide his role in eastern Europe. Once, when traveling to Rumania with the British and American ambassadors to Moscow, he was asked how many votes his puppet government would get in an election held under impartial conditions. He thought a while and then guessed—about 45 per cent. But with a little pressure from the top, he said with a smile, 90 per cent.

That is the nasty Vishinsky. But there are many Vishinsky faces. There is the courtly Vishinsky, the gay Vishinsky, the scholarly Vishinsky, the reasonable Vishinsky, the Vishinsky who sends flowers to the wives of delegates, Vishinsky the thunderer, Vishinsky the magnificent in the gold braid and black of the Soviet Foreign Office. They all add up, though, to Vishinsky the salesman who had better show a fat order list.

At the United Nations, sooner or later all the Vishinskys make an appearance. For instance, Vishinsky the witty: "An elderly lady who came to

the United Nations—and I know it is impolite to call a lady elderly—asked me, 'Mr. Vishinsky, where are your horns?'"

"Now I looked at her and replied politely, 'Madame, I left them at home so as not to occasion foolish remarks from elderly ladies!'"

And now we see Vishinsky the friendly: white-haired, smiling, tiny mustache neatly barbered, the perfect picture of Hollywood's idea of the friendly postman. Here he is, attending a meeting of an American Soviet Friendship circle, leaning back in his chair and gazing at the ceiling of the Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof:

"The air here is very fresh. I feel like a weary and thirsty traveler who has come a long way and finds lodging and shelter."

Then later when his translator stumbled over the word totalitarian: "You see, we don't even know how to pronounce that word."

(That interpreter, a member of Vishinsky's entourage, was lucky the boss was busily being charming. In some conferences where Vishinsky has used his own translators, the Soviet diplomat corrects his man's mistakes with a sharp, cold word or two that act on the interpreter like an electric needle in a sensitive spot.)

Vishinsky the gentleman, Vishinsky the reasonable fellow who lets bygones be bygones, often is in evidence. There was a time once when Vishinsky called Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo of the Philippines an "empty barrel," but when Romulo became president of the General Assembly last year, Vishinsky politely agreed with his requests to keep speeches shorter and a little less vituperative. And Vishinsky complimented Romulo on his fairness during his presidency and he sent Mrs. Romulo dozens of roses and the general champagne and caviar.

But here comes another Vishinsky, the hysterical-voiced Vishinsky who is not afraid to call a spade a spade, or worse.

Here is the man who says a United Nations report on the Balkans is a "pile of garbage," the man who reels off lists of American "warmongers," the man who warns the West of doom.

And still another Vishinsky, the Vishinsky who surprised the UN on October 9th by supporting some of the U.S. program for strengthening UN machinery against aggression. After hearing Vishinsky's statement, John Foster Dulles, American delegate, said it was often dangerous to speculate about motives, but added: "I should hope for the best and fear the worst, particularly in the case of Mr. Vishinsky."

The scene changes. Vishinsky is now being very legal. It is in Paris, during a conference on the Rumanian peace treaty. Vishinsky quotes dull precedent after boring precedent, on and on and on and on. Very legal. Then, goaded into frenzy, a New Zealand delegate shouts something that probably will be recalled at every diplomatic conference. He yells at Vishinsky:

"All we hear is Quack! Quack! Quack! When are we going to get down to business?"

Pleased with Dewey's Social Error

One more Vishinsky, Vishinsky the injured party. He loves to play that role, on behalf of his country or himself. People who know him as well as anybody can know him say that he was delighted when Governor Dewey of New York told a municipal dinner in honor of the United Nations delegates that the Russians had millions of men and women in their slave labor camps. Vishinsky had been informed in advance and as soon as the words were out of the governor's mouth, the Russian and his aides marched out of the banquet hall.

The next day Vishinsky reaped his reward as "injured person." United Nations delegates from all Asia were shocked and said so to Vishinsky. They were shocked not because they disagreed with the governor but because Dewey was a host in a way. As one Indian said: "You may be my worst enemy, but I shall not insult you while you sit at my table."

In United Nations debate, at the tables and the rostrums at Lake Success and Flushing, Vishinsky earns his keep. He is a passionate orator, jumps up and down in his seat like a (Continued on page 76)



Vishinsky proves he really can turn on the charm. Here he wins a smile from Bernard Baruch, whose plan for atomic control he had attacked violently. Photo was made at a UN dinner in New York before Thomas E. Dewey denounced Soviet slave-labor policy

WIDE WORLD

THE ONE YOU SAID YOU LOVED

By DECLA DUNNING

THE peculiar thing about the theory that a gentleman never kisses and tells is that he always tells. Usually, as is true in the case of my husband, a gentleman doesn't actually say, "—and her name was Sally (or Pat, or Diana, or Mrs. So-and-so)." A gentleman says, "This girl, she had a funny little way of singing off key," or "Sure, I liked her, I was crazy about her. I didn't go for her political notions, but . . ."

He says, "No, I can't stand crazy hats on women. I never saw a woman yet who could wear a mess of feathers on her head and get by with it. I mean, as a rule—" And a sudden look of contradiction indicates that there was, in fact, an exception to this rule: the girl he told you about—no name mentioned, of course, but some girl, somewhere, some girl he loved—who could wear a mess of feathers on her head and get by with it.

Any woman can add up passing remarks and make a satisfactory sum to which a name can be attached. If she's interested. The trouble was, I wasn't. Not at first, that is, when the full flow of confidences comes easily. Later, it was too late. When I'd fallen, when, irrevocably, I knew: This is He, this is It, I couldn't say to Jeff, however casually, "Now, tell me—that girl you loved . . . was it Stravinsky she argued about? And the valentines you sent her that made her think of—what was it they made her think of?"

The little pieces were gone, almost all of them. I remembered, somewhat vaguely, that she'd liked daffodils and disliked orchids, and that she'd been depressed on windy days, and that she wouldn't ride on the subway. ("It wasn't as if she was being snobbish or difficult," Jeff had said. "She told me that she rode on one once, and felt certain she'd never come out alive. It was a kind of claustrophobia, I guess. 'I was sure I was buried for good,' she said.")

I couldn't remember the color of her eyes (I think he told me, I'm not certain), or whether she was tall or short, blond, brunet, or redheaded, lush or spare. I believe there was something about her disapproving of noisy jewelry. Bangles, that is, and earrings long enough to jiggle. But this I learned in the beginning, when he was pouring out his heart and I wasn't interested in the receivership.

They say that love either grows or dies. With me it grew. It grew until, after two years of marriage, I not only thought about Jeff at rational intervals, but thought about him at moments when I should have been occupied, as a proper matron, in behaving like a proper matron. I thought of him mornings, and forgot to put the soap flakes in the washing machine. I thought of him as I sat at a luncheon table, and pitied the woman sitting opposite, who was not

married to Jeff. I stared at strange young men on Madison Avenue, and made contemptuous comparisons. You wives who love your husbands, line up and listen. No—you there—step out of line. I don't mean just contented wives, I mean the ones to whom the state of matrimony is a real Utopia.

Well, Jeff was wonderful, and I told him he was; and he laughed and didn't believe me, which was fine. I said, "Honey, I'm glad I married you," and he said, "Honey, I had a hard time talking you into it." And once in a while (although I knew it was dangerous: the rule being that when a husband discusses his past it's okay, but when a wife brings up the subject it comes under the heading of jealousy, Class A, "nagging" variety) I'd tease him about the girls he'd known.

"Whatever happened to that friend of yours?" I asked one night. "The little Southern belle, the you-all kid?"

"Who?" He put aside his newspaper, but only long enough to reach for the highball I'd set down on the table beside him.

I knew who. Her name was Lois, and she'd been with Jeff the first time I'd met him, and she'd told me, while waiting for her fourth Martini, that she was a friend of the hostess, and that Jeff was a blind date and she hoped he'd ask her out again, he couldn't be more darling (she pronounced it "darlin'").

Now, as I sat there sipping my predinner highball and noticing the foolish orderless way Jeff's hair grew back from his forehead, and the lean strong lines of the hand that held the newspaper, I found myself throwing out a decoy named Louis, and hoping to get, in return, the real thing. He'd been in love before; he'd told me, and I'd scarcely listened. I think I'd said, "Then, why didn't you get married? I mean, if you were having an affair and—or was she married already?" and he'd told me, no, she'd been free all right, but it simply hadn't worked out. Anyway, it was over and forgotten so far as he was concerned. She was a wonderful girl, he'd said. He'd hesitated, then, as though he were groping for the right words. And, at the time, I hadn't been interested in having him find them.

Now I stared into my highball, feeling warm and close to him, and a little idiotic. The funny thing was that it was always at moments like this, the (Continued on page 71)

"Oh, I forgot," I told him. Unlike Lisa, I don't mind quarreling, especially when I've been wrong. We glared at each other





ROBERT L. PURDY FOR COLLIER'S

Crap players at the Getodo Club in Monessen, near Pittsburgh, help enrich the Anzalone gang, which takes \$60,000,000 annually from wages of workers in six counties. Club is headquarters for mob boss Dominick Anzalone, who maintains he's "inna respectable business"

Something Is *ROTTEN* in

By GORDON
SCHENDEL



ROBERT L. PURDY FOR COLLIER'S

When Monessen's American Legion Club installed slot machines of its own to help finance a disabled veterans' program, police raided. Now the club has slots owned by Anzalone's mob

Flush with millions made in gambling rackets, cynical of law enforcement and courts, kingpins of a six-county gang empire now threaten Pittsburgh

BATTERING down its heavy steel door, state troopers two years ago raided western Pennsylvania's biggest gambling casino, the elaborately furnished Getodo Club in the steel-mill town of Monessen, near Pittsburgh. Though located barely a block from the courthouse and police station, the club long had been notorious as a headquarters of a six-county racket empire. The raid was highly successful. Troopers enthusiastically confiscated, or destroyed, huge quantities of illegal race-betting and crap-shooting equipment and arrested 46 persons found on the premises. Yet when four housemen fronting as the "operators" were brought into Westmoreland County Court, the judge denounced not them but the state

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troopers. They'd "had no right" to destroy any horse-wire installations or crap tables, Judge Edward Bauer said flatly, adding that such searches were not legal.

He curtly ordered the amazed troopers to return everything they'd confiscated. Since the four defendants had pleaded guilty, he had no choice but to impose penalties. However, he suspended sentence on two of the three charges and let them off with mere \$50 fines. Then he again lashed out at the troopers, scathingly reminding them that once before, when, in fact, he'd been district attorney, he had specifically warned officers against such "searches and seizures."

"We do not have Gestapo methods in this country," he snapped. "And such methods will not be tolerated by this court. The next time anything like this happens, you yourselves will be in trouble."

Judge Bauer's attitude is typical of the tender solicitude many officials of Westmoreland and neighboring Fayette County display for the mob of racketeers that for years has exploited the area.

Monessen's Mayor Hugo Parente loudly complained that the state troopers had failed to prewarn his police chief of their raid. Asked by a reporter if he would keep the illegally operating Getodo Club closed, he shrugged. "Why should I? Those fellows run their games on the level." To the same question, Police Chief Mike Ferencz simply growled, "I have no orders to clean up nothing." Recently, he told me angrily, "This talk about a lot of gambling in town's a lotta baloney!" District Attorney Alex Sculco, who has been in public office for 10 years, also insisted he was ignorant of any rackets in the county. When an attempt was made to point out the facts, his sole reply was a terse, "No comment."

And the very day after the troopers' raid, the Getodo Club resumed running openly, full blast.

For in Westmoreland County with its huge smoking steel furnaces and mills, and in adjoining Fayette County with its wide-seamed coal mines and thousands of flaming coke ovens, a close alliance exists between certain politicians and a brazen racket ring—whose leaders are tied to the Chicago Capone mob and the national Crime Syndicate.

It is an alliance between gambling-house operators, thugs, thieves, bawdyhouse keepers and blackmailers—and long-entrenched, supposedly re-



Monessen's chief of police, says he has "no orders to clean up nothing"



Mayor Hugo Parente complained state troopers didn't prewarn of Getodo Club raid



denounced troopers for club raid; returned gambling devices



Arthur B. Turner, Westmoreland detective chief, lives lavishly. His salary is \$3,600

the State of PENNSYLVANIA

spectable politicians, many with criminal records more unsavory than those of the vermin they protect. It is an alliance that enables the mob—for the profit of both gangsters and these politicians—arrogantly to flout the law and carve \$60,000,000 a year from workers' wages in just six counties. It is an alliance so successful it currently is inspiring the greedy gang to attempt to triple its "take" by annexing the rich area of Pittsburgh and its suburbs.

In this region deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains and their rolling foothills, along the busy Monongahela River, the bulk of the wage earners work in the mines and steel mills. And the mob's ruthless exploitation of this working population becomes even more vicious in view of the fact that its prey has been hard hit by many coal strikes—strikes that greatly depleted every miner's wages and, in addition, caused thousands of workers to be laid off by the coal-starved steel mills, bringing lean times to the families of all and shooting relief rolls sky-high.

Heading the mob is Dominick Anzalone. His lieutenants, in the order of their importance in the gang hierarchy, are: Tony Ripepi, Sam Mannerino, Tom Tannas, Geno Serventi, Jack Ross and Dan Ferrari. All have police records.

Dominick Anzalone got off to an early start as an associate of "Scarface" Al Capone when Capone was still a trigger-happy young punk in Brooklyn, New York. He began as (Continued on page 64)

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got his start with Al Capone. He owns a stable of 15 race horses



Tony Ripepi, Anzalone's No. 1 man, is also in the juke-box and vending-machine business

PALS-

Cops and Kids

By ALAN HYND

The Police Athletic League program is the biggest antidelinquency weapon yet

THE dark spring of 1931 was an especially trying period for New York's congested Borough of the Bronx. The depression had thrown thousands out of work and groups of teen-age troublemakers roamed the streets. One such group, comprising a dozen boys between fourteen and sixteen, was making life miserable in the 52d Police Precinct. They specialized in vandalism and petty thievery, sometimes going so far as to raid the cash registers in small corner stores. Some victims complained to the police; others were afraid to.

Lieutenant Edward W. Flynn of the Police Department's Crime Prevention Bureau pondered the problem at his desk in the Webster Avenue Station. He knew the identities of the group; the boys weren't basically mean, yet they were hell-bent for total delinquency. Flynn sent for the ringleaders. The boys appeared with chips on their shoulders. "Just what is it you fellows want?" asked Flynn. "Maybe I can help you."

Flynn could almost hear the chips dropping. No cop had ever treated these kids this way before. "We want to be a baseball team," said the leader. "We ain't got no place to play and nobody to play against."

"Okay," said Flynn. "I'll get you fixed up with uniforms and equipment and I'll get games for you."

Flynn made the rounds of shopkeepers and other citizens the kids had been tormenting. He sold them a unique bill of goods. If they would all chip in to buy baseball equipment for the boys, Flynn would practically guarantee that the trouble would stop. Even the cops in the station house contributed a dollar each.

Flynn issued challenges to other baseball teams through the Bronx Home News. Acceptances came in. Flynn's boys began to average two games a week. When they weren't playing they were scouting other teams. At the end of the day they were pleasantly exhausted and went to bed instead of hitting the streets. They no longer had the time, energy or inclination for destructive activity.

When the baseball season ended, Lieutenant Flynn switched his charges to basketball and boxing. The ex-victims of the boys, relieved at the recession of the nuisance wave, bought the equipment. Flynn combed his precinct for unused church basements, lodge halls and unoccupied buildings for the use of his boys. Winter passed without a single lapse by a single boy. Presently it was spring and time for baseball again.

The Bronx experiment caught the attention of Crime Prevention Bureau officers in all five boroughs of Greater New York. Throughout the city, youthful groups were rounded up and organized into baseball and softball teams. In nearly every instance the result was miraculously happy.

The high brass of the police department blinked, knowing it had collided head on with something important. It moved fast. It incorporated in its crime-prevention campaign an organized athletics and recreation program. Today that program is carried out by an organization called the Police Athletic League—PAL for short. PAL, with a membership of 100,000 children between the ages of seven and eighteen—about three quarters of them boys—is the biggest and most potent antidelinquency weapon in use anywhere today.

The basic PAL concept—keeping kids out of trouble by keeping them occupied by athletics and other constructive activities—is rolling across the land like a friendly tidal wave. There are 63 police-sponsored recreation programs in cities of all sizes, from Philadelphia to Portland, Oregon. The New York PAL averages a visit a week from trouble shooters of other police departments in quest of antidelinquency know-how.

PAL doesn't go in much for statistics. Yet, time and time again, when the cops have invaded a high-delinquency area with sports equipment instead of the billy, delinquency has dropped dramatically.

"The Police Athletic League," says Ambassador to Mexico William O'Dwyer, former mayor of New York, "reaches (Continued on page 38)



Deputy Police Commissioner James P. Nolan, head of the N.Y. PAL, gives pep talk to Bronx kids in an intercity tourney



PAL sponsors a variety of activities for girls, too. Here's a class in ballet taking instruction from Theresa Patrisse



Boxing is one of the most popular sports. Coach Ken Strong gives sound between-rounds advice to young Joseph Maddlone

Collier's for November 11, 1950



Play areas carved out of Manhattan's asphalt jungle, like this one on West 47th Street, give youngsters a healthy outlet



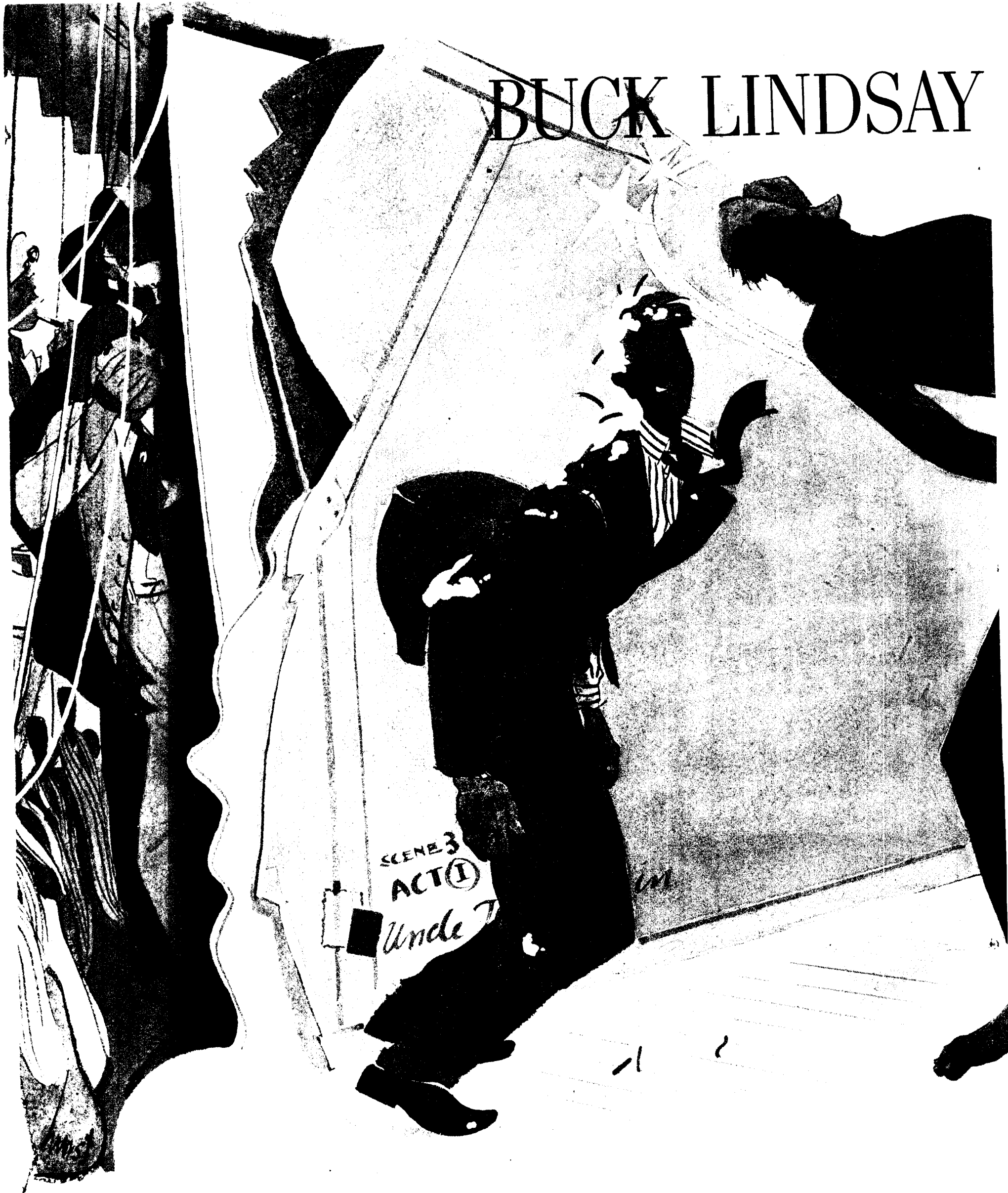
In summer, kids from crowded New York go to PAL's Fox Lair Camp upstate. Pete Nucci lectures to a nature class there



Nothing's overlooked in emphasizing healthy and worth-while interests. Emil Ostheimer supervises a young group in art

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

BUCK LINDSAY

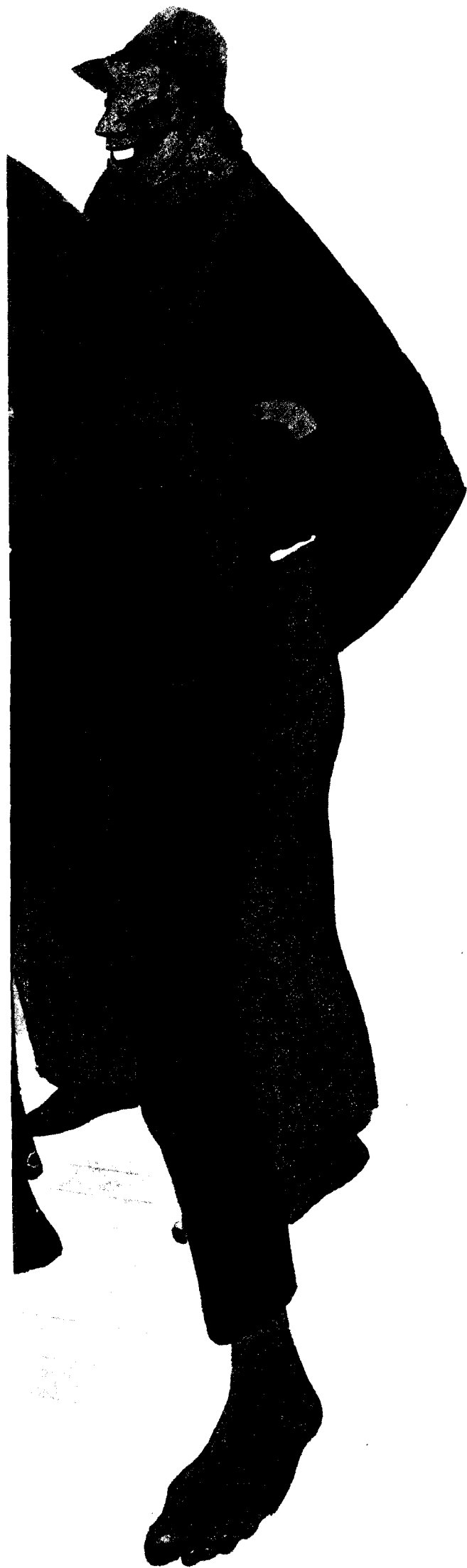


Buck stepped forward and stuck his face out and Merle Singletree wound up and let fly with a beaut

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the WOMAN SCORNFED



No wonder Buck Lindsay was hiding. For every female in town was out with blood in her eye to make sure he would go to a fate worse than death

I COULD kick myself around the town square five times for not warning him right off. The minute Buck Lindsay parked his jalopy in front of my movie theater, looked round with that hungry, homeless look all drummers has when they aren't selling much and lit out for the HOME COOKED MEALS sign over the Singletree sisters' restaurant I should have hollered out, "Stop, stranger! For you're walking plumb into a fate far worse than death!" But like a fool I never let on and just stood there and watched the Singletree sisters swinging into action; heaping the drummer's table high with such platters of pickled beets and watermelon preserves and hot corn bread and stewed chicken that it's a wonder it didn't cave in. And all this time Sade was standing there giggling and making over Buck Lindsay like he was first-prize winner at a baby show.

Well, I thought little enough of it then but at supper that night my missus give a little wiggle and says, "Ike, I hear there's a drummer from Clarksburg that's payin' court to little Sade Singletree."

"Courtin' her!" I says. "Well, it's news to me if he is! He ain't been to town but the once and that was today."

"Now, Ike," giggles my missus with that simple look she always has when she's been to a Gary Cooper movie. "You know how shy them town boys is. He might not have showed his feelings right off. But Lil Brinkley told me down at the ice-cream parlor this afternoon that the drummer just as much as asked little Sade to name the day."

I let the subject drop right there—not wishing to sleep all night in the car—and went out on the porch to read the newspaper. All up and down the street you could hear them: the women in their kitchens, buzzing and chirping away till it was enough to give a man the shivers. Lord! I thought miserably to myself. Where will it all end? For nearly fifteen years the women of the home town—my missus included—had been scheming to hook some poor, defenseless chump for poor, love-starved little Sade.

Dade had been married once and the story was the poor sucker had passed on (I always suspicioned she flogged him out of the county with a barbecue grill, to tell the truth), and Dade said she would never marry again but would live out her life content just to keep Clyde's memory green. It was Sade that was husband-hungry and it was Sade that was the cause of all the ruckus.

Well, I knowed for certain that the die was cast next Wednesday morning when I walked past the restaurant and run onto Will Beam. Him and me stood there in front of the dining-room window for a minute sniffing the wonderful smells and listening to Dade and Sade back in the kitchen.

"Ike," says Will in a low voice, "Sade Singletree is bakin' one of her twenty-four-egg angel-food

cakes and singin' The Indian Love Call. You know what *that* means, don't you?"

"'Fraid I do, Will," I said, lighting up my morning stogie. "It's Sade's matin' cry."

Will sneaked a look through the little lace curtains into the dining room.

"The last time," he whispered, "the last time she baked a twenty-four-egger and sang The Indian Love Call was when that Easter-card salesman from Bluefield come to town—the week she busted his jaw in three places with a stove lid."

Just before noon the missus called me at the theater and her voice was all atwitter. "Ain't it sweet, Ike?" she says. "Ain't it romantic?"

"Ain't which romantic?" I growls.

"Why, about little Sade Singletree," says the missus. "She's decided to give her hand."

"She which?"

"To the drummer!" says the missus. "That nice Mr. Lindsay from Clarksburg—he's been courtin' Sade all summer, and last week when he come to the restaurant he told Sade that today would be his birthday and so she's went and baked him one of her marvelous cakes and she's going to give him her hand in marriage for a birthday present, so to speak. Ain't it just too romantic?"

I could hear all the other women on the party line breathing with excitement—especially Ella Moorhead who had the kind of asthma that clicked when she got worked up—so I just gulped out something and hung up. This was about noon and I was sitting in the back office stewing over the whole gruesome sacrificing of poor Buck Lindsay and waiting for Davey Little to get back from Fairmont with the latest episode of The Feast of Nero.

Then I heard the drummer's jalopy blowing for town. For a minute or two after that everything was quiet and then all hell broke loose. At first I figured old Abijah Shackelford was off on another of his canned-heat parties; then I heard a horrible crash and a woman screaming and then a couple of backfires and the drummer bellowing so I run out front to see what was happening.

Buck Lindsay's jalopy was disappearing off up Pike Street in a cloud of dust and for a minute I thought he was in it. Then I seen him, coming across Pike Street six feet at a stride, with half his coat

tore off and his hat gone. From head to toe he was one solid gob of angel-food cake, with lemon icing all over his face and little lighted candles sticking out all over him; and every five or ten feet he'd let out a whoop and shed twelve or thirteen pounds of cake. He tore off up the alley behind my theater and hammered at the stage door.

"Them sisters!" he gasps, falling to the floor with a great, soggy crash when I let him in.

"What happened?" I yelled.

"They've went crazy, (Continued on page 46)





A man of a thousand faces—and a distaste for custard pie humor—has taken video audiences by storm. Another Chaplin, the critics exult

HAIL



Two superb pantomimists, Caesar and his show partner, Imogene Coca, portray an evening at the movies

A pensive Caesar relaxes backstage. Bear head is just for company—this is one TV comic who spurns props

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

SID CAESAR!

By BILL DAVIDSON

IN THE summer of 1942, the chief entertainment attraction at a Catskill Mountain resort known as Avon Lodge consisted of routines like the following, performed by a comedian named Jackie Michaels:

Michaels (to assistant): "What do I have in my hand, an egg or a tomato?"

Assistant: "An egg."

Michaels (mashing tomato into assistant's face): "You're wrong. It's a tomato."

There are several things about this routine that are remarkable—for one thing, the fact that it originated in pre-caveman times and still persists in television on any number of variety shows. But more startling is the identity of Michaels' assistant at the time—a nineteen-year-old saxophone player named Sid Caesar, who eight years later has become the foremost exponent of the *non-tomato-throwing, non-custard-pie-spattering, non-Seltzer-bottle-squirting* school of TV comedy. Today, handsome, strapping, twenty-eight-year-old Caesar is the star and mainstay of an hour-and-a-half-long Saturday-night NBC television program called *Your Show of Shows*; so phenomenal has been its success that the following upheavals in the entertainment world recently have been noted:

—A group of Broadway movie-house owners went to an NBC executive and begged him to use his influence to get *Your Show of Shows* switched to the middle of the week, on grounds that Caesar was ruining their Saturday-night business.

—NBC received thousands of letters from young girls like Geraldine Mazeika, of Chicago, who wrote that Caesar alone had changed Saturday night from America's traditional date night to a stay-at-home-and-look-at-television night.

Most wondrous of all, Fred Allen (a non-tomato-thrower who is considered by many people to be the funniest man in the world) not too long ago spent every Saturday afternoon for a month conversing backstage with Caesar at NBC's International Theater, where *Your Show of Shows* is staged. From watching them together, a casual observer might have assumed that Allen, the master, had come to instruct Caesar, the apprentice. Actually it was the other way around. Allen was embarking on his first television show and he had come to learn from Caesar.

According to such diverse authorities as movie director Alfred Hitchcock and Boston American columnist Tony La Camera, young Mr. Caesar does not have to resort to tomato throwing because he has so much natural talent that he "best approaches the great Charlie Chaplin of the early 1920s." This might sound like overstatement, but the youngster seems to have captivated even the most caustic of television critics. For instance, the *enfant terrible* of the industry is John Crosby, radio and TV columnist of the New York Herald Tribune, whose daily barbed comments on occasion have driven performer-targets to extreme distraction. About Caesar, however, Crosby waxes ecstatic.

Recently he wrote, "Sid Caesar is one of the wonders of the modern electronic age." He then went on to say that "Caesar has more genuinely funny comedy sequences than he knows what to do with," that his routines "are even funnier the second time," and that "he has restored the art of pantomime to the high estate it enjoyed before the talkies and radio." The equally caustic Larry Wolters, radio and TV editor of the Chicago Tribune, wrote, "Sid Caesar doesn't steal jokes; he doesn't borrow ideas or material. A gag is as useless to Caesar as a fresh situation is to Milton Berle."

Everyone who has seen Caesar seems to have developed favorites among the comic's routines, many of which are well on the way to becoming classics. Crosby, for example, raves about a Caesar monologue which is a satire on fighter-plane

movies. In this bit, Caesar plays all the parts, including a colonel, two American pilots, one German pilot, six airplanes and two sets of machine guns.

Margaret Truman's favorite is another monologue depicting the thoughts which go through the mind of a six-month-old baby. Recently, Miss Truman attended a party at columnist Leonard Lyons' home. Many of the biggest stars of show business were present, including Bob Hope, Ezio Pinza, Ray Bolger, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin; but the minute Caesar walked in the door, Miss Truman begged Caesar to do his baby routine, which he proceeded to do forthwith. That broke up the party.

Caesar has a face that seems to be made of rubber and a voice which can imitate practically any sound on earth. In his monologues and pantomimes he has been a dial telephone, a slot machine, an elevator, a white-wall tire, a punching bag, a lion, a train, a pool ball, a herd of horses, a tomtom, a rattlesnake, an infantry battle, a piano, a cattle stampede, and a Seltzer bottle. Without a shred of costume, he also has created the illusion of being a Russian miner, a French general, a woman getting dressed in the morning, a prize-fight manager, a Parisian perfume salesman, a British colonel, a Texas cowboy named Slim, a boxer named Steve, a gangster, a doctor, and Adolf Hitler.

In one United Nations sketch, he played four foreign delegates in a luncheonette, plus the proprietor, the juke box, the cash register, and other standard items of equipment. As his brilliant producer, Max Liebman, puts it, "He has the unparalleled knack of peopling the stage with characters and objects of his own imagination."

In addition to this, Caesar has developed a gibberish-imitation of nearly every language; it sounds exactly like the language itself, but doesn't mean anything. He used his Chinese gibberish one night and columnist Frank Farrell, who had been with the Marines in the Far East, politely asked him if the dialect wasn't from the North of China. On another occasion, Caesar went into a long speech in Russian-sounding double-talk and General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who had sat in on many conferences with Soviet generals, came up and asked him where he had learned to speak Russian.

But to the experts who think that Caesar is a second Chaplin, his most important attribute is his ability to extract the humor out of everyday life.

Comedy of a Couple Who Quarreled

In one monologue, for instance, Caesar is a husband who has just quarreled with his wife and has come to spend the night at a friend's apartment. He enters quietly, and then shouts, "*Finished! Finished, I tell you. Through! This is the end!*" He agrees with his friend that his wife is a sweet girl, a wonderful girl, considerate and kind and everything that a man could want, but—he suddenly screws up his face in a mask of uncontrolled rage—"She's miserable!" He then proceeds to recount all the indignities his wife has heaped on him. Yet when she phones to apologize at the end of the monologue, he, of course, meekly goes home.

All this time there is no one on the stage but Caesar, but you get the impression of the friend, the friend's wife, the apartment, the telephone, his own wife, his own apartment, everything—just as if they were all there.

In other routines, Caesar is a bashful boy going to his first dance, then the same boy insufferably confident at a dance five years later; he is a vain man passing a mirror; he is a husband who has just had a fight with his wife and suddenly thinks of all the things he *should* have said in the argument; he

is a husband being dragged to a cocktail party he doesn't want to go to; he is an expectant father thinking of what his son is going to be like (the imaginary son, of course, is a brat and a monster); and he is a bridegroom walking down the aisle and thinking gloomily of his future as a married man.

In one hilarious skit, Caesar has got his boss hopelessly lost trying to direct him to his house by telephone. Finally Caesar says, "Where are you now? . . . Well, you're an American citizen—they've got to let you back into the country."

In most of these routines, Caesar works alone. In others, he is teamed up with Imogene Coca, a gifted comedienne who fits in perfectly with Caesar's type of humor. The most effective of the Caesar-Coca skits involve satires of clichés and platitudes. They play parents taking their children to school for the first time, two superstitious people pretending not to be superstitious, or a pair of strangers who meet while waiting in line outside a movie theater.

In one dialogue, Caesar and Miss Coca are discussing the use of psychology in bringing up children today. Miss Coca says, "I think the old method of spanking a child is passé." To which Caesar replies, "I say don't just spank a child. Talk to the child, reason with him, find out what's on his mind. And when you find out the reason, the real cause—*then* belt him."

He Can Be Funny Without Slapstick

As all this indicates, Caesar does not need the slapstick and prat falls that characterize most other TV comedy shows. It also is the reason that Sid White, of the trade paper *Radio Daily*, recently wrote, "If Berle is the King of Television, then Caesar is the Emperor."

While some people might consider this debatable, at the very least it seems safe to say that Caesar has become the second great personality to be developed by television. As such, he is the exact opposite in temperament of the first. Milton Berle is a wisecracking, night-clubbing extrovert who is not averse to putting on a show on the sidewalk in front of Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway—perhaps ending the performance by pushing someone's face into a trayful of halvah.

Caesar, on the other hand, is quiet—even sad—when he is off stage; he doesn't even know how to tell jokes to private audiences. He hates the Broadway hullabaloo, and last year moved to Forest Hills, a middle-class Long Island suburb, to get away from it—even though he makes more than \$4,000 a week and could easily afford the high life. He still is in complete awe of stars like Fred Allen and Bob Hope when they come to visit him, and the closest he ever came to playing a practical joke was when he drove out to La Guardia Airport a few weeks ago to meet screen actor Robert Cummings, who was to appear as a guest star on his show.

As Cummings stepped from the plane, Caesar (who is built like a football tackle) wrapped his huge arms around the actor and lifted him off the ground. "What are you doing?" Cummings yelled. "They sent me to pick you up," said Caesar.

Brown-haired, brown-eyed Caesar was born in Yonkers, New York, on September 8, 1922, into a distinctly non-show-business family. His father was the proprietor of an establishment known as the St. Clair Lunch, a restaurant in which Caesar and his two older brothers (both are bigger and heavier than Sid's six feet, 206 pounds) went to work as bouncers when they reached the age of fourteen.

In throwing boisterous patrons who worked in nearby factories out of the St. Clair Lunch, Sid listened to their thunderous denunciations in German, Russian, French and (Continued on page 50)

PRETTIEST DOCTOR



On the bridge of the USS Consolation: The skipper, Capt. C. M. Ryan, of Coral Gables, Florida, Dr. Walters and Capt. Robert E. Baker (r.), of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, in charge of ship's hospital

After treatment aboard the Consolation (background), wounded are transferred to an LSU and transported to Japan. Value of hospital ships, previously questioned, is now re-established



The first lady medico ever ordered to sea by the Navy, "Burma" Walters won the admiration of everyone for her work tending the wounded aboard a hospital ship off the Korean coast

Tokyo

BERNICE (BURMA) WALTERS was already a legend to hundreds of Marines and GIs before the Korean war was two months old. In almost every outfit there was someone who had been aboard the U.S. Navy's glistening white hospital ship, the USS Consolation, and the word had traveled swiftly all the way from Pusan to Taegu, from Pohang to Chinju.

"I was lying there in my sack that first morning on the hospital ship," a Marine lieutenant recalls, "and the nurse tells me that the doctor will be in to see me soon. And then, s'help me, in walks this woman. 'I'm Doctor Walters,' she says, 'how about letting me look at that arm?' You should have seen my double-take. And man, was she pretty! Why doesn't the Navy tell me these things?"

Over a beer a 25th Division sergeant tells his friends: "My leg stopped a piece of shrapnel the night we made that patrol across the Naktong. Next morning I'm down in the operating room on the Consolation and who do you think is going to stitch me up? This woman doctor, no kidding. And what a job she did. Look," says the sergeant as he rolls up his fatigues to display a neat scar, "see what I mean?"

"I've heard of a woman's touch, but I didn't expect it to happen at the end of a surgical knife," wisecracks another. "But it certainly gave me something new to write my girl about."

"Burma" Walters undoubtedly has been the subject of scores of letters sent from the good ship Consolation, for she is someone to write home about, even in this age when women have invaded every profession, including the military. When she was ten, she knew she was going to be a doctor. But what she couldn't know then was that one day she would find herself in the middle of a war in far-distant Korea, a lieutenant commander in the United States Navy, and the first woman medical officer in naval history ever ordered to sea.

When this correspondent first caught up with her during the big Inchon-Seoul invasion, Doctor Walters was on the point of having a quick cup of coffee in her stateroom before turning in. It was 0800. She had just finished a 12-hour stint in the "OR" (the operating room three decks below) and was still wearing her operating uniform—a pair of faded green hospital pajamas with the sleeves cut off and the legs rolled up above slim, bare ankles. Her surgeon's mask still dangled below her chin, and her cap had been pushed high back on her head, revealing a small, sensitive face framed by soft waves of short black hair.

She was all of about five feet four and couldn't have weighed much more than a hundred pounds. Everything about her suggested the "fragile female" and belied the many stories I had heard: about her incredible endurance during those terrible days of the big North Korean offensive, when she worked 20 hours out of every 24; of her courage in the face of her husband's death a few months before the Consolation sailed; and of her determination to make good in her profession no matter what the obstacles. And then I saw her eyes—and believed the accounts. Beneath unbelievably long lashes, wide flashing eyes reflected a reservoir of tremendous vitality, of strength and tenderness all at once, and a love of life no tragedy could defeat.

Her speech was forthright and honest, if occasionally a bit blunt, and betrayed long, difficult years of fighting for acceptance in a man's field.

Collier's for November 11, 1950

in the Fleet

IN COLLETTED KNOWN

Collier's WAR CORRESPONDENT

This woman asked no quarter—nor wanted any—because of her sex.

Lieutenant Commander Walters was the most difficult subject I had ever tried to interview. As we talked, her dark eyes blazed with indignation.

"What's all the fuss about? Why should I be written up just because I'm a woman? I want to be accepted as a doctor, and that means without the word 'woman' always in front of it. Why is everyone getting excited about a woman doctor being ordered to sea duty anyway?"

"Because you're the first," I tried to explain, "and therefore a symbol."

"What utter nonsense! What's that got to do with it? The fact that I am the first simply proves that the Navy was getting into a rut. Should've had us on hospital ships years ago. People . . ."

Her peroration was interrupted by the ringing of her telephone. She picked up the receiver. "Dr. Walters speaking. Yes . . . Yes . . . What did you say his blood count was? Okay . . . Well, give Saggy three units of blood. Right. Yes? Well, give Joko two units. Okay."

"Who are Saggy and Joko?" I asked, thinking the names rather strange-sounding for Marines.

"Oh, they're a couple of nicknames for North Korean prisoners the Marines took near Inchon. They were in pretty bad shape so they were brought aboard. What sentimentalists men are! Our doctors here are knocking themselves out to save the lives of these boys and I'll bet that each of 'em, before he got himself captured, probably personally accounted for some of the American casualties now on this very ship. So what do we do? We give them the same care and attention we give our own people just so we can turn them over to the South Koreans, who will probably shoot them as soon as they get them. Do you imagine for one instant the North Koreans or the Russians would be guilty of such sentimentality?"

We were off on a philosophical tangent which covered life, death, war and practically everything—except Burma Walters. Her conversation was frequently interlarded with these cynical, sometimes callous observations which I strongly suspected were designed to camouflage an even deeper sentimentality in herself than that at which she was scoffing. A keen wit, ready laugh and disarming affability also appeared to be part of the defense; with them, Burma Walters wins a host of friends and at the same time neatly prevents any of them from getting to know her really well. Every question that threatened to penetrate that flippant façade was met with evasive stratagems.

Reluctant to Talk About Herself

After three hours of spirited dialogue, I knew very little more about Burma Walters, the person, than I had when I entered her stateroom. It is true that, unwittingly, she had revealed qualities difficult to conceal—a restless spirit and a passion for crowding into every day the most it would hold. Which made readily understandable two of the sketchy items I had already elicited from others—namely, the fact that as a WASP she had once served for a brief period as a civilian pilot for the Army Air Force; and that she got tagged with the nickname "Burma" years ago as a result of her oft-repeated desire to live in some "weird place." ("Thank goodness it was only Burma I talked about in those days," she said with a shudder. "Can you imagine me stuck with a name like 'Korea' Walters for the rest of my life!")

Beyond that, the life-and-times of Bernice R. Walters, M.D., Lieut. Cmdr., USNR, was still a dark mystery to me—and gave every evidence of remaining so. The phone rang again and she was called topside to the SOQ (Sick Officers' Quarters) of which she was ward medical officer. As she started to leave, I attempted to arrange a later session.

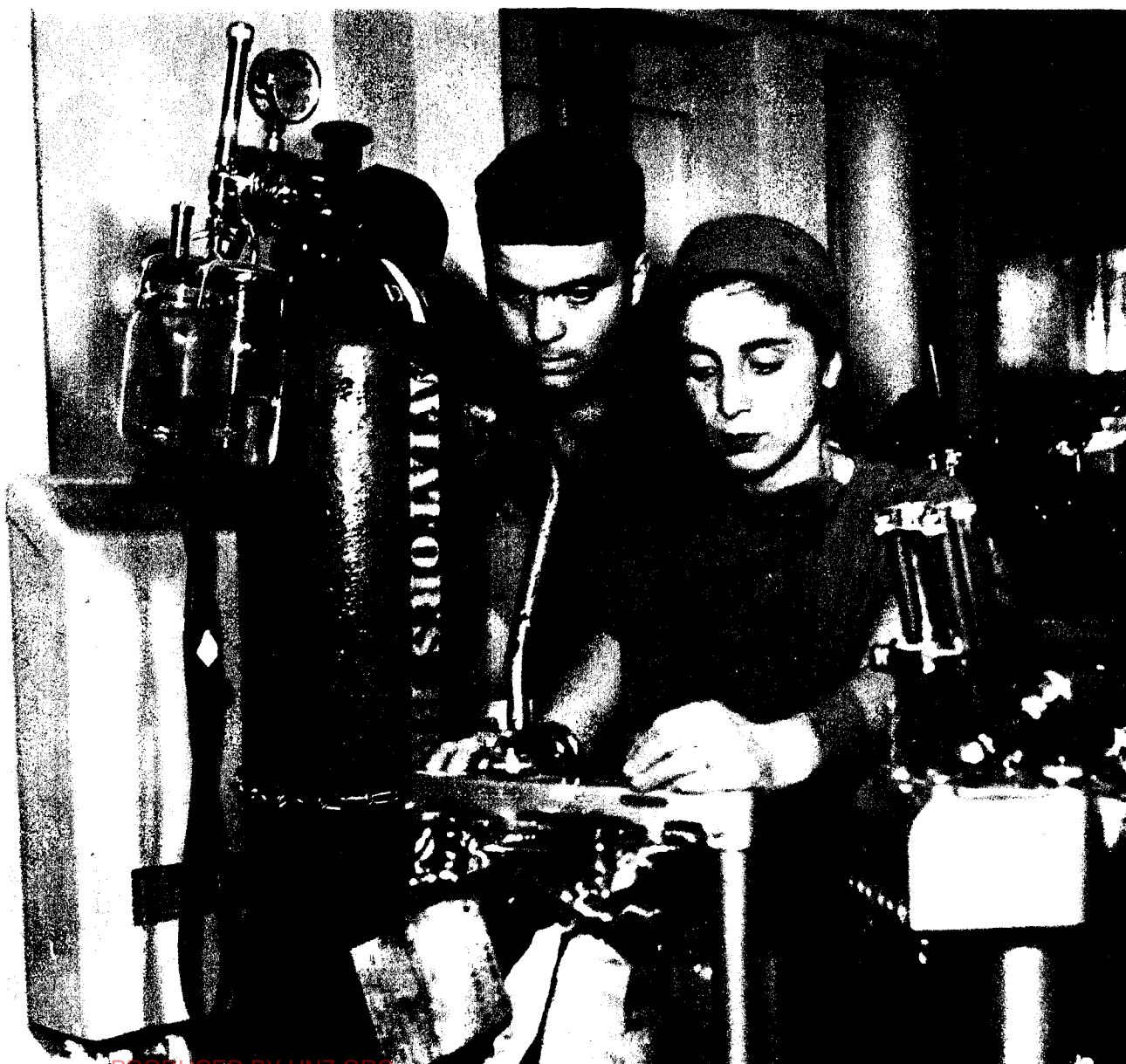
"But what about the story?" I asked. "I've just started."

(Continued on page 52)



Dr. Walters (sitting) takes a breather with three of the nurses aboard: (l. to r.) Lt. C. L. Ellersbusch, Evansville, Ind.; Lt. Cmdr. E. E. Kalnoske, Shenandoah, Pa.; Lt. E. C. Fowler, San Diego

Though she's also a skilled surgeon, Dr. Walters' greatest value aboard ship stems from her ability as an anesthesiologist. Hospital man Bill Corman, of Spokane, assists at the machine



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STAPLETON,
COLLIER'S COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER



Play A Lone Hand

Giff knew who had ordered the murder. But so did the judge,
the U.S. agent, and the whole town—and Sebree owned them all

By LUKE SHORT

The Story: GIFF DIXON, found mysteriously wounded in Oklahoma cattle country, is brought to Corazon where he recovers. Broke and prideful, he is befriended by CASS MURRAY who offers him the job of guide to Special Agent VINCENT WELLING and surveyor BILL FISKE, arriving in Corazon to investigate reports of fraudulent entries for homesteads in the district.

After meeting his new employers Giff is approached by GRADY SEBREE, who controls the Torreon Cattle Company, and his foreman GUS TRAFF. They promise Giff a cowpunching berth if he will reveal the special agent's plans for the investigation. Without committing himself, Giff reports to his bosses and hands them a letter he's been asked to deliver by the Territory House hotel clerk. They appear startled by the communication—which is from PERRY ALBERS, printer for the town's only newspaper—but do not tell Giff its contents.

He is, however, told to go to the Free Press office and check the April 17th paper of the past year for the names of five homesteaders required by law to publish notice of their claims. At the newspaper office Giff meets pretty MARY KINCHEON, who shows him the back-number file. He looks through it and finds the April 17th copy missing.

Back at the hotel, after hearing this information, Bill Fiske hints that Albers' letter contained evidence of a huge land swindle involving the Torreon Cattle Company and certain town officials—but since Special Agent Welling is a frightened man with a taste for alcohol, it's up to the surveyor and Giff to expose it. At the surveyor's suggestion, Giff goes to Henty's saloon to bring the drunken Perry Albers back for questioning. But as they are about to return, Albers panics at the sight of two men following them. He runs down an alley with Giff at his heels; their pursuers shoot, killing the printer immediately; then they catch up to Giff and beat him into unconsciousness.

II

ALTHOUGH Welling was still sleeping, Bill Fiske made no effort to be quiet as he dressed and shaved the next morning. There were things more important than Welling's sleep, Fiske thought, and one of them was Giff Dixon. He let himself out of the room and tramped down the corridor, heading for the room to which Dixon, beaten up and bloody, had been brought last night.

His soft knock on the door brought no response, and gently he palmed the knob and opened the door. Dixon was gone, and for a moment Fiske stood in the doorway, a gloom settling upon him. He likely lit out, and I can't blame him, he thought.

Turning back down the hall, his feeling of guilt deepened. Without even knowing what he was in for, Dixon had volunteered to help last night; and a brutal beating had been his reward. That, of course, finished Dixon; with him gone Fiske could see certain and unpleasant failure on this job, since the only thing reliable about Welling was his thirst.

Tramping down the steps, he nodded good morning to the day clerk at the desk and then turned into the dining room on the right. A scattering of guests and townsmen were at breakfast—and among

them, Fiske saw, was Dixon. Even across the room, he could see the purple bruise on Dixon's right cheekbone extending clear to the temple. As he approached, Fiske recognized the man sitting at Giff's table. It was Sheriff Edwards who, of course, would be at Giff again with his questions. Fiske had no notion if the young man would tell the truth to the sheriff. It didn't matter much, for the harm was already done.

He halted beside Giff, who looked up at him without much friendliness. "Who helped you out of bed?" Fiske asked gruffly.

"Cass Murray."

Uninvited, Fiske pulled out a chair, saying, "Morning, Sheriff. Anything new on Albers' killing?"

"Nothing new and nothing old," Edwards answered dispiritedly. "Just plain nothing." He glanced at Dixon now and rose. "The hearing will be in an hour or so at my store. Doesn't make much sense, since you're about the only witness, but we ought to go through with it."

Dixon nodded, and Edwards walked away. The waitress was waiting, and Fiske gave his order; then he put his elbows on the table and glanced at Dixon who was finished with his breakfast and was now rolling a smoke, his long face reflecting suppressed anger. "What'd you tell him?" Fiske asked.

"That I was helping a drunk when we got jumped."

"Think he believed it?"

"He may, but I don't." Dixon's glance, almost baleful, settled on Fiske. "Your drunken friend was shooting his mouth off in the Plains Bar yesterday evening. He told the whole saloon he was ready to break open a big land swindle—just as soon as we got in contact with a man."

Fiske asked unbelievably, "Who heard him say it?"

"Cass Murray. So did everybody else."

Fiske felt a hot and overwhelming wrath that almost choked him, and he leaned back in his chair. He was aware of two significant facts—that he could point to Albers' killer, and that Welling's loose talk had brought about the killing. He was also aware that Dixon was still in the dark as to the reasons for his beating; and the memory of his suspicion of Dixon yesterday brought a wrenching shame to him.

The waitress brought his breakfast then, but he regarded it without hunger, ate little of it, and finally pushed it aside. There was a feeling in him that was close to futility; their errand here was useless, even foolish; he was useless, foolish, too.

Glancing up, he caught Dixon watching him with a sullen, almost bitter, patience. Fiske asked, "How do you feel?"

"I'd feel a lot better if I understood this."

Fiske grimaced. "You wouldn't, and I'll prove it." He leaned both hands on the table and said, "You already know it was Albers who sent that note to Welling."

Giff nodded.

"Did you ever hear of a rancher here by the name of Sebree, Grady Sebree? He's manager and biggest stockholder in the Torreon Cattle Company."

Giff said flatly, "Yes."

Fiske looked surprised. "What do you know about him?"

"Well, in the space of five minutes yesterday I

met one man scared to death of him and another who'd run from him. Why?"

"Well, Albers' letter accused Sebree along with Earl Kearie, the Free Press publisher, and Ross Deyo of being in on a tremendous land swindle. You remember Deyo's the man we were introduced to at the hotel yesterday, the register for the local land office?"

Dixon was watching him with surly attention.

"According to Albers, the swindle works this way: Sebree has his riders file homestead entries on water holes and springs that his company wants. Deyo obligingly predates the entries for the land office records, and Sebree's cowboys swear that they have lived on the land and improved it. But before a title can be given for any homestead, the land office and the public have got to see proof of publication—that is, a legal form printed in a newspaper stating that so-and-so has filled all homestead requirements for a certain piece of land. That's where Kearie comes in."

DIXON was listening closely, as Fiske continued, "Kearie has his printer run off an ordinary issue of the Free Press. But the type is left set up afterward. Then Kearie has his printer—Albers, in this case—lift out some advertisements and insert in their place the fraudulent final proof notices of Sebree's riders. He runs off two copies only, then destroys the type."

Giff scowled. "Who are they for?"

"One for Sebree and one for Deyo. Deyo has to file proof notices in Washington. Kearie takes one of these phony issues over to a crooked J. P. named Arnold. Kearie fills out an affidavit of publication swearing that these notices appeared in four consecutive issues of his paper. Arnold notarizes it. Then Kearie takes the affidavit and the phony paper to Deyo. Since everything appears in proper order to Deyo—after all, he sees a copy of the paper with his own eyes—Deyo passes them on to the Land Office in Washington."

"Pretty soon, Sebree's riders get a certificate of title to the homesteads. If anybody is interested enough to kick when they find Sebree suddenly owns that land, the land office records are trotted out." Fiske shrugged. "There's the certificate of title which Washington wouldn't have granted unless everything was legal, Deyo says. Certainly final proof notices were published. Just hunt up a copy of the Free Press and see for yourself."

"Where does a man get a copy of a month-old newspaper?" Giff asked.

"At the newspaper office," Fiske said dryly. "And he gets the same story you got yesterday. 'No, we haven't got a copy of that issue. It's gone.'"

Dixon was silent a long moment, and then he asked skeptically, "Could it be done?"

"I never heard of it before, but it could," Fiske said grimly. "Anyway, Albers wrote Welling that's the way it worked."

"And Albers is dead."

Fiske looked at him a long moment, then nodded. "What more proof do you need that it worked?"

"So Sebree's the man who killed him, the man who had me beat up?"

"Sebree, Deyo or Kearie."

It's Sebree, all right, (Continued on page 77)

"They shouldn't have kicked me," Giff said slowly. "That was a mistake. I'll make it a mistake." He began to back out the door

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



IF YOU

Aristocrat of game birds



The pointer, above, nails a small covey of quail. White cheeks and throat distinguish the cockbird from the hen. On Florida's palmetto barrens, Edward Smith, of Miami (left), and John Law, of Stuart, Florida, set up camp on a typical palmetto quail hunt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WANT TO HUNT QUAIL

The bobwhite tests any gunner's skill and nerve with its explosive flight

By RAYMOND E. CAMP

THE woods are full of men who can line up their sights on deer, moose, or even bear, and touch off their shots with never a tremor. But find the man who can stand behind a pointing dog and retain his emotional stability while a covey of quail bursts into scattered flight. The shooter who claims this degree of tranquillity is a perfect dolt—or the uncrowned king of liars.

When a sportsman announces he has been "bird hunting," there's no need to ask: "What bird?" The scornful tone of the reply would have a parallel only in the incident of the Georgia boy who ordered pie in a Yankee restaurant and was pressed as to "What kind?"

"Why, 'tater pie, o' course. How many kinds o' pie you think there is?"

The term "birds" to several million enthusiastic gunners has but one meaning—bobwhite. In a few sections he passes under the misnomer "partridge," and in others is known as "quail," but throughout most of his broad range just "bird" is sufficient identification.

Calling him a "quail" can be confusing, for there are several members of the quail family scattered throughout the West and Southwest. Some of these country cousins wear brighter and more ornate plumage than the bobwhite, but on the basis of numbers and popularity they are just poor relations. Among these branches of the family tree are the desert quail, known as Gambel or Olathe quail; the Massena or Mearns's quail, the mountain quail, the valley quail, and the scaled quail. All of them enjoy a certain amount of local popularity, but any follower of the bobwhite will, without hesitation, attribute this to the absence of his favorite.

The total quail population has been estimated at approximately 75,000,000, of which more than half are found in ten states: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia. Within these areas the local concentrations of birds vary according to terrain, land practices and hunting pressure, but the Carolinas, Tennessee and Mississippi seem to attract the largest number of visiting hunters.

Many sportsmen insist that the game qualities of the bobwhite provided the major contribution in the advancement of the American bird dog. The first bird dog field trial ever held in this country, away back in October, 1874, found the bobwhite employed as the test of quality. In more recent years similar trials on grouse, pheasant, prairie chickens and even woodcock have attained considerable popularity. But the undisputed classic, for pointing dogs, is the National Bird Dog Championship, held in recent years at the Ames Plantation in Grand Junction, Tennessee, which, since its inception in 1896, has tried the mettle of the champions on bobwhites.

Ask the confirmed bird hunter what he likes about the bobwhite and he will hesitate. This hesitation arises from the inability to give precedence

to one of many desirable qualities. Usually the first trait to be lauded is the bird's tendency to "lay well" to the dog.

A good dog can hold a point on quail for a period normally limited only by the dog's endurance. This is quite in contrast to the pheasant, which might lead a dog over most of a five-acre field while a slow hunter was approaching, or to the grouse, which has the disturbing faculty of flushing well ahead of a dog and out of gunshot. The bobwhite sits tight and pins his faith to camouflage.

When the covey is flushed by the hunter, the latter is immediately confronted with what many find to be an overabundance of opportunity. The air suddenly seems full of whirring wings and feathered bombshells exploding in all directions. The normal reaction of the novice is to blast away in the general direction of the covey or delay too long in the selection of an individual target. You can always mark this unhappy individual at any shooting lodge. He is the man eating pork chops while the others nibble daintily at quail on toast.

A mild form of buck fever is almost inevitable during the first instant of the covey rise, so the quail shooter who is able to get two birds on this rise and still possess sufficient tranquillity to trace the flight of one or two singles has a justifiable pride in his achievement. While they may spread out over a wide area, quail rarely fly more than 200 to 300 yards before scaling down to cover.

Another common error of the novice is to abandon alertness when a dog points a single. In many instances the sound of the shot will flush another bird, which may follow a course exactly opposite that of the first. This may call for some fast pivoting by the shooter, and on not so rare occasions causes the man's companion, bringing up the rear, to throw himself violently to the ground.

Wings Not Suited for Long Flights

The bobwhite can attain high speed with rapidity, but his wings were not designed for distance flight. On open savannas horsemen have been able to capture quail by urging them to successive flights until the birds were incapable of further movement. It is this inability to make long flights which distinguishes the bobwhite from his cousin in Europe. The European quail, similar in marking but smaller and lighter in color, crosses the Mediterranean each spring and fall, necessitating a flight over water for more than 200 miles.

Hunting quail without a dog has been compared to swimming a river with a bridge available. There is a possibility of success, but only through a vast expenditure of pointless effort. Many veteran quail enthusiasts admit that they have rarely if ever spotted a quail while it was on the ground. Therefore, they insist, the man who hunts these birds without canine assistance is taking on a task for which nature has not fitted him.

Quail hunting practices vary with geography and terrain, but for the most part they are determined by the type of covers hunted and the number of birds per square mile. On marginal lands, where the coveys are concentrated in comparatively small areas, the hunter usually follows his dog on foot and damns the briers. Often only one dog, a pointer or setter, is put down and preferably this dog is one that covers the area slowly and thoroughly. In such covers, the man on foot who attempts to follow a fast-wide-ranging dog will spend as much time hunting the dog as he does the quail.

Whether you hunt him with setters, pointers, or the stylish Weimaraner, a German import that looks like a cross between a pointer and a greyhound, the bobwhite's reaction to dog and gun will be the same. The setter is favored in covers where the brush is heavy and briers plentiful, for its heavy coat saves it from the cuts and scrapes that would be the lot of a short-haired dog.

Many Prefer a Slow, Careful Dog

But the arguments on the value of the slow, careful dog, as opposed to the fast, wide-ranging dog, have never diminished and the growing popularity of field trials has added heat to these debates. The man who hunts on his own two feet is inclined to question the value of field trials as training mediums for quail dogs. He will point out that these contests place too great an emphasis on speed, range and stamina, and not enough on thorough hunting and retrieving. The common criticism of the field trial champion is: "Sure, he's a fine dog, but how many men can afford to keep a dog *and* a horse? And without the horse you couldn't keep up with the dog."

In those areas where the coveys are scattered widely over a broad terrain, the quail dog without these very traits of speed, range and stamina would be unable to provide a full day's sport and a reasonable bag. In such covers horses, mules or specially designed vehicles are employed to keep up with the dogs, and often as many as four dogs are put down at a time.

Most of the large quail preserves provide horses or mules for the shooters, a facility which proves very popular with those who consider walking to be a common but unnecessary evil. So mounted, the hunter can ride to within 50 feet of the point, dismount, and walk forward to flush the birds. The operators of such shooting preserves always assure their guests that the horses or mules are "broken to gun," but the wise visitor will sit tight and look for the worst until he has checked the reaction to gunfire of his particular mount.

So far as the gun itself is concerned, fights rage over every cracker barrel as to whether the 12-, 16- or 20-gauge shotgun is best, and if no debate can be (Continued on page 61)

Collier's for November 11, 1950

The BOY

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

Mrs. Richards was not selfish. Mostly, she was just lonely. And it shocked her to learn that the little boy was afraid of her, and as lonely, in his world, as she in hers

JESSICA RICHARDS poured a second cup of coffee from the silver vacuum jug and looked at the clock. It was after eight, and she hadn't heard the boy go up the road to catch the school bus. She wondered if something was wrong. Ellen wouldn't have spoken about it. Ellen never spoke of the boy unless she was asked directly. Mrs. Richards hoped he wasn't sick. Children shouldn't be sick. Besides, in all conscience she couldn't let Ellen go if the boy were ill.

But she didn't want to think about illness. She had had enough of it, the whole sweltering month of August in the hospital, and almost a month of convalescence here at home. Thank Heaven, it was almost over. Dr. Morrison had said she might go for a walk today.

She sipped the coffee. A car pulled into the driveway and a door slammed. She was relieved to hear the voice of James, the young man Matt had hired to help with the fall work. James was a stranger, too, but at least he wasn't a doctor coming to look at the boy. Maybe he wasn't sick at all. But she wondered again why she hadn't heard him singing on his way to the school bus.

She thought: I'm getting to be a fussy old woman, and I hate fussy old women. All I want is peace and quiet and my own people around me. Then she reached for the signal button and pressed it and heard the hum of the buzzer in the downstairs hall.

Ellen came at once. Listening to her quick young step on the stairs, Mrs. Richards thought: I was that vigorous. When Colby was here I never walked. I was young and happy, and I ran. Then he died, and I walked.

Ellen came into the room, slim, dark-haired, young. There was a dancing light in her eyes and a glow in her face, but the smile she gave Mrs. Richards was a surface smile. "Yes?" she said.

"The coffee tasted better than usual," Mrs. Richards said. "Is it really the coffee, Ellen, or is it me?"

"I suspect it's you, Mrs. Richards," Ellen said, and now the smile was real. "You look much better this morning."

Mrs. Richards nodded. "I feel better. And it's a nice day, isn't it? Too nice a day to stay cooped up here. If you will run the bath water, I'll get up. By the way, the boy—is the boy all right?"

"Terry? Oh, he's fine, Mrs. Richards," Ellen went into the bathroom and turned on the water and spread the mat and laid out the towels. When she came back Mrs. Richards said, "I didn't hear him start to school."

Ellen looked at her with a little frown. "He went," she said. "Now, shall I stay and help you?"

"No," Mrs. Richards said, pushing back the yellow puff. "I feel almost myself. If I need help, I'll call." . . .

While she dressed, she kept thinking about Ellen. She dreaded the necessity of getting someone else, some other stranger; but she would never have hired Ellen in the first place. She would have chosen an older woman. Grace Andrews hired Ellen for her when Mary left in a huff while she was in the hospital—moody Mary who insisted that old Matt bullied her.

Grace Andrews was Mrs. Richards' closest friend. "You simply must have someone when you

go home," Grace had said, "and if you won't have a nurse—I do think, Jessica, that a nurse—"

Mrs. Richards had said, "I will not have a nurse, Grace. I have been deared and darlinged here in the hospital to the end of my endurance. Besides, I am not an invalid. I refuse to be one."

"Very well, then," Grace had said, "I shall get someone."

She had hired Ellen, but she hadn't said a word, until the week before Mrs. Richards went home, about the boy.

At first Mrs. Richards had said flatly that Ellen would not do. She must be dismissed at once. A woman with a child would have only half her mind on her work. A child would be underfoot. Grace had said, "Jessica, you are making excuses. I had three choices—a hard-faced old charwoman, a cook with dubious references, and this girl. Now please, Jessie, don't be difficult. Try her for a month."

Mrs. Richards set her lips. "There seems nothing else to do, the way you have arranged it. How old is the child?"

"Ten," Grace said. "He will go to school and be out of the house all day."

That afternoon when Matt came to see her, Mrs. Richards asked him about Ellen. Matt fingered his cap and said, "She's a nice girl, Mrs. Richards."

"She has a child."

Matt squirmed and nodded. "A proper lad," he said. "A city boy. But he has manners." He changed the subject. He had hired a young man to help with the fall work on gardens and grounds. A very capable young man. But Mrs. Richards scarcely heard him. Outside help was Matt's province, anyway.

She telephoned her lawyer for a report on Ellen. The report was brief. Ellen came from a decent middle-class Massachusetts family, married young, was widowed with a baby when her husband, who had joined the Merchant Marine, was lost with his ship in the North Atlantic. Ellen learned stenography, worked in Boston several years, then in Bridgeport, and recently had become cook and housekeeper to get a job in the country for the boy's sake.

So Mrs. Richards came home from the hospital to Ellen's care. Ellen was efficient, unobtrusive—but young—young and a stranger. Mrs. Richards asked to see the boy.

He came to her room, a cricket of a boy, all legs and ears and eyes, politeness in his piping voice, awe in his blue eyes. He said his name was Terry. He liked the country, especially the birds and trees. He was starting to school next week and there would be other children at school, so he wouldn't be lonely. He tried to stand quietly and look at her, but his eyes kept darting down to Rufus, Mrs. Richards' cocker, who sat on his hind legs and licked the boy's hands. When she dismissed him, Rufus followed him into the hall, where the boy ordered him back. The dog came reluctantly and stood just inside the door, indecisive, until the boy went downstairs.

She had not seen the boy again until this past week, when she was allowed downstairs in the afternoon. She sat on the sun porch, where she could see autumn creeping in among the trees with its

soft light and its first trace of color. From the porch she could see the path to the front gate. Each day she noticed that Rufus was quite content to be with her until midafternoon. Then he became restless. He left her, went through the back of the house and outdoors. Then she would see him trot around the house and down the path to the gate, where he waited.

Soon after Rufus went to the gate she would hear the boy's voice far up the road. The voice stopped some distance from the house, but the dog's ears would go up in excitement. Trained not to go into the road, Rufus would dance there at the gateway until the boy appeared, lunch box and schoolbooks in hand. He would drop books and box on the grass and crouch down and Rufus would leap into his arms. For a moment the boy would hug the dog and the dog would nuzzle the boy. Then they would come up the path together, boy silently cautioning dog, dog silently bouncing beside him. They would go around the house. And a few minutes later Rufus would return through the house to the sun porch, ears half-cocked in question, to nose his mistress' hand and lie down on the grass rug at her feet, but always with his head turned so he could watch the hallway.

AT FIRST the boy had sung in the morning as he started to the school bus stop half a mile away. And he had come home singing all the way. While she was confined to her room she heard him, morning and evening. But only for a few days. After that there was no more singing near the house. At first she had resented his singing. It had wakened her in the morning. But when it stopped, she still wakened; and then she was vaguely annoyed at not hearing it. It was absurd, to waken and lie and listen for a sound that never came. She had not heard the boy this morning, even in the distance.

She started downstairs. Ellen came to the foot of the stairs, but Mrs. Richards shook her head. She needed no help. But she did secretly resent having to grip the handrail so hard.

Ellen watched her all the way down, then said, "I think you'll want to eat in the breakfast room this morning, it's so bright and sunny. And wouldn't you like an egg with your toast and bacon?"

Mrs. Richards went to the breakfast room, and she had an egg. From the window she could watch Matt and James in the side yard, taking the bulbs from the long bed. Matt handled the garden fork like a man of forty, and he must be seventy, at least. He had been close to forty when Colby hired him, thirty-one years ago, to look after the garden at the small place in New Canaan. By the time they built this place, twenty-eight years ago, Matt was indispensable, a part of the family. He looked after the place when they went to Europe, or to Florida, or to California. Since Colby died, Matt had been her right hand.

Matt was home and (Continued on page 58)

She held him, she patted his quivering shoulders, she pressed her cheek against his hair. "There there, Terry," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF





In "A Double-Crosser," a "bad" bronc throws his rider violently after catching him off guard



This peaceful painting, which shows an Indian youngster tending goats on the Arizona plains, has a self-explanatory title. Leigh calls it "A Big Job for a Little Boy and a Little Burro"

SAGEBRUSH REMBRANDT

At the age of 84, Artist William Robinson Leigh still produces vigorous, dramatic paintings which catch all the rugged spirit of the Golden West

THERE are few places in midtown New York City where Hopalong Cassidy might feel really at home; one of these is a picturesque eleventh-floor studio apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street, where one of the best-known artists of the Old West is faithfully recording with palette and brush the full, rich flavor of America's last frontier.

The setting in which 84-year-old William Robinson Leigh paints his bucking broncos, hard-working cowboys and colorful Indians is more in keeping with Arizona than with Manhattan. From the walls of his studio hang the bleached skulls of

bison, mountain sheep and horses; scattered over the floor are striking Navajo rugs; displayed elsewhere about the apartment are tomahawks, war clubs, quivers filled with arrows, and other relics of a past chapter in the history of the prairies. The artist himself closely resembles a present-day Buffalo Bill Cody—tall, erect and ruddy, with white hair and a snowy mustache and goatee.

Leigh first turned to the West for inspiration in 1906, after deciding that American artists elsewhere were depicting not their own country, "but a sort of disguised Europe." His trip westward started inauspiciously—he went broke in Chicago

—but with characteristic aplomb he talked the Santa Fe railroad into giving him free passage to New Mexico in return for a painting to be delivered later.

The line's officials were so delighted with the picture he produced that they promptly ordered five more at \$250 each, thus launching him on what was to be a highly successful career.

For the young painter found the West exactly to his taste. "This is the place," he said, "where my spirit will be free, where I will be able to express myself." He traveled extensively through Wyoming, the Dakotas, New Mexico, Arizona and

A test of staying power ends as man and mount part company. Title: "A Whirlwind Hombre"



A sales talk by "The Fuel Merchant." "If Madam isn't baking today," Leigh says, "it's simple to explain that good dry wood is a handy thing to have about the adobe house, just in case"





The artist at his easel. The picture he is working on is called "Panning Gold, Wyoming"

Texas, living at various times among the Navajo, Hopi, Zuni, Apache, Sioux and Blackfoot Indians. Soon his work began to receive wide attention; eventually he took his place alongside such other noted artists of the West as Frederic Remington and Charles Russell. His pictures now sell for as much as \$10,000, and Leigh canvases are owned by the Heckscher Foundation, the Huntington and Newark museums and other galleries, as well as a number of private individuals (including the Duke of Windsor, who owns a Leigh painting of a pinto pony).

Born in Berkeley County, West Virginia, Leigh studied art for three years at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, and for 12 years at a number of schools in Europe. He is married to Ethel Traphagen, founder of the Traphagen School of Fashion and Design in New York.

While Leigh is best known for his paintings of the plains country, he has done other work as well. In the twenties he made two trips to Africa with expeditions seeking big-game groups for the American Museum of Natural History in New York; later he painted the backgrounds for the mounted specimens. In addition, he has written a number of short stories on Indian life, as well as several books about the West and Africa.

Today, at an age when most men would be content to take life easy, Leigh is still vigorous, alert and active. He spends six to nine hours a day at work, and this winter he plans to return to the Southwest to gather material for more paintings.



"Outside of man," says the artist, "the cougar is the horse's most dangerous enemy." Since horses rarely escape death once attacked, Leigh dubbed this painting "The Killer"

"Bull-Diving" resembles a scene from the rodeo. It shows a cow hand about to throw a longhorn



The "Best of the Bunch" depicts a Navajo lassoing the prize horse of a herd, for use as his own mount. Horses running free on the reservation are considered tribal property



All the Girls Were Dancing

By SHIRLEY JACKSON

NOW that my daughter is nearly five the question of her name has become desperately important. When she was born her father wanted to name her Jean and I wanted to name her Anne, and we compromised upon an arbitrary Joanne.

Her brother calls her honey, sis and dopey, her baby sister calls her Nannie, and she calls herself, variously, Jean, Jane, Anne, Linda, Barbara, Estelle, Josephine, Geraldine, Sarah, Sally, Laura, Margaret, Marilyn, Susan, and—frequently—Mrs. Ellenoy. The second Mrs. Ellenoy.

The former Mrs. Ellenoy—I have this straight from my daughter—was a lovely woman, mother of seven daughters, all named Martha, and she and Mr. Ellenoy used to be very angry at each other, until one day they grew so very angry that they up and killed each other with swords. As a result my daughter is the new Mrs. Ellenoy and has inherited all the Marthas as stepdaughters. When she is not named Jean, Linda, Barbara, Sally and so on, but is being Mrs. Ellenoy, her daughters are allowed to assume these names, so that there is a constant bewildering shifting of names around our house.

Since there is enough confusion anyway, no one worries excessively about anyone else's name. My son has recently taken a flat stand on his nickname—Laurie—and insists upon being addressed as either Laurence or Joe. The baby, who was named Sarah when she started, got shortened to Sally, and got into immediate trouble with Sally Ellenoy, and now we call the one Baby and the other Sallyellenoy. Baby is unmistakable, as is Dog for the dog, since *his* name was originally Toby and Baby renamed him Bowowby and Laurence renamed him Trigger and Mrs. Ellenoy generally calls him Child. There are three cats and *they* all look exactly alike, so we call them Kitty. I myself use two names, a professional and a married name, and my husband, who is addressed in all variants of father from pappy to da, now answers to almost anything, even—being a man easily thrown off balance—Mr. Ellenoy.

In places where we have specific locations, such as our beds, or the dinner table, it is easy enough for us to address one another by facing the place we want. Equally, particular questions may be traced to the person they most concern, so that something like, "Did you know the bank called about that overdraft?" or, "Didn't I tell you to change into a clean dress?" or, "Do you want to go outside *again*?" or, "Did she eat up all her nice cereal?" can be easily caught and answered by the correct person, without all the trouble of trying to remember a name, or the rudeness of pointing. It is only on such a general question as, "Well, who hasn't washed for dinner?" that the bitter matter of identification comes up.

I know what they all *look* like, of course. The dog has four feet and is far larger than the cats, who operate as a three-part unit anyway. The boy is dirty and wears a disgraceful pair of blue jeans. The father looks worried and a little bit appalled. The older daughter is larger than the smaller daughter, although there is an uncanny shifting of identity there, since the smaller is now wearing the clothes the larger wore last year, and they both have blond curls and blue eyes. But as to trying to remember, for instance, which two out of three have already had chicken pox and which one was inoculated for whooping cough, and whether any



LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

When she is not named Jean, Linda, Barbara or Sally, her daughters assume these names

given one of them got all three prescribed injections and, worse, which of the Ellenoy girls got spanked for breaking Joe's six-shooter and who told on her, I go all to pieces.

For example: I glanced out of the kitchen window yesterday morning and found my older daughter up to her knees in a mud puddle. "Joanne," I said sharply, rapping on the glass in traditional manner with my wedding ring. She turned and smiled, and I dried my hands on the dish towel and made for the back door. "What are you doing in that mud?"

My daughter looked at me, amused. "This is Mrs. Ellenoy," she said. "I'm over there." And she pointed.

One trouble about all this is that it is very easy to be taken in on any particular statement.

"Joanne," I said, addressing the empty air where she was pointing, "get out of that mud puddle this minute."

"Get out at once," Mrs. Ellenoy added emphatically. "Joanne, I'm ashamed of you." She turned to me. "I don't know what we're going to do with her," she said. "Joanne," she added again, "you heard your mother. Get out of that mud puddle right now." She nodded reassuringly at me. "She'll be right in," she said. "I'll stay out here and wait for her."

I went back inside, talking to myself, and after a minute Mrs. Ellenoy poked her head in through the kitchen door. "Martha's out here," she said, "and she won't stop crying till you give her a cookie."

"I'm not giving a cookie to any little girl covered with mud," I said.

"Martha's not covered with mud," Mrs. Ellenoy

said reasonably. "That was bad Anne. Martha's been playing quietly under the apple tree all this time."

Then there was the black morning the census taker spent at our house; she arrived before I was dressed and my daughter entertained her until I came down. And there was the most uncomfortable incident when my daughter trotted in to me and said, "There's a lady outside named Mrs. Harper and she wants to know will you give her a dollar?" and I replied absently, "Tell Mrs. Harper she may take the penny off my desk and not to bother me any more." My daughter told Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Harper went away furious and a little terrified, and I was entered on the P.T.A. books as refusing to pay my dues.

Or, there was this most touching incident which has really marked my husband; as I say, he is a man easily thrown off balance:

I glanced in the study the other morning and found my older daughter settling herself on the couch next to her father, who was reading the paper. She had *The Wizard of Oz* under her arm and as I passed by, smiling fondly, she asked her father, "Will you read for a minute to me?" In my subsequent wanderings through the house, I frequently passed the study door to the comfortable drone of my husband's voice plowing his way toward the Emerald City. Finally, looking in and seeing him still reading aloud, but alone, I said in surprise, "Still reading?"

"I'm reading to Marilyn till Jean gets back," he said, not looking up from the book.

I went outdoors to where my daughter was sitting drawing pictures under the apple tree and said conversationally, "Dad's still reading to Marilyn."

"I know," said my daughter, nodding. "I got too restless so I left."

We played a game of croquet and picked some flowers for the house and ordered the groceries and my husband was still reading.

AFTER a while my daughter went back into the study, said softly, "Move over, Marilyn," and settled down to hear the rest of the book.

"Dad was reading out loud to himself all morning," my son observed as he sat down at the dinner table that evening.

"No, I wasn't," said my husband. "I was reading to Marilyn."

"I thought you were reading to yourself," my son said.

"Marilyn doesn't brush her teeth," my daughter said. "None of my girls brush their teeth," she added wistfully, "but all of them were dancing this afternoon. All the girls were dancing in the garden. There was Martha, and Sallyellenoy and Janey and Linda and Margaret—"

"You know what I wish?" my son demanded of his father, "I wish I was in Texas right now on a horse."

"—And Estelle and Barbara and Josephine and they were all dancing," my daughter continued. "And all the Ellenoy's, they were dancing too."

"Did you call the bank?" my husband asked, raising his voice to be heard.

"All dancing," said my daughter happily, "all the Ellenoy's were dancing."

"Mommy," said the baby, thumping happily on her dish with her spoon, "Daddy, Nannie, Kitty, Mommy, Okay, Good-by, cookie?"

THE END

Stories of Famous Values

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PALs—Cops and Kids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20



the children who need it most." "To prevent crime," says Police Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy, "we must prevent delinquency." "A couple of years ago," says an undertaker in a congested area, "hardly a month passed but I got a teen-age job with stab wounds. Then this PAL came along. The kids turned their knives in for sports equipment."

In New York, our biggest city, PAL operates mainly on public contributions of less than \$1,000,000 a year, peanuts in these days. Yet it offers its kids more than 100 recreation centers and an equal number of organized play streets, supervised by 300 professional recreation directors; a summer camp for 600 boys (150 at each three-week session); sports tournaments for tens of thousands of children in baseball, softball, basketball, soccer, track, field and boxing; and, for hundreds of thousands, teen-age parties and musical activities, and attendance at movies, excursions, outings and professional baseball, football and hockey games.

No attempt is made by PAL to oversimplify the problem of juvenile delinquency. One boy was brought in for throwing stones through the windows of passing trains. It turned out that he was just as happy throwing a baseball, but he had had no baseball, nor a place to throw it. That does not necessarily mean, though, that a baseball diamond, a basketball court or a free vacation in the mountains will convert a full-fledged delinquent into a juvenile saint.

Most small-fry baddies come from homes where moral standards are low and religious training is unknown. They usually need intensive social case work, often including a complicated blend of medical and psychiatric treatment. The New York Police Department maintains a Juvenile Aid Bureau, now twenty years old, to provide such treatment. PAL is an arm—one of several arms—of this Juvenile Aid Bureau. As such, it handles those cases which, coming to the bureau's attention, need only constructive activity for cure, or those cases where physical activity is indicated as an integral part of the over-all therapy.

Since PAL's main objective is the prevention rather than the cure of delinquency, less than five PAL kids in a hundred have delinquency records. PAL wants to help the boy or girl who has no access to any other recreational program—the child with no place to go, nothing to do. That is the child who, if not properly directed, could become a delinquent.

Children Driven onto Streets

The streets of New York—of any big city, for that matter—throb with kids who are not wanted at home. PAL hangs out the latchkey for them. A kid bubbling with defiance arising from insecurity at home invariably cools off in a PAL recreation center. There the child is made to feel he is wanted. His problems become the problems of PAL; no problem is too big, none too small.

There was the case of the six boys in the fourteen-to-sixteen age bracket who lived in the same tenement house. All had delinquent parents; three were themselves potential delinquents; the other three already petty thieves. The petty thieves were trying to talk the others into joining them as the nucleus of a gang.

There is in every police precinct a patrolman who, working in plain clothes, concentrates on PAL activities. This officer, known as a youth patrolman, has pipe lines that reach into every stratum of his bailiwick. The youth patrolman in the precinct where the six boys lived learned that the three potential delinquents were being propositioned by the three others.

The patrolman knew that the boys were first-rate street fighters. That was his

opening. He approached the first trio and asked how they would like to fight with gloves—gloves supplied by PAL. They said they would like it fine. The patrolman took them over to the precinct recreation center. There they worked off their energy and their love for a scrap with other kids inside a ring and under the supervision of a referee.

Between fights the kids were urged to discuss their problems. They needed pocket money. PAL got part-time employment for them through its job-placement bureau. Would the kids like to join PAL? Would they!

None of the trio had ever belonged to any organization before. Now that they did, they had a new sense of importance, even of dignity. Their three delinquent friends somehow had a new respect for them. The PAL boys told the delinquents they were suckers to go in for street fighting and petty thievery. They could have more fun fighting in a ring at the recreation center. And PAL would get part-time jobs for them.

The delinquents, having nothing to lose, investigated the recreation center. They learned to their astonishment that at the center *somebody* was really interested in them. Not only did they join PAL; they went out and converted three more would-be hoodlum friends.

Three years ago last February two young punks on Dean Street in Brooklyn bludgeoned an eighty-five-year-old woman recluse, robbed her and set her house on fire. Among those outraged by the crime was the parish priest. He described the particular block in which the crime had been committed as the worst block in Brooklyn.

The block in question, lined on each side with rows of tenements, had a population of 400 kids between the ages of ten and eighteen. About one kid in 10 had already run afoul of the law. The kids from seven to nine were pulling fire-alarm boxes. Those from ten to fourteen were involved in bicycle and store thefts, offenses against property, and the starting of fires. The

older kids, those up to eighteen, were organized in gangs—complete with rifles, zip guns, switch-blade knives and molls. One junior outfit, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, required aspiring members to throw stones through three ordinary windows or one church window. A policeman was looked upon as a natural enemy.

The block in Dean Street, then, became an open challenge to the police department's antidelinquency trouble shooters, all the more so because it was practically around the corner from Brooklyn Police Headquarters.

Agents of the Juvenile Aid Bureau went into the homes of the worst offenders, seeking the roots of delinquency, and obtained a measure of parental co-operation.

At Play in the Adirondacks

While the Juvenile Aid Bureau was boring from within, its PAL subsidiary was attacking from without. It converted a rubbish dump into a playground with a basketball court and other athletic paraphernalia. It organized and outfitted baseball, softball and basketball teams, and started a boxing tournament. It took some of the worst-block kids on a three-week summer vacation to Fox Lair, a 1,200-acre camp it owns in the Adirondacks. There the kids not only played in the sunshine and fresh air, but stuffed themselves with farm vegetables, dairy-fresh milk, butter and eggs, chicken and steak, cake, ice cream and pie.

Results weren't obtained overnight. But they came. That block in Dean Street is today one of the least troublesome in the city to the police. Practically every kid on it belongs to PAL. The police, once natural enemies, are now natural friends.

One day a youthful mob, carrying baseball bats, tramped into the precinct police station. A leader appeared from among them. He held a box in his hands—a box of cigars. The boys had chipped in to buy the cigars for an officer who had become particularly popular in the once-worst block in Brooklyn. It was almost beside

SISTER



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Collier's for November 11, 1950



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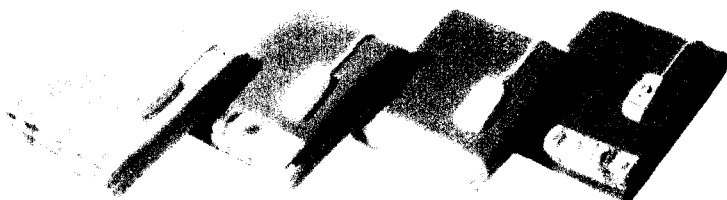
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the point that the officer didn't happen to smoke. He lighted up one of the cigars and began to choke up—maybe not on the smoke, either.

Mike, an only child, aged fourteen, was a loner—a kid who prowls the streets and alleys, looking for opportunities to assert himself destructively. His father was a laborer who hit the mahogany at night; his mother, a laundress, was too exhausted evenings to care properly for the boy. Mike was constantly getting into assorted minor scrapes.

The precinct youth patrolman asked Mike why he was always alone, never with other boys. Mike was ashamed of his father; anyway the other kids always beat him up.

"How would you like me to fix things so the other kids won't beat you up, Mike?" asked the patrolman.

"How could you do that?"

"For one thing, Mike, you're underweight. We'll send you to the mountains and fatten you up." Mike, half starved at home, put on seven pounds at Fox Lair. Meantime, the Juvenile Aid Bureau laid down the law to Mike's parents. Among the changes it demanded was that Mike henceforth get three square meals a day.

Its recreation centers hold courses in arts and crafts. One little boy, who impressed some observers as a monster come alive, turned out to be quite a freehand artist. A little girl, whose recreation consisted of a running attempt to cut the tail off the family cat, swapped her shears for some PAL modeling clay and is a whiz at sculpturing animal heads.

Some older kids, a couple of whom had shown an inclination to peep through keyholes, are now peeping through camera finders in PAL's photography classes.

Girls Often Need Guidance

By and large, girls under sixteen are far less troublesome to delinquency experts than boys. The average girl does not pull fire-alarm boxes or break street lights. Thus the percentage of girl delinquents referred to PAL by the Juvenile Aid Bureau is negligible. But, like many PAL boys, the girls who belong to the organization could have become delinquents if not carefully guided. Recreation centers are available to girls as well as boys and are turned over to them exclusively one day a week; there they can indulge interests in handicrafts, sculpture and painting denied them at

Help Your PAL

The Police Department of New York City is conscious of the need for a new approach to the problem of delinquency which is incipient criminality. In its crime prevention work it uses all the constructive forces of the community that can contribute to the moral and physical welfare of youth.

Recreation, while no panacea, has proved its value in this new field of police work. The Police Athletic League, which is both a preventive and remedial program, helps thousands of boys and girls become good citizens.

Many police departments in the United States and in many foreign countries have established similar crime prevention programs. Every one of us should support our local police departments in promoting these activities which safeguard our most priceless heritage.

GENE TUNNEY
General Chairman,
1950 PAL Campaign

Next Mike was given boxing instructions at a PAL recreation center. Within six months he was a new boy. He was well fed and he was able to protect himself. An inner confidence supplanted his old desire to express himself destructively. He didn't exactly throw his weight around, but when he flattened a couple of kids who tried to beat him up, everybody—Mike, the kids and PAL—knew his troubles were over.

Two Homesick Youngsters

Racial and religious bigotry are practically unknown among PAL's membership; when they do crop up they don't last long. At Fox Lair this past summer an eleven-year-old delinquent, referred to PAL by the Juvenile Aid Bureau, displayed a noticeable dislike for the Negro boys in the vacationing group. By the end of a week, the white boy fell victim to that malady which often overtakes even the toughest kid on his first extended trip away from home—homesickness. One of the Negro kids—a non-delinquent—got homesick, too. He and the white boy were drawn together by their mutual misery.

The white youngster realized, for the first time, that the other boy's emotions were just the same as his, that his home and parents meant the same to him as his own home and parents. By the time the vacation was over the white boy's color prejudice had completely vanished.

Sometimes the solution to a comparatively simple problem of maladjustment lies not in athletics but in the dormant talent of a boy or girl. The Police Athletic League handles that kind of problem, too.

home. Many of them derive vital physical benefits from athletics. One crippled girl, physically rehabilitated by PAL, became a track star.

Practically every veteran criminal in the fabled nine-o'clock line-up at Manhattan Police Headquarters is a cop hater from way back. How he got that way is not in PAL's investigative province; how to prevent today's kids from becoming cop haters is very much PAL's business. Gene Tunney, the 1950 chairman of PAL's drive for funds, says that he used to run from cops as a kid in Greenwich Village. "We would walk a mile to avoid passing a police station," says Tunney.

Today, most of the 75,000 boys who belong to PAL, and probably as many of their friends, seek out the police stations in Greater New York. They stream past the detectives' room to the office where the PAL patrolman has his desk. There, posted on the wall, are the schedules of the PAL baseball and softball games, pitching records and batting averages.

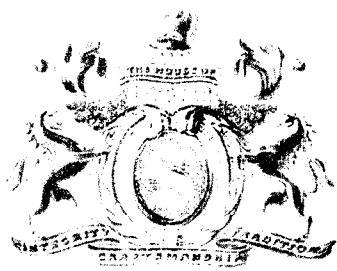
Many PAL recreation centers are named after hero cops who fell in line of duty. The cop's picture hangs in the entrance of the recreation center. The kids see it when they come and when they go. They associate that policeman's face with what to many of them is the pleasantest place they know.

A PAL recreation center is its own best advertisement. Its influence radiates noticeably for several blocks in every direction. Certain types of delinquency are practically nonexistent in the immediate vicinity of a full-time recreation center. Kids living in blind spots, or in fringe areas

Collier's for November 11, 1950



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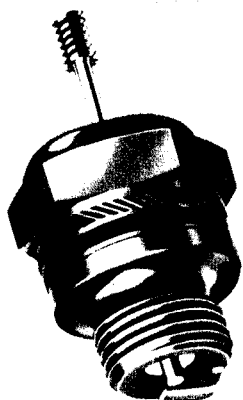
Which is really Maureen O'Hara?

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between centers, are far more likely to fracture the statutes than those living closer to the centers.

Adults realize this. In Queens not long ago PAL was offered three unused buildings in three different sections for recreation centers. PAL was grateful, but it didn't have the funds to convert the structures. When its plight became known to residents of the three neighborhoods, union artisans volunteered their services during hours when they could have been collecting overtime; contractors and supply houses offered materials gratis. The buildings were quickly converted.

The old and the new concepts of dealing with crime prevention are dramatized in one PAL center. It used to be a courthouse. The courtroom, where many a youthful offender received his first brand as a criminal, is now a basketball court. The old fingerprint room is now a boxing ring. The cell block has been converted into a shower room.

Allergic to Blue Uniforms

A recreation center is off limits for a policeman in uniform. Many PAL kids, having skated on thin legal ice for so long before joining, are still allergic to departmental blue. Members of longer duration, however, often go out of their way to cultivate the friendship of the cop on the beat.

The youth patrolman in each precinct, although never in uniform, is known to practically every kid in the bailiwick. PAL members and non-PAL members turn to him naturally. There have been several instances of non-PAL boys finding money and valuables and running direct to the youth patrolman with the finds. Numerous times one boy has persuaded another boy not to commit an act of delinquency just because the youth patrolman had been pegged as a regular guy.

A youth patrolman sometimes has to be a detective. A couple of years back a small-fry mob was getting into all sorts of mischief. The mystery was that the boys lived only two blocks from one of the best-equipped recreation centers in the city.

The patrolman asked one of the boys why he and his buddies didn't come to the center. "Our mothers won't let us," said the boy. That didn't make sense. The patrolman talked to the mothers. It developed that the mothers had strictly forbidden their sons to cross a busy and dangerous traffic artery that lay between their homes and the recreation center. The police in the precinct were assigned the task of escorting the potential delinquents across the traffic artery during their travels to and from the youth center. The kids have not been in trouble since.

Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner James B. Nolan, the president of PAL, is a humane, intelligent and efficient public servant who nevertheless has his critics. There are those who claim that the police are not as well qualified as the courts to deal with actual and potential delinquency. When Commissioner Nolan hears such complaints he is comforted by the recollection of a telephone call he received one Christmas Eve. The call was from an erstwhile delinquent whom PAL had sent off on a three-week vacation. "I just wanted to thank you for that vacation last summer, Commissioner," said the kid. "Best time I ever had. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

Last Christmas Eve, a couple of ex-petty thieves walked into a police station in Hell's Kitchen.

"Thought maybe you'd like a hand trimmin' the tree," one of the kids said to the cops. They trimmed it too.

PAL, of course, runs afoul of the law of averages every now and then. The cops in one precinct had to pull in three stars on one of its baseball teams. They caught the athletes loaded with stolen goods. Another time a new basketball, left in possession of a PAL team, mysteriously disappeared. PAL supplied another ball, this one a scuffed-up job with its bladder showing. "This the

best ball you got?" the team captain asked the youth patrolman. The patrolman nodded. Next day the lost ball mysteriously was found.

Juvenile delinquency, an occasional gang war notwithstanding, is today, in proportion to the present population, at its lowest point in New York's history. Back in 1910, before the police were doing anything about crime prevention, there were almost 11,000 arrests for juvenile delinquency in a population of about 4,750,000. In 1949 there were less than 4,000 arrests in a population that had almost doubled.

This is not to say, however, that delinquency today has dropped between 500 and 600 per cent since 1910. Last year the Juvenile Aid Bureau handled almost 18,000 cases. But only about half of them were serious offenses that would have brought about arrests in the old days. These 9,000-odd serious cases reflect the new approach of the police department toward juvenile delinquency cases. In handling these cases the therapy was so successful it was necessary to bring only 295 children to court. PAL, with its powerful deterrent force, is unquestionably an integral factor in the brightening picture.

It wasn't until 1914 that the police de-



partment formally addressed itself to the problem of curbing crime by attempting to curb the recruiting of new criminals from the ranks of youth. By 1918, there had evolved a Special Duty Division which ferreted out community conditions contributing to delinquency. In 1930, the Crime Prevention Bureau, now called the Juvenile Aid Bureau, parent of PAL, was set up. The thought behind the bureau was that the policeman, competent at preventing misfortune when directing traffic, could, with the proper assistance, become just as competent by holding up a guiding hand to travelers on the path of life.

A Concerted Drive on Crime

So the Juvenile Aid Bureau, with the cooperation of all other active, reconstructive agencies and forces in the metropolis, attacked the problem of securing adequate social treatment for delinquents and wayward minors as a means of reducing crime. The actual field work of the Juvenile Aid Bureau is done by hand-picked personnel with sound academic training. The administrative functions of PAL are carried out by police officers who hold degrees in physical education and recreation. Two of the factors frequently encountered in delinquency were, and are, lack of play facilities or misdirected play. Thus PAL's part in the over-all fight on crime prevention has been clearly defined.

In its early days PAL concentrated on high-delinquency areas; today it has integrated itself into every section of the city. Incorporated under the laws of New York

Collier's for November 11, 1950

State, it has a board of directors comprising leaders in municipal government, industry, labor and the professions and ranking officers of the police department. All kids under sixteen pay dues of 10 cents a year; over sixteen, a quarter.

PAL's annual drive for funds, which begins each year in January and runs right through December, has two peaks—the month of May, which is officially designated as PAL Month, and the months of October and November.

It is in October and November that final efforts are made to achieve the campaign goal. Appeals for contributions are made to thousands of individual firms in the garment industry as well as to commercial banks, insurance companies, the construction field and related industries. Gene Tunney, this year's fund chairman, is hopeful of making 1950's contributions top any in the past. The fund raisers frequently receive contributions from ex-PAL members. One such contributor, who was well on his way to total delinquency when PAL took him over 16 years ago, is today an executive in a prosperous garment firm.

PAL, having been in existence now for almost a fifth of a century, is old enough to sit back and look at some of its human results. Its tens of thousands of ex-members have turned out pretty well. A handsome big fellow who had just joined the cops as a rookie recently walked into Commissioner Nolan's office. "PAL got me 12 years ago, when I was twelve," he said. "If it hadn't been for PAL I might have wound up in prison, like a couple of other kids in my neighborhood. A cop saved me. I hope while I'm on the cops I can steer just one kid right."

An eleven-year-old boy who started his baseball career with the PAL Blue Jays on Staten Island is known today to big-league fans as Bobby Thomson of the Giants. Eddie Yost, Karl Drews, George Stirnweiss and Hank Majeski are other PAL players who have reached the majors; there are half a hundred others now pushing their way up through the minors.

PAL boxing coaches recall a mercurial

kid who bobbed up in the 28th Precinct in Harlem. He later fought his way through the world's lightweight and welterweight ranks to become what ring connoisseurs consider the best boxer, pound for pound, in the game today. Sugar Ray Robinson, to be sure. Billy Graham and Sandy Saddler are other PAL products.

PAL has contributed stars to basketball and track. Some of its members first displayed an aptitude for a career in entertainment in PAL dramatic shows. The organization has produced radio disk jockeys, announcers and actors.

Modern Methods of Prevention

PAL, through the Juvenile Aid Bureau, represents the thinking of a modern police department that crime prevention is not entirely effected by the arrest, court appearance and institutional treatment of an offender against society. The kid who offends the law is not to be pampered, but the factors contributing to his delinquency are to be understood and held up to the light. Then the constructive forces in the community—the church, the school, the home, social and recreational agencies, medical and mental clinics and the police—are to work together to rehabilitate the offender.

"I believe that all police departments," says PAL's Commissioner Nolan, "should be impressed with the desirability of establishing crime-prevention programs such as the one of which PAL is a part. Recent surveys indicate that some 90 police departments throughout the United States have established Juvenile Aid Bureaus or Youth Bureaus within their police departments. More than 60 of these cities have also established their own complementary recreation programs. This is a definite indication of the acceptance of this type of work as an integral part of police science."

PAL, as part of the crime-prevention picture—steering the potential delinquent right *before* he becomes a delinquent—is not an end. But it's a means of incalculable importance.

THE END

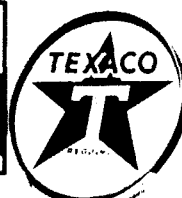


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if we could get a picture of
someone else voting for you?"

COLLIER'S

MARY GIBSON

Collier's for November 11, 1950

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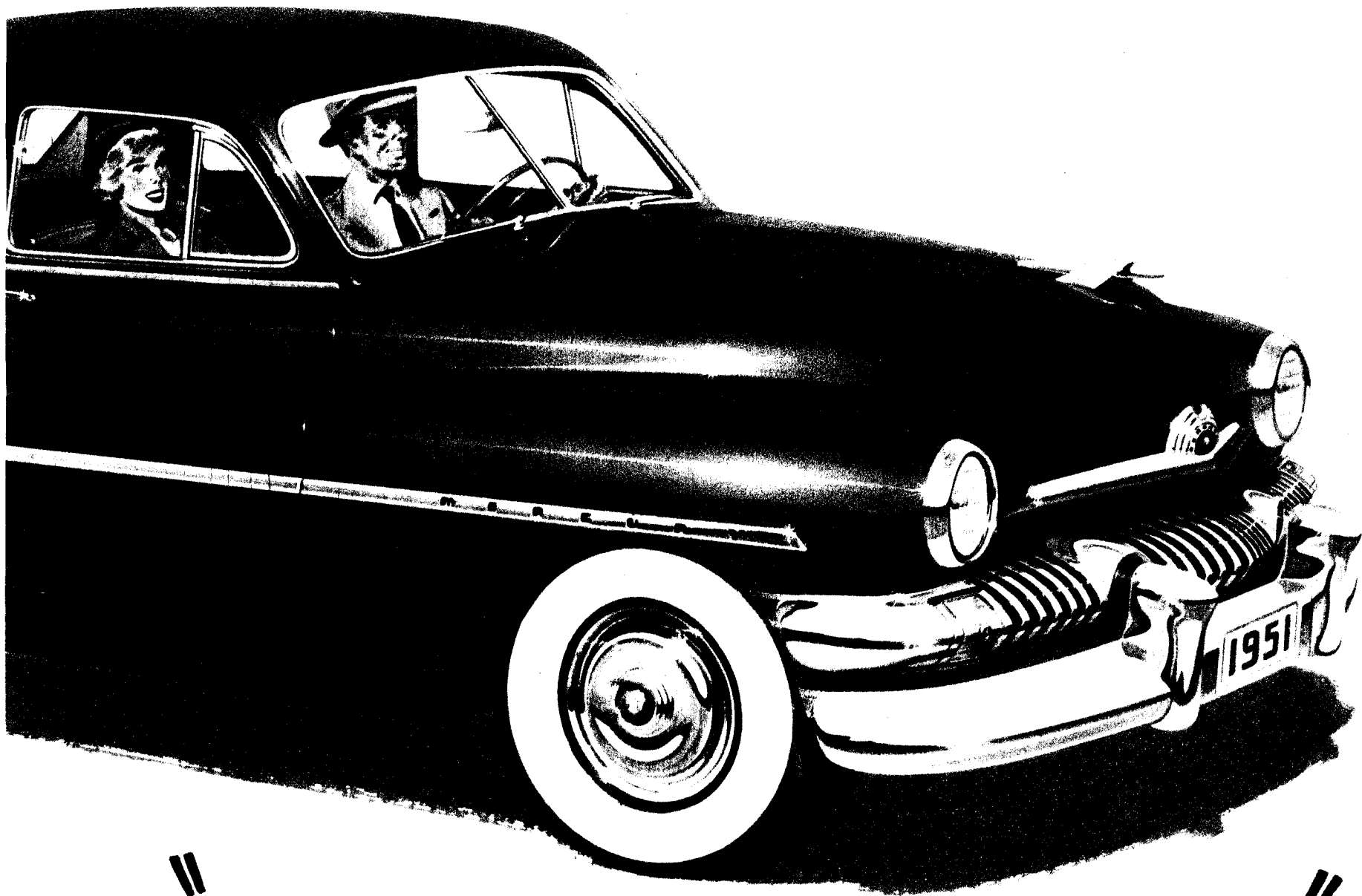
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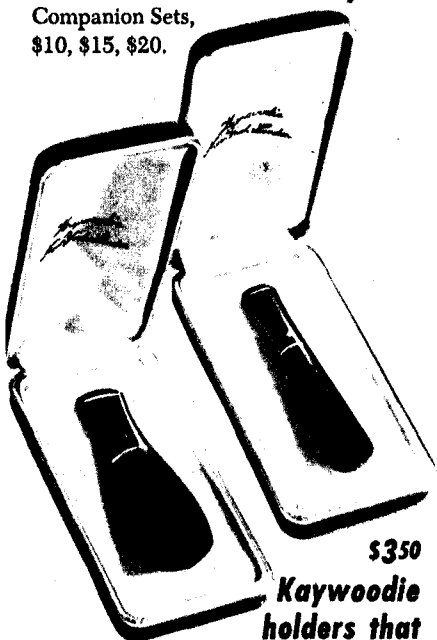
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Buck Lindsay and the Woman Scorned

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

that's what's happened!" screamed Buck Lindsay. "The big one come over and pitched a chair over my head through the winder and then the other one taken and threwed a big yaller cake at me. Then they went to work tearin' my clothes off."

"Well, what in tarnation did you do?" I hollered. "What did you say?"

"That's just it!" cried the drummer. "I never said beans. I've only et there but a couple of times and I always hung my hat up and left a nickel tip. That's just what gits me. Today I just parked the car out in front and Icey and the kids got out—"

"The which?" I yelled.

"Icey and the kids," says the drummer. "They don't have much fun at home—just the six of them there by theirselves all day long—so I figgered it'd be a little treat to bring 'em along with me, today bein' my birthday! Them Singletree girls always seemed so derved friendly and the eats is so good, I—"

"Judas priest!" I says. "Didn't you have no more sense than that? Didn't you know?"

THE drummer was trying to scratch his head through five or six layers of lemon icing. "Know what?" he squeaked. "We was ambushed! Icey and the kids just barely made it to the car or they'd be goners, too. It's blamed lucky I learned Icey to start that junk heap of mine."

"Start it!" I hollered. "Hell, can't she stop it?"

"Well no, not exactly," says the drummer. "She ain't had but thirty-five drivin' lessons—"

"Well, what'll happen to her?" I yelled. "And them five kids?"

"Oh, I reckon she'll just keep on goin' till the blamed thing runs out of gas," said the drummer. "I just wish to hell I was with her."

"Shucks," I hollered. "It wouldn't do you no good now if you was halfway to China, you derved fool! The whole female tribe of this town is after you now. You've went and trampled Virtue and soiled Innocence. And directly they'll be climbin' my back for hidin' you here. Go on, get out! I fought in France but this here is one war I'm draft-dodgin'."

"Oh Lordamighty, don't say that," whispered the drummer, clawing at my shoulders. "Don't make me go out there again. If only you could have saw their eyes."

I cussed and went up front to look across the street and see how bad things really was. Dade Singletree was marching up and down in front of the restaurant with a twelve-pound skillet in her fist looking sharp for the drummer. Back in the dining room I could see the missus and the rest of the women clustered around little Sade, who was sprawled out in a rocker having some sort of a female seizure, and Ella Moorhead was waving a paper fan from Kreglow's Funeral Parlor under her nose and Judge Bruce's missus had taken over the smelling salts department.

"All right," I growled, when I got back to the drummer. "You win. I wouldn't send a dog out there. You can hide here in my theater."

"Yes—but suppose," whispers the drummer, grabbing my arm and starting to go all to pieces again, "suppose one of them women takes a notion to see the matinee? What'll I do?"

"Why, hide, you damned fool," I said. "Duck back here in my office or pull your hat down over your face—"

"My hat!" says the drummer. "That was the first thing that went when the cake hit."

"Well then, pull some cake down over your face," I said and just then I heard the lodge-knock on the stage door and I opened it and there was Will Beam and Judge Bruce and Sheriff Harley Myers,

and Davey Little standing there behind them with his bicycle and the reels for the latest episode of The Feast of Nero.

"What happened?" squeaks Davey.

"Never you mind what happened," I says. "You just go on up and get the fillum ready for the matinee. How does it look, Will?"

"Bad, Ike, bad," says Will, sucking nervously on a cold stogie. "My missus and Ella Moorhead and the rest of them are over there. Ike, them women has riz up like the vigilantes of old. They've sent word to the Singletree brothers—Merle and Verle—and when they git to town there'll likely be a tar-and-featherin' or maybe worse. Where is the damn' fool? Did he git far?"

"He's hidin' here. That's him yonder," I says, pointing to the soggy-looking wretch in the corner.

"Didn't you know no better?" roared Harley. "Ain't you got all your buttons? Lovin' up Sade Singletree of all women and then—"

"I never loved her up!" hollered the drummer. "I just et lunch there that's all. I've only been to the derved place a couple of times."

"He's right, Harley," I says. "The women of this town has been schemin' to marry off that derved Upshur County alto for close to fifteen years. Buck there ain't to blame."

"I know it," sighed Harley. "But Lord! Where will it all end? It's my job to keep the peace in this community and, by gosh, somethin's got to be done. Now if the drummer yonder wasn't married it would be simple enough."

"Married!" hollered Buck Lindsay. "I ain't married! And I aim to stay that way!"

"Ain't married?" roared Judge Bruce. "What about that lady you brought to town this mornin'? What about them five kids? Looky here, stranger—just what kind of a trifier are you anyways?"

"That's my widdier sister Icey," yelled the drummer. "And them's her five little kids. They don't never have much fun so I brung 'em along today for a little—"

"Your sister!" cried Harley. "Is that the honest truth, now, Buck Lindsay?"

"I'll give my oath on it," says the drummer.

"Well then," says the judge, "it's simple. Just fetch the drummer's sister and have her to explain the whole thing."

"They've went," says the drummer. "Lit out in my car when the fireworks first started and Icey don't know the first thing about stoppin' the derved thing! They're clean down to Kentucky by now like as not. I'll be derved if I don't wish I'd scratched this town off my route. For the little bit of root beer I sell it just don't seem like it's worth all the effort."

"Well," hollered Harley, "you're in it now, brother, and so are we. And it's up to you to figure out somethin' to git us out of it."

AND so, Will and the judge and Harley went home then and Buck Lindsay went down in the front row and took in the matinee and hid in the washroom when the lights went up and at five I went home to supper.

"Did you hear?" screeched my missus the minute I got in the door. "About that blackhearted drummer from Clarksburg and what he'd done to our poor little Sade?"

"Now that you mention it," I says, scratching at a gravy stain on my vest, "I did hear a little commotion around lunch-time."

"Bringin' his wife and five children to town to flaunt in Sade's face!" yelled my missus, waving a saucepan full of mustard greens and shaking with Righteous Indignation.

I knowed there wasn't no sense in trying

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to explain nothing so I just et my meat loaf and kept still.

"And some sneakin' traitor," snorts the missus directly, "is hidin' him out some-where and us ladies aim to find out who. We've posted ladies to watch and see he don't leave town and we're checkin' every smidgen of food that leaves our kitchens. If necessary we'll starve the snake out. The girls of the Presbyterian Quilting Club and Canning Society is on the march!"

I sneaked back to the theater after supper and Buck Lindsay was backstage hiding behind a piece of Uncle Tom's Cabin scenery.

"Ike," he says, directly, "is there any chance of gittin' me in a little somethin' to eat? I ain't had nothin' but cake all day."

"Well," I says, "I'll be blamed if I know how. The wimmen is watchin' like hawks and I'm derved if I'll risk it."

"Well, Lordy," says the drummer, "I'll starve to death in here!"

"We'll figure somethin' out," I said. "Now just keep a hold of yourself, Buck."

"Deed, I wouldn't mind it so much," says the drummer after a bit, "if it wasn't for that blamed movie—that derved Feast of Nero. Ike, is there any chance of changin' that show for a Western or somethin' right soon? It just nearly drives me to pieces when them fellers all sets around there gulping down them barbecued hogs and fried chickens and them grapes and figs. I'll swear I never used to give a fig a second look but—"

"Shucks!" I says. "Just don't look at it."

"I can't help it, Ike," says the drummer, with a little break in his voice. "The derved thing just sort of grabs a hold of a feller somehow. I've sat through it four times now and I know the derved thing by heart and I've never got so blamed sick and tired of a show in my whole life. If you could just cut out that part about the eatin'."

"Hell's bells," I says, "that's what the whole derved thing's about, Buck! If them Romans wasn't eatin', the show wouldn't make no sense at all."

"Well," sighed Buck Lindsay, scratching

his stomach, "if they just wouldn't eat so blamed loud!"

"Loud!" I says. "Hell, you can't hear a movie."

"I'll be dogged if I can't," says the drummer. "Every time one of them jokers rips off a drumstick or a pork chop I can hear dinner bells goin' off all over the place."

WITH that the stage door flew open and here come the judge and Will and the sheriff and behind them, with drawn guns, was two of the orneriest-lookin' hillbillies that ever walked.

"I'm sorry, Ike!" hollered Harley. "They got the drop on me before I could lift a finger. And they made me tell where the drummer was at."

"Never mind that," hollered the tall, skinny one, waving his gun in the air. "We're the Singletree brothers—Merle and Verle. And we've come for the drummer that shamed our little Sade."

"If you'll quit wavin' that derved pistol and listen a minute," I said, "I'll bet you a lead quarter you'll be wishin' presently you'd stayed home where you belonged in the first place. Now you're in this as deep as we are."

"Never mind that now," says the tall one again. "Just show us the drummer that—"

"Buck here never shamed Sade," I said. "That wasn't his wife he brung to town today. That was his widdered sister and them youngsters was hers."

"His sister?" says Verle.

"Will you swear to that, Sheriff?" says Merle.

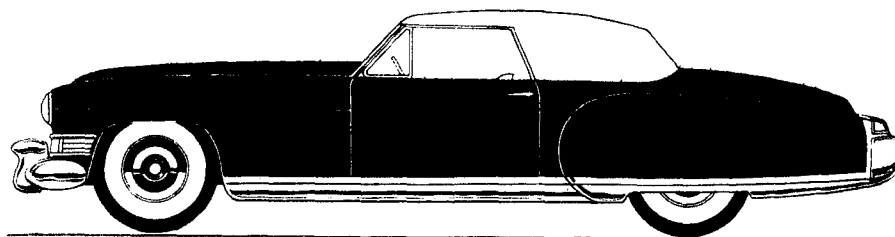
"I will," says Harley. "It's gospel."

"Well, I'll be damned!" says Merle and stuck his pistol back in his pants.

"Now then," says the judge, "since we're all in this as deep as the next one let's start figgerin' where to go from here."

"Well," says Merle, "Sade and Dade said we was either to shoot the drummer or give him a good whuppin' or maybe both. So we've got to have somethin' to show we done our part."

"Then," says the judge, "couldn't you just sort of smash him on the head real



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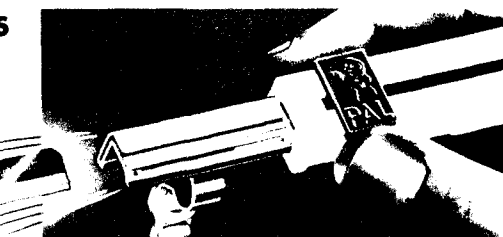
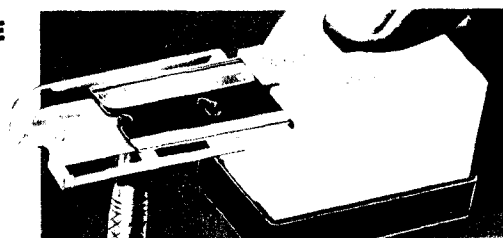
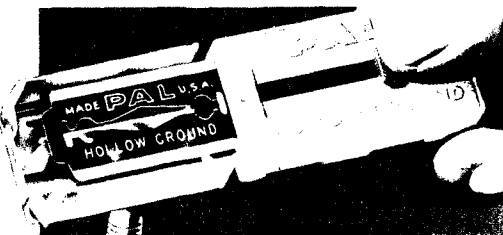
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easy-like with your gun butt? Nothin' real rough, understand—just enough to raise a nice, showy little welt for Sade and the girls to see."

"Just a darned minute now!" hollers Buck Lindsay. "I don't care for this kind of talk one bit."

"You keep out of this, Buck Lindsay," says the judge. "That's for us to decide."

But Buck stood firm and we argued it back and forth for a good half hour and still he wouldn't have no parts of it and directly we all went home and the Singletree brothers put up for the night at the Trader's Hotel.

NEXT morning when I opened the theater Buck Lindsay looked like the wild man in a tent show—whiskers and dried cake all over his face and his hair matted, with the little candles still sticking out of it.

"Ike," he says, "I've gave it considerable thought and I've made up my mind a little tap on the head wouldn't be so bad after all. I swear to the Lord my nerves just ain't up to facing that blamed show again. Ike, ain't there any way of smuggling me in a little old, secondhand chicken wing or somethin'? I've been down under the seats hunting stray popcorn all night."

"Nope," I says. "There ain't a chance, Buck. But I'll send for the boys if you've made up your mind."

"Anything, Ike," says the drummer, starting to shake again. "I'll even let Merle shoot me in the toe a little if you think it'll make a better show of it."

So I went for the Singletree boys and rounded up Will and Harley and the judge and we all went back to the theater.

"Boys," said the judge after a bit, "I've been studyin' it over for a spell and in my honest opinion a black eye would make a better showin' than anything."

"Yes," says Will. "That's really better than a welt on the head. It's more sincere somehow."

So Buck Lindsay stepped forward and shut his eyes and stuck his face out and Merle wound up and let fly with a beaut that caught him square on the eyebrow. Buck let out a peaceful sigh like a slashed inner tube and slid down the flats colder than last week's oatmeal. We all stood there for a second looking down at him lying there, sleeping like a baby.

"Now," says the judge, "you boys go and tell Sade what you've done and if her and the rest of the girls has calmed down enough we can drag the corpus delicti across the street and show her."

Well, the boys couldn't have been gone more than three minutes till here they come tearing back again and Merle had a knot on his head the size of a crab apple and his lower lip was swelled up like two pounds of hog liver.

"Can I go now?" says Buck Lindsay, crawling over to where they was. "Can I run out and git me somethin' to eat?"

Verle looked at Merle and then they looked at me and the judge and Harley and winked and then Merle pulled the big pistol out of his pants again.

"It's worse than I figgered, stranger," he says. "A damned sight worse!"

Buck Lindsay shrank back and kind of clawed at himself. "You don't mean she wants you to—shoot me?"

"Worse than that, stranger," whispered Merle. "When I told her I'd socked you she throwed a twelve-gallon soup kettle at me! It 'pears like that widdy sister of yours run out of gas twelve miles up a creek bed in Tucker County and she just got into town on the afternoon bus. And she's told the ladies the whole gospel truth. And now, brother, you're a marked man!"

"What—what do you mean?" gasped the drummer.

"Sade's forgave you!" said Merle. "And there's only one thing worse than the wrath of the Singletree sisters and that's their mercy. Here, brother—take the gun. It's the easiest way out."

"No!" hollered Buck Lindsay. "I'm too hungry to go just yit. After I git a little fried ham in me maybe I'll think it over."

"Of course," says the judge, "there's another way out."

"No, thank you!" cried the drummer. "I know what you fellers are thinkin' and I'll have no parts of it. I'll go down to Poca-hontas County and rattle me a nice cross-cut saw for a while instead!"

"Well then, boys," hollers out the judge, "since Buck here can't seem to make up his mind right away, what say we all go over and have some lunch and let him think it over in peace and quiet."

"Lunch!" says Buck Lindsay. "Oh, Lord, do you have to use that word?"

And we left him setting there, rared back against a piece of minstrel scenery, half crazy and talking to himself and we went and et and when we got back Davey Little



had started running off the matinee and the drummer was scronched down in his seat in the front row watching The Feast of Nero for the twenty-eighth time.

Directly the judge give a good loud belch and lit up a stogie. "My, Harley," he says, "wasn't that fried ham good today?"

"To tell you the truth," says Harley, picking his teeth, "I was so darned busy with the stewed chicken I never got close to it. How about them candied yams?"

"Dade's a good cook, I'll grant ye," says Will Beam, sneaking over to peek out through the curtains at the drummer, "but Sade's got her beat a mile when it comes to bakin'. Take them raspberry cobbles of hers, for instance. Why—where'd the drummer get to?"

I'D HEARD him go but I never let on. I'd heard him light out up the aisle and out the front of the theater and I knowed well enough where we'd see him next.

"Well," chuckled the judge after a bit, "I feel a sight better about it than I did. At least, it was done accordin' to the law."

"How's that, Judge?" I says, as we strolled out into the beautiful peace of Pike Street together. Across the street Dade was running back and forth to the kitchen for more chicken and dumplings while Sade sang The Indian Love Call and held a beefsteak to the drummer's eye.

"Why," says the judge, "just what I say, gentlemen. Just what I say. It was all handled just as clean and proper as a hangin'. And the condemned man et a hearty meal!"

THE END

Collier's for November 11, 1950

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Hail Sid Caesar!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Italian—and that's where he picked up his double-talk imitations of those languages. The Caesar family lived over the restaurant and rented out rooms to transients. As Caesar remembers, "Rooms with a window, and a rope to escape in case of fire, cost a dollar. Rooms without window were 50 cents."

At his father's insistence that he learn a musical instrument, young Sid took up the saxophone, which he practiced at night—a development which put a premium on the more soundproof rooms-without-window. By day, Caesar went to school. One of the institutions of learning which he attended was Benjamin Franklin Junior High School, where no day was considered complete without a monumental fist fight. Because he was big and powerful, Caesar was expected to play a leading role in these affairs.

"Every afternoon," he says now, "I left school, took off the coat, and said, 'Let's go.' As soon as the three-o'clock bell sounded, it was wang! A fight." After a couple of years of this, Caesar's parents petitioned the board of education and had their young blockbuster transferred to Hawthorne Junior High. "This was a high-class school," says Caesar. "Only one fight a week."

Later, in Yonkers High School, young Sid played the saxophone at dances in an aggregation known as Mike Cifichello's Swingtime Six. He played, as he says, "from 9 P.M. until unconscious," for fees averaging about \$2 a night. When his father lost the restaurant in 1935, things became even more desperate and at one job he played all afternoon for 35 cents.

Unwilling to Spoil His Lip

Every day in school, the football coach would eye Sid's six-foot bulk, and say, "Hmmm, a left tackle." Sid protested that he couldn't afford to hurt his lip because no lip, no saxophone. "Don't worry," the coach said, "we'll fix you up with a lip guard and nothing will happen."

Sid finally gave in and the team's trainer spent hours devising and equipping him with wire protective devices, adhesive-tape masks and the like. Sid dashed out onto the field and, as he tells it, "First play. Bang. Bloody nose and split lip. I gave him the uniform back, with the lip guard. Good-by."

When he graduated in 1939, the sixteen-year-old youngster went to New York City to look for a musician's job, but Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians

told him he'd first have to live in the city for six months. So Caesar went to work as an usher at the Capitol Theater at \$16 a week and inhabited a room in a Mrs. Fuchs' boardinghouse, a block away, where he nearly ate the poor woman out of house and home.

"I was so hungry," Caesar recalls, "that at night I used to rob the icebox and make myself ketchup sandwiches, because I didn't want to eat anything expensive. She knew I was doing it, but she was too nice to say anything. She called me 'Little Ferkel,' which means pig in German."

Soup Traveled a Long Way

Later, according to Caesar, "I rocketed to doorman at the Capitol at \$18 a week." It was winter, and his mother used to drive down in his brothers' jalopy with vacuum bottles filled with hot soup. Caesar would drink the soup from paper cups while directing people into the theater, a practice which finally aroused the protests of Herman Landwehr, the theater's manager. Caesar's answer stopped Landwehr cold: "A mother brings soup all the way from Yonkers. What am I going to do—tell her to go away?"

At the end of the six months, Caesar got a saxophone-playing job. Apparently he was a pretty fair musician, because he worked in such big-name orchestras as Charlie Spivak's, Shep Fields's and Claude Thornhill's. He took courses at the Juilliard School of Music and he actually was planning to study under the great Marcel Mule in Paris and become a serious saxophone player when World War II came along.

In the summer of 1942, when he was nineteen years old, Caesar decided to enlist in the Coast Guard in the fall. But first he arranged to pass a pleasant summer working as a musician at the previously mentioned Avon Lodge in the Catskills. This resulted in two major developments in his life. First, he met a tall, beautiful blonde named Florence Levy, a Hunter College graduate working as a governess, who later became his wife; and secondly, he suffered so much tomato-in-the-eye as a result of his side duties as comedian Jackie Michaels' assistant that he vowed never, never to countenance that type of humor again.

In the Coast Guard, Caesar staggered through boot training at Manhattan Beach—where his brother, Abe, a first-class cook, stood helplessly by and watched Sid's hunger-racked frame drop from 206 to 164



While Caesar is TV's undisputed master of the rubber face, he meets stiff competition at home. Here he matches grimaces with his wife and daughter

Collier's for November 11, 1950

pounds. Then Sid was alerted to go overseas. "I was prepared to make any sacrifice for my country," Caesar says now. "They gave me outfit full field packs, gas masks, helmets, a big send-off. Good-bye. Then we lined up to embark. Where did we embark to? Brooklyn."

Caesar spent the next year guarding Brooklyn's docks, delousing German prisoners of war, and playing in the base orchestra on week ends. During his big-name orchestra days, he had panicked the other musicians with impromptu little monologues on such subjects as how stuck-up kids at proms wheedled the use of their big cars from their fathers. He continued this practice in the Coast Guard with satires and imitations of the base's officers.

Came a day when one of these officers, Lieutenant Vernon Duke, heard him. Duke, a noted composer in civilian life, had just been ordered to put on a Coast Guard show to compete with *This Is the Army*, and instead of reporting Caesar to the commanding officer, he grabbed him for a tryout. Caesar's present producer, Max Liebman, was civilian director of the show, which later was named *Tars and Spars*.

Liebman listened to Caesar's French and German double-talk and to a monologue-satire on stereotyped airplane movies, which the youngster had worked out while kidding around with his brothers. Not only did Caesar get his start in the show—a second-string comedian behind a former vaudevillian named Marc Bolero—but so did the now famous airplane routine.

When *Tars and Spars* went on the road, Caesar was nobody. As he says, "The show was billed 'Tars and Spars, with Victor Mature, Gower Champion and 50 others.' That 50 others was 49 plus me." Liebman, however, had recognized Caesar's talent and gradually padded his part. So when Columbia Pictures decided to make a film called *Tars and Spars*, young Caesar was thrown in as a hunk of the deal. The picture was a dismal flop, but every critic exulted about the funny, twenty-three-year-old newcomer. Typical of the reviews was Wanda Hale's in the *New York Daily News*: "Sid Caesar is a real comedy find. His interpretation of an Air Force movie is alone worth the price of admission."

When Columbia Pictures saw these reviews, the war was over and the \$66-a-month seaman first class was rehired as a civilian at \$500 a week. But Hollywood gave the *Real Comedy Find* only one tiny part over the next two years. Caesar says, "I got up in the morning, played tennis and then went swimming. A telephone call would upset my routine."

One Rave Led to Another

Finally, he became tired of this and left Hollywood to play theater dates in Chicago and New York. Restaurant proprietor Leo Lindy saw him at the Roxy Theater in New York and raved to theatrical producer Max Gordon, with whom he takes daily walks in Central Park. Gordon saw Caesar and raved to producer Joseph Hyman, who then was assembling a Broadway revue called *Make Mine Manhattan*. The critics saw Caesar in *Make Mine Manhattan* and they raved to such an extent that last year, when Max Liebman (already a Caesar rooster) was asked to produce television's first big weekly same-cast show, he signed Caesar as quickly as he could find him. This expensive show folded under the weight of its financial burden, but it became the fore-runner of the currently successful *Your Show of Shows*.

Today Caesar lives with his wife and three-year-old daughter, Michele, in a pleasant, unpretentious 4½-room apartment. He seldom goes to night clubs and he derives most of his limited leisure-time pleasure from two rather incongruous hobbies—browsing around art galleries and collecting guns.

His other diversions are limited, though interesting. He is an amateur weight lifter, and he spends a reasonable amount of time each week drinking celery tonic, going to

Turkish baths and smoking big cigars. The last three practices may stem from the fact that, when he was a boy, he considered these to be signs of affluence when engaged in by customers in his father's restaurant.

Most of Caesar's time today is given over to work. *Your Show of Shows* literally is a full-scale Broadway revue, and producer Liebman performs the almost-impossible task of creating and staging a brand-new three-act musical every week, 39 weeks out of the year. Accordingly, Caesar begins work at 9 o'clock Monday morning and works 12 to 14 hours a day until the telecast is over at 10:30 on Saturday night. He then slumps in a chair, completely exhausted, for an hour or two before he can gather enough strength to go home. "This," Liebman says, "is the reason the older comedians can't keep up with him. He's the only one in the business today with the physique and the sheer brute strength to stand the strain."

He Isn't Just a Dumb Comic

Unlike most comedians, who read what their writers give them, Caesar participates fully in the creation of his material. Liebman (who helped develop Danny Kaye, Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, and who has directed Bob Hope, Bert Lahr, Beatrice Lillie and the late Willie Howard) says, "Caesar's writing ability and creativeness put him ahead of all the comedians I've known."

Every Monday, Caesar sits down with Liebman and writers Mel Tolkin, Lucille Kallen and Mel Brooks, and they hammer away all week until the skits and the routines are written. Often one of the group will get a basic idea, and Caesar will leap to his feet and act out everything he can think of on the subject. The impromptu performance may be so screamingly funny that it becomes the backbone of the routine. More often, the script is dragged out, line by line.

Caesar is a star without temperament, a factor which Liebman says is "the only thing that makes this show possible." This sentiment is echoed by Imogene Coca and nearly every guest who appears in the revue. Film star Lee Bowman, in fact, was so moved by Caesar's affability that he caused near apoplexy in the control room by ad-libbing a little speech of thanks while the program was being televised. Later Bowman told me, "Other comedians up-stage guest artists and push them all over the place. Caesar will play the slob for anyone. I was almost ashamed to let him do it in his skit with me."

This humility—which leads Caesar to make himself the goat in all his routines—has been the trade-mark of virtually every illustrious comedian of the past. The show's producer makes an interesting point: "The thing Caesar has against him is the very size that gives him his stamina. Chaplin and the other greats who played the part of little men actually *were* little men. Caesar plays the downtrodden fellow, but it is difficult to feel sorry for such a big, strong, handsome ox. It's a tribute to his artistry that his acting is able to overcome this handicap."

Today, the theatrical world is wondering just how far the twenty-eight-year-old prodigy will go. So far, he has turned down movie offers from two major studios; and representatives of nearly every other entertainment medium are pursuing him. For the time being, Caesar and his shrewd manager, Leo Pilott, want to concentrate on television—the medium that is best able to reproduce his remarkable facial expressions and sound effects.

This has led some observers to predict that Caesar will fold under the terrific strain of four routines a week, 39 weeks a year. They also say it is inevitable that he will run out of material.

Others, including Fred Allen, think differently. Allen says, "Caesar's material is all around him and inexhaustible. Caesar running out of material would be like NBC running out of vice-presidents." THE END

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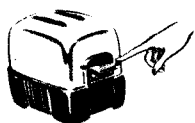
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Prettiest Doctor in the Fleet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Negative. *Nein. Nyet.* No soap. Write a story about Nurse Kalnoske instead. (Lieutenant Commander E. E. Kalnoske of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, chief nurse aboard the USS Consolation.) She's been in the Navy for 15 years and has done a terrific job. All these nurses have. And they've been going to sea for years and nobody got shook up about it. So why the flap about me?"

With that she whisked off down the passageway and disappeared from sight up the nearest ladder.

But if Burma wouldn't discuss the case of Dr. Walters, there were others who might. I decided first to find the hospital's commanding officer, Captain Robert E. Baker of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, whose office was in the forward part of the ship. As I walked along the freshly swabbed deck, I could see wounded soldiers in litter baskets being gently and expertly hoisted aboard from an LCVP tied alongside. In a matter of minutes, these boys would be in clean white beds, receiving the finest care the naval medical service could provide.

Low Percentage of Casualties

The Consolation's skipper, Captain Charles M. Ryan of Coral Gables, Florida, looked on. "This is always a grim sight," he admitted, "but at least we should all be glad the casualties are so light. This whole Inchon operation has been amazing. The wounded so far represent only a small percentage of what we feared we would get. Hope it stays that way."

Captain Ryan could be proud of his trim, 15,000-ton ship and the people who kept her so immaculate. The only hospital ship in Korean waters up to the time of the invasion, the Consolation—which previously spent several weeks in the Pusan area—has already disproved a current generalization concerning the so-called obsolescence of hospital ships in modern warfare.

"There have been a lot of claims that aerial evacuation has negated the value of hospital ships," said one medical officer. "But how are you going to treat your wounded in an amphibious operation such as this Inchon affair until such time as you capture an airfield? I hate to think how many of these boys would have died before transport planes could take off from Kimpo

if there had been no hospital ship here. What we now realize is that we're going to need *both* ships and planes for a long time to come. And helicopters."

I found Captain Baker in his quiet, well-appointed office and settled down to talk about his "woman doctor." "Yes, I can imagine your problem," he said. "Nothing infuriates Burma like emphasis on the first word instead of the second. And with reason. She is an excellent doctor—and I wouldn't think of adding 'even if she is a woman.' She's got a lot of everything—brains, guts, charm. She has absolutely no fear. I wish she did have, because right now she's giving me a very bad time. Keeps insisting on going up to one of the front-line medical units."

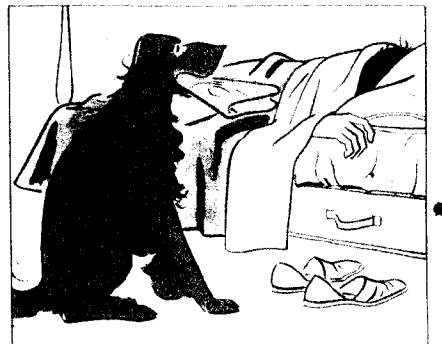
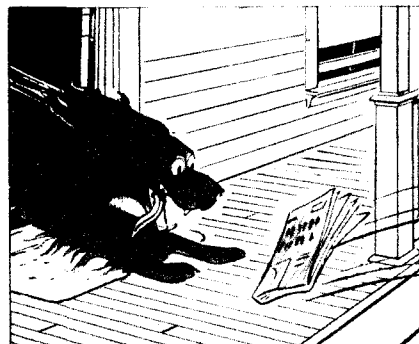
"What are her chances of doing it?"

"Nil, if I have anything to do with it," he replied. "We need her too badly here. Surgery, of course, is Burma's first love and she does do some for us whenever she gets a chance, but chiefly we depend upon her as our anesthesiologist. (An anesthesiologist, as distinguished from an anesthetist, Captain Baker explained for my benefit, is an accredited M.D. who has specialized in anesthesia.) We have several skilled surgeons, but only one other anesthesiologist besides Walters. We'd be in a spot without her."

"At Pusan when we were receiving 40 and 50 stretcher cases a night," he continued, "she worked day and night without sleeping. I sometimes think she must have an urge for self-destruction: She'll either kill herself at the front, where she keeps begging to go, or by working herself to death right here. I could never get her to leave the OR. She just kept insisting that she had to stay on the job until all those patients were taken care of."

The Consolation's chief of surgery, Commander Gerald Cummings of Boston, Massachusetts, later described some of the fine points of anesthesia. "It's an exceedingly tricky job," he said. "It takes long training and experience and, as surgery has extended itself, has become much more important than most people realize. In thoracic surgery particularly, anesthesia is a very difficult, ticklish business and calls for the highest possible degree of teamwork between anesthetist and surgeon. The anesthetist almost has to breathe for the patient

CLANCY



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JOHN RUGE

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dent. But she had *not one single cavity* at her last dental check.

The Kovels live in Jackson Heights, N. Y.—at 8310-12 35th Avenue. They began using Amm-i-dent during test research—while it was still in powder form—and they've used it regularly ever since.

What the Kovels have done, your family can do. Get Amm-i-dent as soon as possible.

"Just another advertising claim" this girl's mother thought to herself, when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even bother to call her dentist, who could have given her the facts on Amm-i-dent. She just kept on buying the same tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

And now, too late, she is sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes that she had followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice. Surely these men must know best of all what is right for you and your children.

If you have provided Amm-i-dent for your family, you can feel justly proud! Your family is getting the best protection against tooth decay any dentifrice can offer, as proven in actual tests with people

who followed regular brushing habits.

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That means Amm-i-dent's anti-decay protection continues—no matter when you brush. You don't have to brush after meals to get Amm-i-dent's effectiveness. Regular tooth brushing at any time with Amm-i-dent helps prevent cavities.



while the chest is open. He literally keeps the patient alive, relieving the surgeon of responsibility for such details as blood replacement, maintenance of blood pressure level, and oxygenation of blood. Neglect of these factors can be fatal. Burma Walters is one of the most skilled specialists in this field I have ever worked with. Come below tonight and see for yourself."

I took him at his word and late that night took the elevator to the OR deck, deep down in the ship. It was difficult to believe we were anchored in the Yellow Sea just a few miles off the heavily bombarded Korean coast, and not in a multimillion-dollar medical center. Flanking a brilliantly lighted corridor lined with freshly painted pale-green walls were three large operating rooms, a good deal more modern and certainly better equipped than those in half the hospitals in America. Through their swinging doors, masked nurses, most of them veterans of many years' service in the Navy Medical Corps, came and went with quiet competence.

In the Operating Room

Clad in another sloppy (but sterile) "monkey suit" like the one I had seen her wearing earlier that day, Dr. Walters' pert little figure could be seen through the glass window of OR No. 1. I stood watching as she assisted in the delicate operation. Every motion was that of a confident and skilled artist. In these surroundings she must indeed have been happy: Personalities were submerged, her sex completely forgotten in the great, powerful challenge of saving life and limbs. It's a pity she couldn't have heard the young medical corpsman beside me as I stood waiting for her to emerge from the OR. "We don't even think of Dr. Walters as a woman when she's around here," he said. "She's just a doctor. A really fine one."

She appeared presently and led me to an adjoining office. "Poor devil," she said as she nodded back toward the operating room. "He just lost his eye. A piece of shrapnel entered his temple, went clear through, lodged on the other side. We still aren't sure about the other eye yet. There's nothing they can do just now, so I came out for a cup of coffee."

This was as good a time as any to ask. "Why did you become a doctor?"

"Because I couldn't be an engineer. I discovered at a very early age that I couldn't do arithmetic. Couldn't even add—still can't, not even cribbage scores—and I didn't think I would make a very good engineer. So I decided to be a doctor."

The logic behind this reasoning somehow escaped me, but I kept on.

"Why? I never had a real reason," she answered. "Just knew that I was going to be a doctor, that's all. Just as I knew that I was going to fly someday. So I did. Simple."

A few minutes later a nurse came in. "Dr. Parker says it's a bilateral."

"Oh, no," she said softly, "the poor guy. Both eyes. I think that's about the worst of all."

For a moment there was pain in her eyes. And then, as though ashamed that she had caught herself showing such feeling, she turned back to a corpsman to whom she had been giving orders for supplies and became professionally impersonal again. "And don't forget to order us some more tantalum gauze."

Most of that night was spent below, either watching Burma at work in the operating room or sandwiching in snatches of conversation during the short breaks she was able to take between the completion of one case and the beginning of the next. A few details began to emerge. Lindale, Texas, was her home apparently, although she had been born in New York City and she went to school there until she was ready to enter medical school.

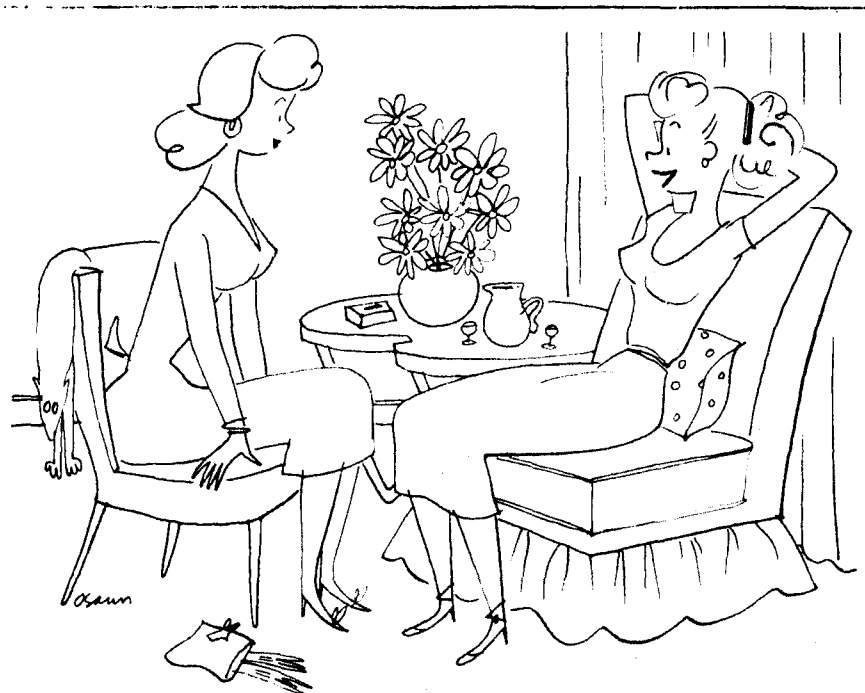
After borrowing money to attend medical college in Philadelphia, she interned at La Crosse, Wisconsin, for a year and then tried to get a surgical residency. She tried everywhere, but there were no openings. Deciding that anesthesia was the next best thing, she spent 18 months in this field at the University of Illinois Hospital in Chicago. After that she figured it was time to "take a little whirl at private practice."

"I became a G.P. Yes, that's right, a general practitioner—in Somerville, New Jersey."

I pressed her for details. Why had she picked the particular town? How did she go about starting a practice? How did the townspeople feel about a woman doctor?

"The first answer is simple. I was all by myself. I had no ties and I wanted to practice somewhere near my medical school in Philly, on the vague assumption that maybe I would be able to go back over there and get some graduate training in surgery. So I dug up a map, drew a circle with about a fifty-mile radius around Philadelphia, took my car and simply went exploring. And then one day I found a town which seemed to be cleaner than any of the others and which boasted more painted houses, so I figured that would be a good bet."

"As for drumming up business, well, that's a bit harder. But fortunately people like to shop around from doctor to doctor with all of their various illnesses and eventually they even came to me. People are curious. They see a new doctor's sign hang-



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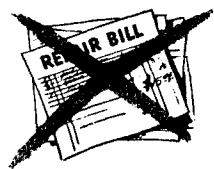
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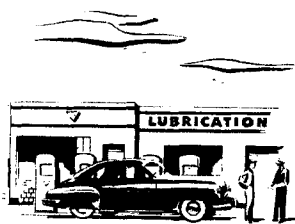
Radio's brightest comedy drama: "The Halls of Ivy," NBC, Wed. nights, starring Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. Television's newest hit: "Pulitzer Prize Playhouse," ABC, Friday nights, featuring stars of stage and screen.

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ing out and they've got to find out what he's like, even if it costs them two bucks. And I needed the two bucks. So it worked fine both ways.

"About this time the draft board started breathing down the necks of most of the doctors in town. Which meant more patients for me. Gradually I was able to pay off a few debts. And then the war came. I stayed on there fighting my own private war for a couple of years and then I got mad. Everybody was doing something in it except me. It seemed like a good time to shake that town. So I did—by joining the WASPs (Women's Auxiliary Service Pilots)."

"But when did you find time to learn to fly?" I asked.

"While I was waiting for patients. And Heaven knows I had plenty of time."

Burma flew with the WASPs for three months and then the President signed a bill taking women doctors into the Medical Corps, both Army and Navy, and she joined the Navy.

"Why Navy?"

"Why not Navy?" she countered. "Well, the truth is that I went to both the Army and the Navy recruiting offices. The Navy seemed less confused than the Army, so I signed up with them. After I got in, I discovered the Navy was every bit as confused, but was better able to conceal it."

The Navy sent Lieutenant (jg) B. Walters to Bethesda, Maryland, where she spent three months becoming indoctrinated in tropical medicine—all the problems a doctor might run across on some Pacific island.

"So of course they sent me to the Boston Navy Yard. Regular dispensary duty. I spent nine months taking splinters out of hands and bawling people out for dropping things on their feet and not wearing safety shoes. And then I was sent to the Naval Air Station at Cape Cod, and from there to Bainbridge, Maryland, Hospital—and so on. The usual thing."

About this time Burma started trying to talk the Navy into giving her some more training in anesthesia. She ran up against a stone wall. She was a reserve officer and it seemed the Navy didn't want to train reserve officers. So, angry, she decided to

get the training anyway by going on inactive service for two years while she trained at veterans' hospitals in Dallas, Texas, and Alexandria, Louisiana. When she felt she had absorbed as much as she could, she returned to active duty, this time in the naval hospital at Pensacola, Florida. Here she met and married Lieutenant "Walt" Walters (she won't use his first name), a Navy flier. "The best darn' flier in the service too," she says proudly.

They lived in Pensacola for a year. "Walt and I lived dangerously," she says. "We had both a cat and a bird."

Death Rides a Helicopter

Late last spring, both Burma and her husband had received orders to report to Norfolk, Virginia. Lieutenant Walters was making his last trip on the aircraft carrier USS Wright as a flight deck officer and was to report to Norfolk for reassignment; Burma was to board the Consolation. On the Wright's last day out, a helicopter came in to make a landing, hit a strong wind blowing across the deck, rolled over, got out of control and killed the pilot, Walters and another deck officer.

The suggestion that this personal tragedy might have been sufficient reason to change Burma's overseas plans is met with a simple declaration: "I'm in the Navy and I will go wherever they send me. We have a job to do: simply, to keep as many men and guns in action as possible; it would be pretty stupid to let personal considerations enter into it."

"But if you ask me what I wish I were doing right now," she said, "it's this: I'd like to drive a big car (she has one in storage in the States), fly airplanes, find some warm weather, sit in the sun and do nothing—absolutely nothing," she said.

When I finally left her and walked up to the main deck, dawn was just breaking over Inchon harbor. The thunderous booming of the USS Rochester's big guns punctuated the morning stillness. Marines were still dying on the bloody streets of Seoul. I tried to imagine Burma Walters lying in the sun, doing nothing. There was something very wrong with the picture. THE END



"You can confide in me now. What have I that Linda Martin, Alice Harrington and Martha Simms hadn't?"

COLLIER'S

ROBERT DAY

Be Happy-Go Lucky!

Thanksgiving is a doleful day
For turkeys and the like -
But you will have a happy time
If you smoke Lucky Strike!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco
that combines both perfect mildness and rich
taste in one great cigarette - Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by
three independent consulting laboratories, prove that
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand.
Rich taste? Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and
rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So en-
joy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness
with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy-Go Lucky!

L.S./M.F.T.-Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

To pick the mildest cigarette
You don't need sleight of hand.
Taste Luckies' magic mildness, then
They'll be your favorite brand!



I gaze into my crystal ball
And what I see I like.
He's not so dark or handsome, but -
He's smoking Lucky Strike!



COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

The Boy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

familiar things to her. She had missed him more than she would admit, while she was at the hospital. After the first few days, after the crisis and when she knew she would recover, she resented the hospital and all its ways—doctors and nurses in and out, unfamiliar faces, strange voices, insistent hands. They filled her days, yet they left a rankling sense of emptiness. Matt's daily visit, though it could not fill the emptiness, linked her with home, her own life, her own routine. His slow smile, his ruddy face, his softly burred voice, meant that there was still the old security, the familiar and the cherished, awaiting her.

Then she came home, to find Ellen and the boy in the house.

Ellen came in with hot coffee, and Mrs. Richards saw her glance out the window at the men. She looked at Ellen and thought: She is pretty. Young and pretty. It's not right to be a widow so young.

Then she thought: But she could not have loved him as I loved Colby. We had more than twenty years together. But she has a child. I never had a child. I wanted a son, for Colby, who would have been so proud. I would be a grandmother now. She has a son. And she is still young.

Ellen poured the coffee and looked out the window again. There was a little smile on her lips. Then she went back to the kitchen.

AN HOUR later Ellen brought her jacket and scarf and Mrs. Richards went outdoors. Her legs were a little weak, but she did not feel tottery. She hated the tottery feeling. It made her feel so old, so—so senile! She went around the house and across the grass to where the men were lifting the bulbs.

Matt was on his knees, sifting bulbs from the dirt with his fingers. He got stiffly to his feet. "It's good to see you out and around, this grand morning," he said.

"I'm through being a convalescent. How are the bulbs?"

"Good," Matt said. He reached in the basket and held out a handful to show her. "James says they're the best he's seen."

She glanced at James. He was a wiry young man, sandy-haired, deep-tanned, an inch or so taller than Matt. He had good eyes, she decided. His name was Sloane. It sounded Scotch. "You know bulbs?" she asked him.

"I've handled them," he said. She liked his smile.

Matt chuckled. "He's got a degree in such things." There was praise in his voice, and Matt was not given to random praise or much impressed by education.

"You've taken horticulture?" she asked James.

"Yes, ma'am. G.I. Bill, at the University." He glanced at Matt and smiled. "Maybe someday I'll know half as much as Matt does."

She nodded. "I came out to look at the chrysanthemums," she said, and James went back to work with the fork. Matt dusted off his hands and went with her around to the front, where the chrysanthemums were beginning to make a show along the stone wall. Matt said they should be separated next spring, and she indicated a russet variety she particularly liked. Matt said they could propagate more of them. "If we get time," he added.

They looked at a particularly beautiful golden yellow clump and Matt cut a bunch of them for her to take in the house. "Terry calls them Goldilocks," he said as he handed them to her.

"The boy?"

Matt nodded. "A bright one, he is. Full of questions, but no mischief in him." Then he said, "James could propagate those russets this winter, if we had him on full time. He'd be good at that."

"I suppose so," she said.

"It would cost no more than part-time

help spring and fall," Matt said. "And he'd be glad of the job."

"Do you need him, Matt?"

"I would be a help at many things, Mrs. Richards. I'll not be spry forever."

"You must like him, Matt."

"It's good having young folks around," Matt said.

"Wouldn't a married man be steadier?"

"Could be he'll marry. He's a marrying age."

"I'll think it over," she said. "Where would we put him?"

"There's the quarters over the garage. We could open that."

"But that's for a couple."

"So it is," Matt looked away, then said, "I'll go back to the bulbs."

Before she went inside she decided to have a look at the small lily pond behind

house long vanished. Colby had parked the car and they had made their way through the tangle of the shoulder of the hill. He had looked and pointed and said the house should be there, and a formal garden, and the outbuildings yonder, and a grove of red maples here on the rise where you could see them, bright with color, spring and fall. As they went back to the car he said, "Jessica, I'm going to buy it."

She remembered how carefully he had to plan to pay for it, even the few thousand dollars it cost in those days. He was young, and his law business was still new. After he bought the land it was two years before they could build. By then he had begun to prosper, and he built the house for her and for the family that was to be born there. The family that was to grow up there, and inherit it. The family that never was born.

As she lay back against the cushions she heard laughter from the kitchen, Ellen's laughter. Then James's voice. She frowned and thought: My house is no longer my own. She half rose to go to the kitchen. Then she heard the low rumble of Matt's voice, Matt's chuckle. There was silence, and she lay back and closed her eyes.

AFTER lunch she wrote several notes she had put off, thank-yous to people who had sent messages to her in the hospital. Colby's law partner, a judge, a congressman, people she seldom saw, Colby's friends. Then she started a note to Mariette, Colby's older stepsister in California. But after the first few lines she knew she had nothing to say beyond inquiring about Mariette's health and telling of her own illness. She hated letters that dwelt on illness. Why had she started the letter, after all? She and Mariette had never been close. They wrote perhaps twice a year, formal little nothing-notes. Their one bond was the bloodless tie between Colby and Mariette.

But what other bonds had she? None. And she thought: Our stock dies out. Then she knew she had started the note to Mariette as a kind of instinctive reaching for family contact. But why? Had her illness made her a lonely old woman? Absurd! She was not old, not as old as Matt by ten years. And she had not been lonely. Yet now—now there was an emptiness, the emptiness she had first felt there in the hospital; a resentment of intrusion, yet a need of human contact, like waking to hear the boy sing on his way to school, resenting the sound, then resenting the absence of it.

No, she had nothing to say to Mariette. She crumpled the sheet of note paper and opened the drawer of the wicker desk to look for stamps. Something rattled in the drawer. She found three marbles in it. Marbles! She took the stamps she needed, banged the drawer shut, and went upstairs.

She was changing to walking shoes when Grace Andrews telephoned. Grace chattered for half an hour, pleasant chatter of no earthly consequence. But she was glad to listen, glad for the sound of Grace's voice, until Grace asked about Ellen. Then Mrs. Richards stiffened. The singing, the water wheel, the laughter, the marbles—the little things that would be absurd to Grace. She told Grace she would rather not discuss Ellen over the telephone.

Grace soon hung up, after that. It was three thirty by then. She went downstairs and called Rufus, who waggled with joy until they were outside and turned away from the front gate, toward the grove. Then he held back, reluctant. She scolded, and he looked dolefully at the gate. She ordered, and at last he went with her.

Colby had planted the grove their first year here. He had had the birch and underbrush cleared away and he and Matt had dug the holes and planted the young trees. "You can plant a tree in an hour," he had said, "and it will live to shelter your great-grandchildren. When these trees grow," he had said, "we can see them from the bedroom window, beautiful in spring, gorgeous in autumn." But the trees at the house grew, too, and now the grove was completely out of sight.

Colby had thought to make it a picnic spot. Instead it became merely the grove, and occasionally they went there to walk, and often he went there alone. After he died, she went there from time to time to feel his presence. She had not been there now for several months.

From an opening along the path she could see the tops of the trees, a touch of crimson already showing. She paused to look, while Rufus ranged on ahead. A blue jay scolded her. Wild asters were in bloom, tiny white ones and big purple New England asters.

She started on. Then she heard Rufus



the junipers. It was a fresh-water pond, only a little thing, fed by a trickle piped down from a spring far up the hillside. A formal pool with cut-stone walls, it had a tiny waterfall that spilled into a pebbled basin and flowed down to the brook beyond the road.

As she stepped around the junipers and looked at the pool, she was startled to see a crude toy water wheel turning slowly in the little waterfall, the sunlight flashing from its wet paddles. She went closer. It was the kind of four-bladed wheel small boys make, and it was pivoted on two stakes driven into the grass.

A grotesque, childish thing, it spoiled the pool. She bent over and pulled up one of the stakes. The wheel fell off and went floating away. Then she remembered something Colby had said while the pool was being built: "It must have a waterfall, even if it's only a trickle. As a boy I always wanted to play in a waterfall."

Too late, she wished she hadn't disturbed the water wheel. But it was gone now, out of sight. She pulled the other stake and turned back toward the house, thinking: It is Colby's waterfall. The boy might have asked. He should have asked.

And suddenly she knew that this was what she had needed so desperately there in the hospital—Colby's acres, his grove and woodland and hillside. The house was hers, but the grounds were Colby's.

They had come down this road, that spring day, to see the dogwood and apple blossoms, and here on this land they had seen a gnarled apple tree and two untended lilac bushes, all that remained to tell of a

Hopes and dreams, but no babies; and when the doctors finally said there was nothing they could do, Colby took her hand and said, "We have each other."

The house that was to become a family seat became, instead, a retreat, and the Colby who never became a father became a lawyer with the overwhelming energy and drive which brought him fame, and respect, and wealth, and death, by the time he was fifty. A man must pour his energy into something, his family or his work.

Colby had died fifteen years ago.

SHE went into the house and arranged the chrysanthemums. By then the mail had come. Ellen brought it to her and she took it out onto the sun porch.

There was nothing of importance. A report from a fresh-air fund—so many boys sent to camp, so many gallons of milk consumed, so many pounds gained, and thank you, Mrs. Richards, for your generous contribution. A letter from the director of an orphanage—their deficit, unfortunately, would be somewhat larger this year than last, for these reasons, etc., and if she could increase her contribution, etc., etc. A letter from a scholarship fund, one from a welfare group. Obligations she had inherited from Colby. She never knew, until he died, how many funds and scholarships he helped support.

She leafed on through the mail. Not one personal message. She put the whole sheaf on the wicker desk and returned to the chaise longue, feeling a little tired. If she was going for a walk this afternoon it might be well to rest now.

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bark, up ahead—a quick, eager greeting bark. She had an uneasy feeling. She sensed what she would find, but she went on.

She found the boy, there in the grove, crouched in front of a rough shelter made of branches. He was hugging the dog, crooning to him, half crying, so intent that he did not see or hear her approach. Then a twig snapped beneath her foot and he saw her and leaped to his feet, frightened. He was like a deer, ready to dart away. But there was no place to run. He stared at her and stood there.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Playing," he said, and he wiped his eyes with his sleeve. In the shelter behind him were a hatchet, his lunch box, and his schoolbooks.

"You didn't go to school." It was a statement.

He shook his head. "No," he whispered. "You are supposed to go to school."

The tears were in his eyes again. He tried to hold them back. "I don't belong at school," he said. "I guess—I guess I don't belong anywhere."

"What do you mean?"

He merely shook his head. "I can't fight very good," he said. "And Mother says I shouldn't fight. And—" He gulped and turned and picked up the lunch box and the books. He hesitated, then picked up the hatchet too; you don't leave your hatchet in a shelter you are leaving forever. He looked around at the trees, glanced at her, then started down the path in the direction of the house, Rufus at his heels.

"Terry," she called.

He stopped.

"Terry, come here."

Slowly he came back.

"Does your mother know you—you played hooky?"

He looked at the ground and shook his head.

"Don't you like school, Terry?"

He began to cry, then, and she crouched down and put her arms around him. At first he tried to push away; then he put his head on her shoulder and cried it out. She held him awkwardly; and yet, where is the woman who can be really awkward with a bewildered little boy sobbing in her arms? She held him, she patted his quivering shoulders, she pressed her cheek against his hair, and she said, "There there, Terry, there there." And when he had cried it out she helped him dry his eyes.

He said, "I shouldn't have cried. I'm not a crybaby. But I *couldn't* go to school today. I felt all kind of lost, because—" He stared at her.

"Because what, Terry?"

HE SHOOK his head. "I don't know because what. Because I just don't belong anywhere, I guess." His voice was suddenly pleading. "I tried to be quiet, Mrs. Richards. I tried! And not to make a nuisance of myself. And I'm sorry I played in your woods."

"Is that why you stopped singing on the way to school? Because you had to be quiet?"

"Mother said I mustn't disturb you."

"Would you like to play in the grove here, whenever you want to? Have a cabin maybe, to play in?"

He was beaming. "A lean-to. A real good lean-to! Jimmy knows how to make one."

"Jimmy?"

"Mr. Sloane. You know, he helps Matt. Jimmy knows everything like that."

Her shoulder was still damp from Terry's tears. She could still feel his clinging arms around her neck.

"We'd better go back to the house, Terry," she said.

He picked up his lunch box and the books. He hesitated a moment, then put the hatchet back in the shelter.

They went down the path together, Rufus bounding beside them—back to the lawns and the gardens and around the house. They went in the front entrance and through to the kitchen.

Ellen met them there, alarm in her eyes. "Terry!" she exclaimed.

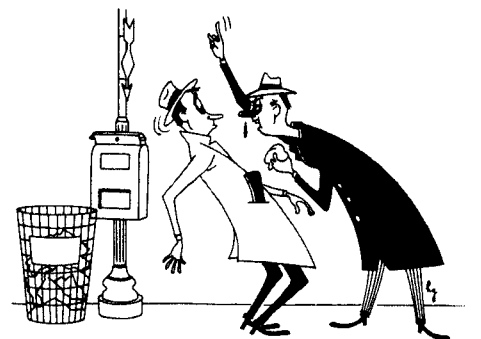
"Terry and I," Mrs. Richards said, "have been for a walk. Terry missed school today, for good and sufficient reasons. We have already discussed it." She smiled at Terry.

Ellen gasped.

MRS. RICHARDS went on: "I suspect he is hungry as a bear, by now. Give him some cookies and milk." She turned to Terry. "Hereafter, Terry, if I do not hear you singing on your way to the school bus I shall suspect you of playing hooky."

Terry began to smile. Mrs. Richards turned and left them.

HARRY GOFF



Amendment Needed

The Constitution, quite unique,
Endows us with the right to speak
Without curtailment;
But I insist this right should not
Apply to anyone who's got
A minor ailment.

—RICHARD WHEELER

She went outside and found Matt. She led him to the bench among the junipers beside the lily pond.

They sat down, and she said, "Tell me the truth, Matt. Is James serious about Ellen?"

Matt smiled and rubbed his chin with stubby fingers. "I'd say so. Yes, I'd certainly say so."

"And Ellen?"

"Ellen," Matt said, "is a sensible girl. She'll have none of him till he's in a steady job."

Mrs. Richards nodded. "Matt, you said it was good to have young folks around. Good for them, or good for us?"

"Seems to me it works both ways," Matt said.

"I think, Matt, that we need them more than they need us. Tell me, does James like the boy?"

"As a father would, Mrs. Richards." Matt almost whispered it.

She sat for a moment, staring at the big house that never became a family seat, the house where she had lived in loneliness so long.

She looked around at the grounds, the gate, the path, the garden, the sloping hillside where the grove stood just over the rise—a house and grounds meant to know young feet as well as old.

"Hire him, Matt," she said. "And then I want you to open the quarters over the garage for them."

They stood up, and she turned to the lily pond. "By the way, Matt," she said, "when you were a boy did you ever make a toy water wheel? Could you still do it? And put it in the waterfall?"

THE END

Collier's for November 11, 1950

If You Want to Hunt Quail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

worked up over this, they take up the matter of shotgun types. One man insists that the third shot provided by the autoloader or pump is desirable, but another will look down his nose and insist that a "sportsman" wouldn't think of using anything but a double gun. As the 12, 16, and 20 all are bored to give an adequate pattern of shot at the average shooting range, gauge is not as important as it might seem to the novice. The light weight of the 20, however, has won it many friends.

One of the most unusual and interesting forms of quail shooting is practiced in central Florida, where the birds are hunted on the broad palmetto barrens. These flat wastes, stretching almost across the peninsula, are carpeted with high grass and dense palmetto thickets, and are splattered with a network of shallow sloughs.

Only an occasional cluster of palms or a narrow hummock of pines breaks the monotony of the horizon, and the only highways are faint cattle tracks or the temporary ruts of a rancher's tractor.

Wild Life of the Barrens

This verdant desert offers sanctuary to an assortment of wild and half-wild creatures. Quail are plentiful but scattered, hundreds of razorbacks root along the slough margins, an occasional wild turkey gobbles from the thick hummocks, and the small Florida deer compete with the gaunt cattle for sparse browse.

To navigate this rugged terrain the local sportsmen have devised a vehicle that is as unusual as the country over which it lurches, wades and bounces, and just about as rugged. The "palmetto buggy" is a custom job from axle to shooter's perch, and no two of these vehicles seem to have a common design.

The power plant is basic, but the owner-builder follows traditional body design only where it does not conflict with his own ideas. First, the ignition and carburetor are raised a foot above their normal position. Then a low-speed transmission is installed, and a large truck radiator is substituted for the original cooling system. Next come the wheels, to which are fitted the huge balloon tires salvaged from surplus Army bombers. The working parts now are ready for the body, and here beauty gives way to utility.

A box body behind the driver's cab is essential, as six to eight dogs must be accommodated. The sides of this box are marvels in sturdy cabinetwork, and here are carried the multitudinous equipment, camping gear and spare parts required during the average two-day quail hunt.

The palmetto quail hunt is a team event, with at least two hunters manning each buggy, since a breakdown or injury out on the barrens could be serious—if not fatal—for a lone hunter. Also, quail hunters are a gregarious lot.

The quail expeditions, and they are that, of Judge Harry Dyer and James Pomeroy, both of the small town of Stuart on the Florida east coast, are typical. Their palmetto buggy is a miracle of design and workmanship, and as both are sybarites at heart, every possible provision for comfort in the wilds has been considered. Needless to say, court does not sit in Stuart from Friday to Monday during the quail season.

I joined them on a Friday afternoon—the dogs in the box and provisions in the lockers—and the three of us swayed down the rutted dirt road that peters out to a cattle track at the edge of the barrens. Well before dark, having pushed 10 or 12 miles into the barrens, we selected a campsite on the rim of a slough.

Within a half hour the tent was pitched, a dining fly stretched between some pines, and the judge was rattling his pots and pans in front of the pantry-kitchen that unfolds from one side of the box body. Darkness

never disturbs this cook, for the inevitable portable lighting plant provides current for a half-dozen 25-watt bulbs.

The next morning at eight found final preparations for the hunt concluded. Two of the pointers were loaded aboard the now lightened buggy. Another pair was put down to range ahead of the vehicle. Judge Dyer climbed to the bucket seat atop the dog box and Pomeroy slid behind the wheel. The motor roared, and the hunt was under way.

The man on top has an important job, and a busy one. He must keep a careful watch on the dogs as they race ahead of the buggy, be constantly alert for the pine stumps and fallen logs that lurk behind the thick screen of grass and palmetto, keep track of the general direction in which the caravan moves, and at the same time be alert for signs of game.

A sandy patch between the surface roots of a pine stump may show evidence of having been a dusting place for the bobwhite. If there are signs of recent dusting—and experts like Dyer and Pomeroy can detect them at a glance—the buggy is halted and the dogs whistled in to quarter the immediate area.

Often one of the dogs will disappear from view, to be spotted a few seconds later on point, half hidden by a spray of palmetto. The hunters then load up, the other dog will be called in to back the point of his brace mate, and the hunters move in to flush the birds. The covey, when flushed, may prove to have only six or eight quail, presumptive evidence that another hunter has been here before them. No real sportsman will cut down a covey beyond these limits, but before returning to the buggy the dogs will be urged into the surrounding cover, just to make certain no quail are present that failed to take wing with the others.

There is always another covey to be found, and the next one may be up to par, with 15 or 16 quail bursting upward to try the hunters' nerves. The members of the Dyer-Pomeroy team are, like most veteran quail addicts, as interested in dog work as they are in shooting, and one of their pointer braces provided them with a real object lesson in dog psychology.

Canine Rivals in the Hunt

The bird dog is as jealous of his ability as his human master, and on the Dyer-Pomeroy hunts we had a chance to watch Young Willy and Old Duke point up this trait. If Old Duke happened to wind and point a covey first, Young Willy would creep forward in a bold attempt to steal the old dog's point. Sensing the youngster's approach the veteran allowed him to move up to a certain distance, then slowly turned his head and regarded the upstart for a few seconds, causing him to freeze in his tracks. Old Willy's head would then swivel slowly back to a firm point.

When a large covey is flushed, a pair of experienced quail shooters usually drops four birds, then marks down the singles while the dogs are retrieving. The palmetto quail have an annoying custom of scaling down into a thick tangle of palmettos after being flushed. As the majority of the buggy-riders scorn the discomfort and protection of snakeguards, passage through such thickets is made with extreme care. The rattler does not always live up to his name by giving out with that spine-tingling warning, and a careless step over a fallen log may result in a painful experience with the snakebite kit. Since the dogs usually can detect a snake by its odor, they are rarely bitten. Some dogs, however, have an unhappy tendency to point snakes, which often results in unpleasant surprises for the shooters.

With reasonable luck, the Dyer-Pomeroy team will have a limit of quail in the ice

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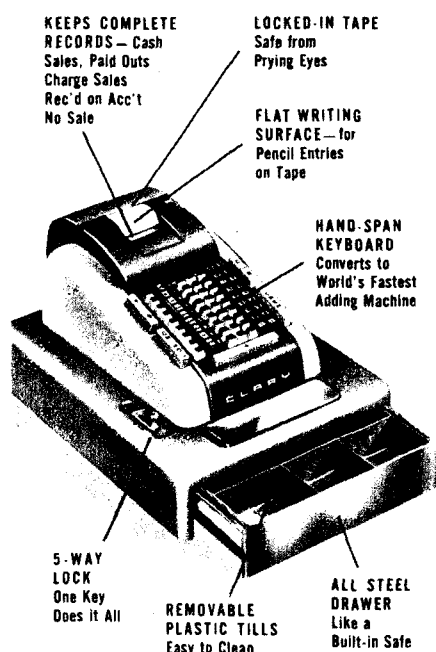
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Collier's for November 11, 1950

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chest by noon, and after a hearty lunch they point the buggy toward camp. The directness of their return trip depends upon the memory of the man who held down the shooter's perch during the morning. The buggy makes no detours around the sloughs which happen to be on course, but wades through them like the semiamphibian it is. Some of them, two feet deep, put the elevated ignition system and carburetor to test.

Before reaching camp the buggy was halted while the judge chopped down a young cabbage palm he had spotted. When the trunk of this spiky palm has been peeled down like an onion it reveals the succulent heart, a delicacy normally available only to palmetto hunters and to visitors with swollen wallets who dine in Florida's best restaurants. (The second-day menu always includes grilled quail and sautéed palm heart, with a palm heart salad on the side. This epicurean tidbit is now available in a few shops in canned form for those who are willing and able to pay the price, but the preserving process robs it of the sweet, nutty flavor that characterizes the fresh-cut heart.)

Occasionally, on the return trip, a young razorback may flash through the palmettos ahead of the buggy, and the vehicle will be in pursuit. If the porker shows no earmark it is fair game, and young roast pig provides an excellent Sunday dinner.

Cattle Compete for Food

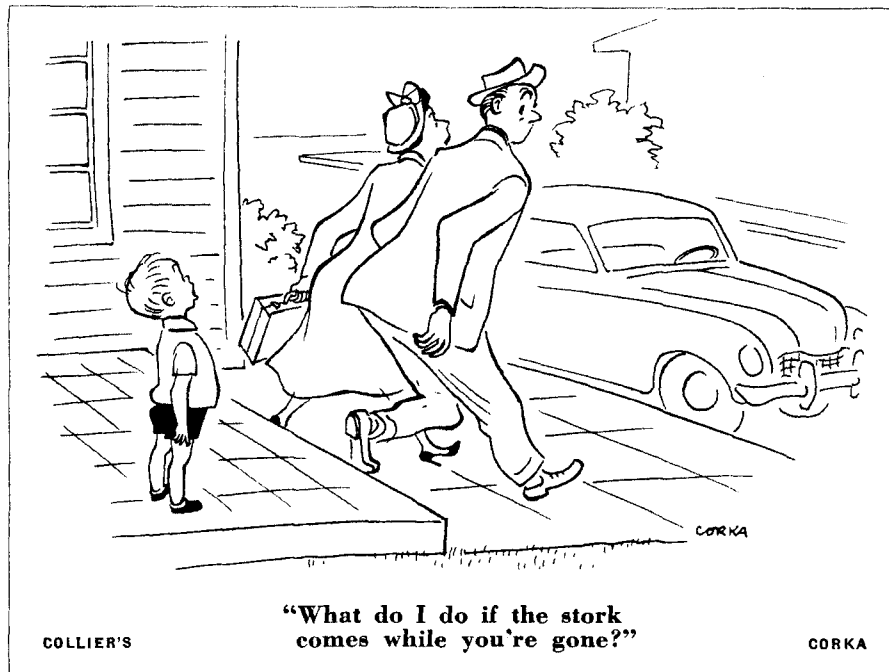
The quail population of the palmetto barrens has dwindled, just as it has in other areas subjected to more intense land use. The expansion of the Florida cattle industry has had some influence on the bobwhite, for the same plants which provide the seeds required for the bird's diet also supply graze and browse for range cattle. A number of individual palmetto shooters have improved conditions by planting food-cover patches in the areas where they do most of their hunting, which has partially offset the effects of cattle and drainage projects.

Although the bobwhite was never really threatened with extinction in the palmetto barrens or other good quail country, in recent years there has been such a decline in numbers in many areas that his plight became the concern of conservation agencies in a score of states. Unfortunately, this decline coincided with a marked increase in hunting pressures, with the result that quail propagation programs began draining the fish and game funds of many states.

These restoration projects included the artificial propagation and restocking of depleted coverts, widespread (but frequently unscientific) planting of food-cover patches, and in some few instances the complete protection of the bird.

Today, most of those who have made a really thorough study of the quail problem attribute the present comparative scarcity of the bird to one major factor—clean farming. Clean fence corners, thorough harvesting with modern farm machinery, and full land utilization mean more money to the farmer, but they provide scant food and cover for the bobwhite.

On one farm, for example, where predation was normal and shooting reasonably controlled, it was found that there were sufficient food and cover requirements for 60 quail. The stocking of an additional 60 birds increased the population for a year and resulted in a slight increase the second year. The third year, however, found the population back to its normal 60. Many Southern farmers, really interested in improving their shooting, found it was necessary to devote part of their land, preferably



along the cropland-woodland fringe, to the food-cover planting the birds require.

Complete protection of the bobwhite, without the attendant food-cover program, not only failed to increase the population of the birds, but was unable to halt the decline. This experiment was tried in Ohio with conspicuous lack of success and the bobwhite was enrolled on the "songbird list" for several years. Recognizing the failure of this expedient, the state is now initiating a program of farmer co-operation, food-cover planting and restocking, and will replace the bird on the game list.

As climate is an important factor in bobwhite survival, a legion of Northern sportsmen travel more than a thousand miles each fall to get in a few days or a week of Southern quail shooting. Thousands of visiting sportsmen visit the quail-rich states when the season opens, so the bird has an economic as well as recreational value.

While the estimated count of 75,000,000 may sound like a lot of quail, it is not nearly enough to provide a reasonable harvest for the army of enthusiastic quail hunters who will again be tramping the coverts this season from November to January.

Verne E. Davison, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, who has made a life-long study of the bobwhite, is convinced that sound land management throughout the major range of the bird could more than double the present population. His recent book, *Bobwhites on the Rise*, has become the bible of the ardent quail shooter, and many of the state conservation groups are putting his suggestions into practice, so the future of the bird looks considerably brighter.

Too Many Diverse Opinions

Considering the bobwhite's popularity with most upland game hunters, the ignorance concerning his habits, habitat and life cycle is rather appalling—but not surprising. This ignorance has been abetted by the conflicting opinions advanced by both expert and novice.

The bobwhite has collected more than his share of legend. You will hear many shooters insist that coveys should be shot down to six or eight birds. While the reduction in numbers during the hunting season is not generally harmful, other things being equal, many of the reasons advanced for this decimation are ridiculous. The old theory, advanced by some, that the

cockbirds will kill one another off anyway if not thinned out is less than a half-truth, for in the thinning-out process both cocks and hens are involved.

There are a few experienced quail shooters who can pick the cockbird from the hen in a covey rise, but few will hold fire until they determine whether the tiny cheek and throat patches are buff or white, and this is the visual sign distinguishing the bird's sex.

The cock and hen birds of a covey will pair off early in the spring. As nature always provides a few excess cockbirds, and as a male without a mate is a departure from the natural order of things, occasional scraps between the bachelor and the benedict are inevitable. Right often is might in nature, so usually the interloper is driven off.

The average bobwhite clutch is from 12 to 16 eggs, and if the nest or eggs are destroyed before the completion of the 23-day incubation period, the pair will build another nest and try again. However, should the first nest provide even one chick, the parents seem to feel they have accomplished their task, and will make no effort to rear a larger brood that year.

Early in the fall the gregarious instinct returns and small groups will gather into a covey or bevy, usually of 12 to 15 birds, but in some instances up to 30 birds. A covey normally will remain within a radius of two miles of its nesting area the year around.

During the day they usually are found in areas where food is plentiful and cover reasonably close. Quail normally feed during the morning and late afternoon, spending the midday hours in siesta or in taking occasional dust baths to rid themselves of parasites. The theory that they must be near water has been exploded, for quail exist in perfect health and happiness in areas barren of any surface water.

A wealth of pleasure awaits the quail shooter whether he hunts the stubble fields of the Midwest, the scrub oak fringes of the Central Atlantic States, the open piney woods of the South, or the palmetto barrens of Florida. And there is far more to this hunting than the climactic pulling of a trigger. There is the open country, the undefinable thrill of watching a good dog work, the subtle perfume of autumn fields and thickets, and the faster pulse that comes with a bursting covey when this aristocrat of game birds hits the air. THE END

Next Week

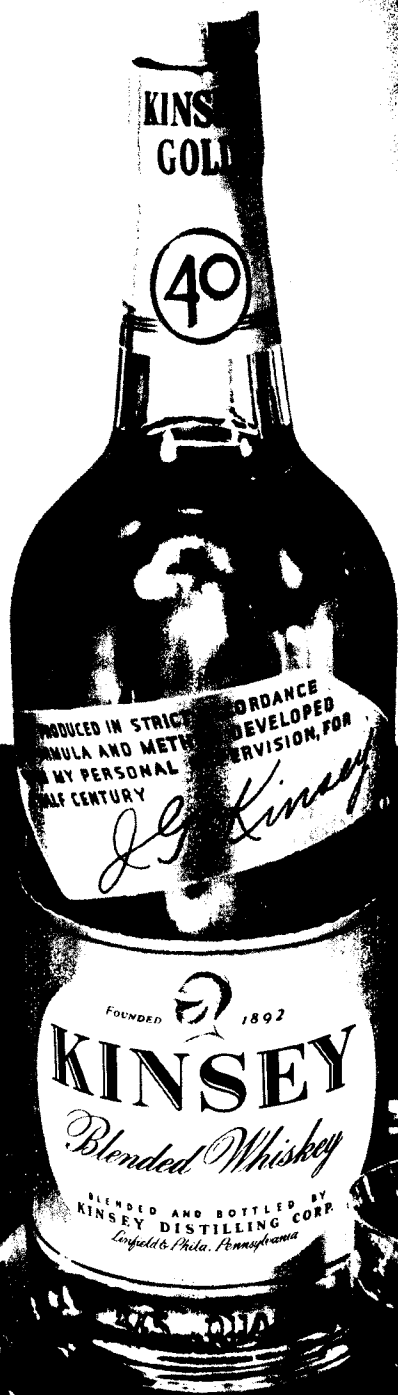
IF RED CHINA STRIKES

By Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault

How Are YOUR CHILD'S
TEXTBOOKS Selected?

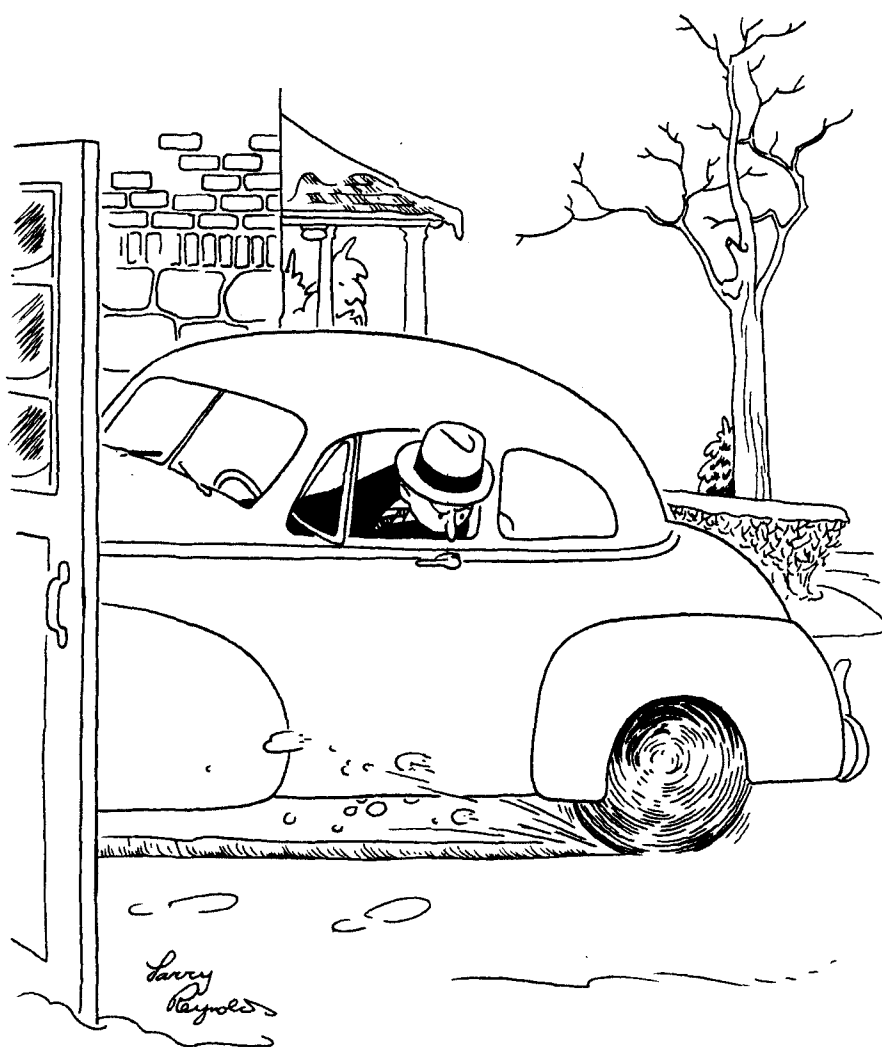
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SNOW-BOUND?

It doesn't take a blizzard to "snow-bound" a car. Only a few inches of snow or slush can really play hob with the driver who is unprepared.

Sleet, ice, slush and rain frequently rotate to cover roads with a slippery film. Often it is gone by noon. But in the meantime you'll need tires with good treads—enough "bite" to give you traction. And be sure your chains are in good condition, ready for use when you need them.

Proper inflation is vitally important, too. Tires get "hot" as you drive. When getting air service immediately after driving, follow the "3 and 5" rule. After steady city driving, the tire pressure must be gauged for the recommended "cool" pressure *plus 3 pounds*. After steady highway driving, the recommended pressure *plus 5 pounds*. Where the actual reading agrees, your pressures are OK—otherwise adjust.

Check your tires—when "cool"—once a week with your own gauge. Be sure the "cool" pressure is as specified by the tire manufacturer. Any tire that consistently loses air is "tomorrow's flat." Have it fixed today!

Preventive Service
Beats Roadside Regrets



Something Is Rotten in the State of Pennsylvania

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

a bootlegger but, with repeal, transferred to illegal gambling. He master-minds his rackets from his headquarters in the Getodo Club, where he has as partners Tony Ripepi and Geno Serventi. (The casino's name is formed from the partners' names—"GE" from Geno, "TO" from Tony, and "DO" from Dominick.)

Anzalone has been involved in various shady enterprises. He was charged with blackmail in 1934, but not convicted. State troopers, patiently pegging away at his immense racket empire, arrested him time after time on charges of operating a lottery, but always the local courts let him off with a trifling fine. Reputedly worth millions, he has important gambling interests in Florida, where he also maintains a fine stable of 15 race horses, whose upkeep costs \$100,000 a year.

An Old Horse-Doping Rap

Several years ago he ran afoul of the Florida State Racing Commission and his horses were ruled off the tracks because a winner had been doped. He now has the FBI on his trail and is out on bond on a charge of falsely claiming citizenship—for though he votes regularly, the FBI has a birth certificate showing he was born in Sicily.

When I called at Anzalone's opulent home in North Belle Vernon, his expensive new sedan was parked in front. A brassy, tough-talking little thug, Anzalone came to the door in garb characteristic of gangdom's sportier element—initialed pink silk shirt, hand-painted tie, dun-colored slacks, two-toned shoes and a huge diamond ring. I said I understood he bossed the rackets in the area.

"Whadya mean, I'm in rackets?" he protested, hotly. "I'm a wholesale fruit dealer. Just yesterday I sell a carload bananas!"

I grinned, pointing out I'd seen him and Ripepi and Serventi at the Getodo Club the night before. And that several times the "bankers" at the crap tables had brought them their full money boxes.

"I . . . I just own the building!" he spluttered.

I said I knew he claimed Louisiana as his birthplace and asked what parish. He told me I'd have to talk to his lawyer in Pittsburgh. I mentioned he was seen frequently with Ralph Capone and others of the New York-Chicago mobs at the Florida race tracks, and asked if gangsters were helping him "locate" his Louisiana birth certificate. "I tella you," he shouted, enraged, "I'm inna respectable business now!"

However, before I left he rather indistinctly identified the couple and small child I'd observed in his home: "My daughter, her husband, my grandson. They justa come from Sicily to visit me."

The gang's No. 2 man, Italian-born Tony Ripepi, is brother-in-law to the notorious Pittsburgh racketeer, Frank Valenti. He has pleaded guilty to operating a lottery. In 1947 he was arrested by Pittsburgh police with three New York gangsters whose long criminal records include prison terms for manslaughter, murder, bank holdups, robbery, rape, and Narcotics Act violations. Pittsburgh cops found \$10,000 on the four, but, unable to pin anything on them, charged only vagrancy, for which each paid a \$100 fine.

Ripepi, a squat, potbellied character with marcelled hair and a mustache, also favors hand-painted ties, luxury cars and rainbow raiment. He, too, angrily insisted to me he is now "legitimate." Obviously wealthy, he lives in Pittsburgh, owns a scrap-iron concern, has interests in vending-machine and juke-box distributing firms, and owns considerable real estate in Monongahela.

No. 3 man in the Anzalone gang is Sam Mannerino, ex-convict and former thief,

who headquarters in New Kensington, where the Aluminum Company of America has a huge plant. He runs a large race-betting parlor on Barnes Street and the Laetus Club, a gambling casino on Fifth Avenue, and has an imposing home and a high-priced sedan. His partner and No. 4 man in the gang is well known in pugilistic circles—Tom Tannas, comanager of the heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles. Tannas, who is also city clerk and political boss of the town of Arnold, has pleaded guilty three times to maintaining a gambling establishment. He owns a palatial summer home at Ligonier (where the Mellon banking family of Pittsburgh also summers).

Of Anzalone's remaining lieutenants, Jack Ross, also a former Capone associate, has the longest record. In addition to gambling activities, he has operated a string of white and Negro brothels in Monessen, which he took over 25 years ago, marrying their former operator's widow. Dan Ferrari, a beady-eyed toughie who bosses the gang's slot-machine racket in Fayette County, and Geno Serventi, the gang's swaggering muscle man, both have been arrested often by state troopers on gambling charges, but invariably escaped in local courts with negligible fines.

In Westmoreland County, the most wide-open city is Monessen, a smoky steel community of 28,000 perched precariously on the steep slope of foothills climbing from the Monongahela River. Todd Wright, an associate editor of Collier's, who was helping me gather material and who had done a fine job laying the groundwork for this article, had told me about Monessen and, in particular, about its Getodo Club. I managed to get into the club by representing myself as "loaded with dough" to a pair of "shills"—who receive \$5 a head for steering suckers and 10 per cent of the money they drop. The "shills" drove me over from Uniontown and escorted me in.

During two hours, I saw at least \$35,000 change hands across just one of the crap tables. And when I was admitted to the gang's race-betting parlor after mentioning "a friend's" name, it was packed with several hundred tense bettors, most of them in working clothes.

Slots in Legitimate Clubs

Almost every one of the 30 legitimate clubs in town, including the American Legion, the Elks, the Slovak Club, etc., has three to six "one-armed bandit" slot machines—all owned by the Anzalone gang, whose henchmen call regularly to empty the nickels, dimes and quarters and haul away half. Nearly every bar, cigar store and confectioner's not only has a console-type nickel slot machine and numerous punchboards but sells numbers tickets—the busy clerks automatically taking bets without even glancing up to see whether a customer might be a police officer. Or, obviously, caring.

New Kensington (population 33,000), where most of the wage earners work in a vast aluminum plant, is virtually as wide-open as Monessen. When I was let into Mannerino's race-betting parlor after presenting a note from a bartender, I saw among the milling bettors a blind panhandler, who had earlier touched me for a "cuppa coffee," placing a bet. At the Sportsmen's Club on Seventh Street I saw a uniformed policeman playing the Anzalone-mob slot machines.

Greensburg (population 28,000), Westmoreland's county seat, flaunts its gambling in the customary style. The mob's sizable horse parlor on Harrison Avenue flourishes openly scarcely two blocks from the courthouse; I had no trouble getting in, even though I lacked a "friend" or a note. Practically all clubs have several slot machines,

Collier's for November 11, 1950

and almost every small store boasts a slot machine and rows of punchboards and sells numbers. (Here, I was told of a railroad worker, sole support of a crippled sister, who'd repeatedly lost his pay check in club slot machines and finally had to resort to loan sharks to keep from being evicted.)

In Fayette County, conditions parallel those in Westmoreland. Except in Uniontown (population 19,000), where a Republican reform mayor, Edward Sittler, recently ousted them, the gang's slot machines clank busily in nearly all clubs—in Brownsville, Connellsville, Ligonier and Masontown.

Where Patrons Lose Heavily

In Connellsville (population 14,000), I walked unchallenged into the back room of the Royal Pool Parlor, on North Pittsburgh Street, and sat in on a high-stakes poker game; I found poker and craps in full swing in three other poolrooms. A big gambling casino was formerly operated for the mob, within the traditional block of the police station, by Ferrari, who then also ran a bigger casino in Ligonier. (A one-time manager of the latter, an ex-convict, told me an average of \$300,000 weekly was raked in over its crap tables alone. He said a druggist "blew his life's savings, \$60,000," there in five months; a former hotel owner "lost the \$65,000 he got selling his hotel"; a Mound City junk dealer "dropped \$100,000 trying to beat our dice.")

In Brownsville (population 7,600), the president of the city council, Norman Patterson, a year ago resigned in protest against "the failure of the city's executive department to clean up the rackets and vice." He asserted that during a personal investigation he'd not only found red-hot rackets operating everywhere, but five large brothels doing a brisk trade along aptly named Shady Avenue—where uniformed police patrolled "not to arrest but merely to keep order in the traffic moving in and out of the brothels."

Patterson told me that while investigating he twice was offered bribes to keep his mouth shut. "A former city councilman offered me \$1,000 and a cut of the take," he said. "After I turned him down, a top member of the city administration called me to City Hall and said \$2,000 in bills was under his desk blotter for me to take when he left the room."

In this town I had no trouble getting into a jammed bookie joint operated for the mob by "Skits" Viola and Johnnie and Walter Casper, on Market Street. Its front man, "Sil" Coletti, gave me a signed note of introduction to Gus Frances' Pool Parlor, where I could get into "a fast crap game"—but I got into the place easily without using it. (A welfare worker told me of coal miners' families broken up, and their children sent to live with strangers, because the fa-

thers gambled away their entire savings.)

Nearly every bar and small store here has the usual slot machine and punchboards, and above all sells numbers tickets. In fact, one cigar-store clerk brushed off my request for cigarettes to concentrate on "selling" me on a numbers bet.

For the Anzalone gang's most aggressively touted and by far most lucrative racket is the numbers game.

The numbers game has skyrocketed into the big time; it is nation-wide. Recent estimates place its annual U.S. "take" at no less than a billion dollars. Probably nowhere else in the country is there such widespread addiction to it as in this steel and coal area.

First popular in New York City's Harlem, the numbers game, originally known as policy, was brought to Pittsburgh and western Pennsylvania 40 years ago by two Negroes, Gus Greenlee and "Woogy" Harris. But after its enormous potentialities were fully realized, the thugs who'd previously made their "easy" money peddling rotgut bootleg whisky wrested control from the Negroes. Today in western Pennsylvania the illegal numbers game is controlled exclusively by white gangsters.

In Pittsburgh and its suburbs, no single gang runs the game; it is in the hands of many petty racketeers, each small group operating in an area corresponding, significantly, to its police precinct. But just outside Pittsburgh in heavily industrialized Westmoreland County, coal-rich Fayette County, Greene, Washington and Cambria counties and southern Allegheny County, the Anzalone mob has an undisputed strangle hold on the racket.

Strictly a Game for Suckers

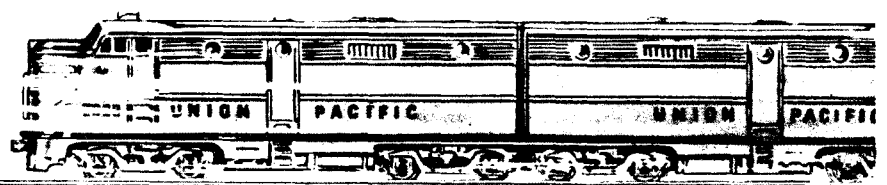
From the gangsters' viewpoint, the numbers game has several advantages over other forms of exploiting suckers: No equipment, as in the case of slot machines, is needed. Everyone can play, for no sum is too small, not even one penny. Unlike most gambling, it can be brought right to worker or housewife by door-to-door peddlers.

And, finally, it is extremely simple. The player merely selects any number from 0 (which is actually 000 on the books) through 999, and gives it and his money, any amount, to a numbers salesman, or "writer." The writer jots the "number" (three digits) and sum bet in his notebook and supplies a carbon copy as receipt. He pays off the winners, if any, the next day. Numbers game operators throughout the country usually take, for the winning number, the last three digits of the day's total pari-mutuel prices paid at a predesignated race track. If, for instance, the designated track is Belmont and the total of pari-mutuel prices paid is \$576.92, the day's winning number is 692.

The numbers game is "loaded" against the



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player to a staggering extent. Arithmetically the player has only one chance in a thousand of winning. Accordingly, a winner should be "paid off" 1,000-to-1, but this never happens. Numbers promoters in some places, including Pittsburgh, do pay off as high as 800-to-1; theoretically, a player there can win \$800 on a \$1 bet. Anzalone's gang, however, has such an ironclad monopoly in its six-county kingdom that it pays winning odds of no more than 450-to-1.

How the Pay-Off Is Reduced

In addition, the gang has a long list of frequently played numbers, such as 123 and 999, on which it pays off only half its usual "gyp" odds. Thus the gang hierarchy, despite reaping vast profits from the 99.9 per cent of the players who guess wrong, increases its loot by withholding more than one half, and sometimes more than three quarters (on favorite numbers), of any lucky player's winnings. And the numbers writers frequently whittle the 1-in-1,000-winner's prize still lower by extracting an advance promise to be cut in on any possible winnings, often as much as 40 per cent.

are displayed on nearly every newsstand. They sell by the hundreds of thousands and are a big business in themselves—which indicates the extent of the numbers game take.

Another hint of the racket's gigantic profits was given me at Washington, Pennsylvania, by Lieutenant Dan Augustine of the state troopers—as earlier indicated, the only law officers the Anzalone gang need fear. The gang's collectors, who daily pick up numbers writers' total bets and rush them to a mob headquarters before the 4:00 P.M. deadline (by four o'clock pari-mutuel totals are available by long-distance telephone), use fast cars and frequently changed, devious routes, hiding their numbers slips in secret compartments in their cars; yet state troopers occasionally manage to nab one and confiscate his illegal betting tabs.

Though Washington is one of its smaller, less lucrative counties, the gang was sufficiently concerned, Lieutenant Augustine told me, to send a prominent local lawyer to offer him \$36,000 a year, if he "would play ball with the numbers game" in just this county.

"All they wanted me to do for that \$3,-

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Virtually every firm, store, plant and mine has one or more employees who "write numbers" as a side line. And all districts teem with full-time writers recruited from pool-hall and barroom loafers who scorn other employment. (In Uniontown alone, there are 400 numbers writers.) Each canvasses his string of suckers daily. I talked to dozens of men and women who admit they've played the numbers six days a week without a break, and without once winning, for years; they feel if they miss a day "that surely would be the day" they'd have won. Shrugging off their daily bets as "just loose change," they were shocked when I estimated yearly totals.

In Uniontown a Negro bellboy at the White Swan Hotel told me he spends 50 cents to \$1 "almost every day." Jim Myers, cabdriver, confided he's played for three years an average of \$1 a day; his wife plays, too, "whenever she has a hunch on a lucky number."

I was told also of numerous coal miners, unable even to pay their grocery bills because of strikes and the three-day work week, who spent \$1 or more daily on numbers from their small strike benefits.

In Monessen, the Reverend Allen Howes, pastor of the Methodist Church, worriedly told me dozens of mothers had complained their children were being solicited, in candy stores just off the school grounds, to buy numbers with their lunch money; that the children were going hungry as a result. He said there was a confectionery store near his church where tots frequently bet their Sunday-school collection-plate money on numbers. And a mother had complained to him her husband was teaching their six-year-old to gamble, spending hours showing him how to "dope out" winning numbers from a numbers "tip sheet."

These dime tip sheets, published in a score of varieties and purporting to give advice on picking a "lucky" number, largely through interpreting dreams and hunches,

000 a month," the lieutenant grinned, "was give them 20 minutes' warning before a pinch."

But guesswork is unnecessary in estimating the gang's tremendous revenue from the numbers game. Two years ago, Lieutenant Augustine learned a gambling joint in Connellsville was headquarters for gang collectors from the western half of Fayette County and raided it. Troopers found a half-dozen men busy with adding machines—and three large boxes and a bushel basket of numbers slips bearing that day's date.

"We added them up," Lieutenant Augustine said wryly, "and found one day's bets in half the county totaled over \$8,500. On this basis, we estimated, conservatively, the gang's numbers haul in Fayette County alone is more than \$5,000,000 a year."

Huge Take from Six Counties

From this and reliable inside information, it is obvious that the gang's take from the numbers game in its six-county empire totals no less than \$25,000,000 a year.

Its "treasury tickets" add another \$5,000,000. These are a variant of the numbers game; the winning number is taken from the U.S. Treasury's daily-published clearings total. Treasury tickets, however, sell for a straight 50 cents.

The Anzalone gang's revenues from crap-and-blackjack casinos and horse-betting parlors tot up to a good \$20,000,000 a year. Its slot-machine monopoly is also lucrative, though far less so. The mob owns some 1,200 machines strategically spotted throughout the area, and its 50 per cent cut of their take comes to four to five millions yearly. Punchboards add \$5,000,000 more.

The Anzalone gang tolerates no competition in any of its fields, a policy supported blatantly by certain unscrupulous county and city officials. An example of the "bum's rush" given any rash challengers occurred

Collier's for November 11, 1950



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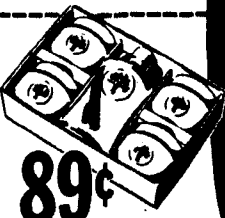
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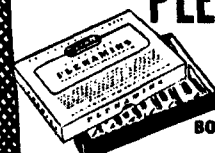


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 Rexall Glycerin & Rose Water, skin lotion, 4-oz. **37¢**
 Rex-Seltzer, effervescent alkalizing tabs, 25's **49¢**
 Rexall Boric Acid, powdered or crystal, 2-oz. **23¢**

EVERYDAY HOME NEEDS

Rexall Alco-Rex, cooling alcohol body-rub, pt. **43¢**
 Rexall Epsom Salts, medicinally pure, 1-lb., **37¢**
 Rexall Stork Nurser, cap-protected 8-oz. bottle **3 for \$1.00**
 Quik-Tel Fever Thermometer, easy-to-read, Oral or Rectal **\$1.39**
 Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide, USP, 3%, 4-oz. **18¢**
 Wickstyle Household Deodorant, 6-oz. **59¢**
 No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant, personal or household disinfectant, pint, **85¢**
 Lord Baltimore Portfolio, 36 large sheets white linen stationery, 24 matching envelopes, **49¢**

DENTAL BUYS

Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Paste **49¢**
 Licensed by the University of Illinois Foundation
 Rexall Deluxe Tooth Brush, assorted styles, **49¢**
 Rexall Kleenzo Antiseptic, ideal mouthwash, pt. **69¢**
 Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder, 3-oz. **55¢**

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Cara Nome Hormone Cream, 10,000 I. U. Estrogen Hormone per ounce, 2-oz. **\$1.50**
 Cara Nome Face Powder, 8 long-clinging, skin-flattering shades **\$1.00**
 Cara Nome Lipstick, 12 glamorous hues **\$1.00**
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 Stag After-Shave Lotion, zippy, he-man, 3-oz. **39¢**
 Rexall Coconut Oil Shampoo, 6-oz. **50¢**

Kantleek STANDARD HOT WATER BOTTLE

2 qt., 6 oz. Solid-neck, 1-piece construction...five-year universal guarantee.

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Kantleek Fountain Syringe... **\$3.00**
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Jumbo Tube **49¢**
 Just smooth it on for quick, close, no-sting, no-nick, face-happy shaving.

Double Saving REXALL ASPIRIN

There's no faster-acting aspirin made than Rexall Aspirin—and each tablet contains 5 full grains. Buy this giant-size, economy bottle—and get the 50-tablet bottle of Rexall Flavored Aspirin (1-grain) for children at no extra charge!



Reg. 200 5-grain tablet economy bottle... PLUS 50 1-grain tablet bottle Children's Flavored Aspirin

87¢

CARA NOME HAND CREAM

4-oz. jar **\$1.00**
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Softens... beautifies... protects... keeps hands supple and lovely despite winter winds.

2-Way Cough Relief REXALL CHERROSOTE

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 Pleasant-tasting, double-action relief... soothes irritated membranes, loosens phlegm and quiets coughs.

REXALL REMEDIES

Rexall Nose Drops, aqueous, 1-oz. **43¢**
 Rexall Cherry Bark Flavored Cough Syrup, 3-oz. **39¢**
 Rexall Petrofol, high quality mineral oil, pint, **59¢**
 Rexall Eyclo, soothes, cleanses eyes, 8-oz. **59¢**
 Rexall Hygienic Powder, dissolves in water for use in spray, gargle, syringe, 6-oz. **65¢**
 Rexall Orderlies, choc.-flav. lax, 24's **30¢**

FIRST AID HELPS

Rexall Quik-Bands, ready-to-use bandages, plain or mercurochrome, 36's **29¢**
 Rexall Mercurochrome, with applicator, 1/2-oz. **25¢**
 Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape, 1/2" x 5-yd. **20¢**
 Rexall FirstAid Gauze Bandage, 2" x 10-yd. **23¢**
 Rexall FirstAid Absorbent Cotton, 1-oz. **17¢**
 Rexall Surgical Powder, antiseptic, 1-oz. **25¢**
 Rexall Tincture Iodine, with applicator, 1-oz. **29¢**

VITAMIN VALUES

Rexall Beta Caps, B-Complex, 100's **\$1.89**
 Rexall Yeast & Iron Tablets, iron supplement, 100's **59¢**
 Rexall Ascorbic Acid Tabs, Vitamin C, 40's, **89¢**
 Dicalcium Phosphate Compound With Viosterol, for expectant mothers, 100 Capsules **\$1.19**

Fast Cold Relief REXALL ASPIROIDS



Rexall's special formula fights cold symptoms five ways...gives fast and effective relief.

69¢

Medicine Chest "Must" REXALL REEL-ROLL COTTON



Popular and handy dispenser rolls out amount needed...rest stays clean.

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America's Biggest Candy Value Kitchen-Fresh COTTAGE CHOCOLATES

Made with dairy-fresh cream and butter...luscious nut, cream, and fruit centers.

2-lb. box **\$2.00**

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THROW AWAY NICOTINE

When the Filter in Medico Pipes or Cigarette Holders turns brown, throw it away with the nicotine, tars, juices and flakes it has trapped. Insert a fresh Filter for cooler, cleaner, dryer, purer smoking!



MEDICO V. F. Q. (VERY FINE QUALITY)
Pipes of specially selected imported briar. \$2
Wide variety of shapes. With 10 filters...
Also Frank Medico "Standard"...

America's Outstanding Dollar (\$1) Pipe

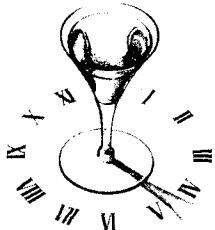
Frank Medico Cigarette Holders \$1 & \$2

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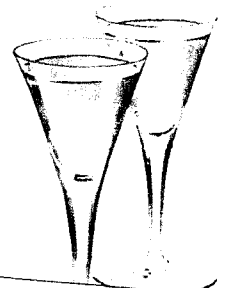
ALL MEDICO PIPES NOW MADE OF
PRE-WAR QUALITY IMPORTED BRIAR



Any time is TAYLOR-time



This month you will find this fine New York State White Tokay featured at leading stores. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.



TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
White Tokay

CAPTURED FLAVOR
from the famous cellars at
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

last December in Monessen. The 800 members of the American Legion Club wanted a few slot machines for their clubrooms—to finance their disabled veterans program. Having helped crush two big-time European dictators, their gorge rose at the prospect of knuckling to a vicious gangster dictatorship in their home town. So, ignoring the Anzalone monopoly, they purchased five machines direct from the manufacturer.

These were barely installed when the club was raided by a squad of Monessen police—who for years had paid absolutely no attention to the hundreds of slot machines in the town's 29 other clubs (Anzalone-mob machines, that is). They arrested the Legion's steward, a disabled veteran, charging him with "setting up and establishing gambling devices," and carted away the slot machines.

The infuriated legionnaires held indignation meetings and bought space in the local newspaper, The Monessen Independent, in which Post Commander George Johnson attacked Mayor Hugo Parente, charging he'd ordered the raid solely because the Legion had installed machines not owned by the Anzalone gang, and demanding, "Let's Clean Up Monessen!" He warned that if the club's steward was convicted in the county court, the Legion "would fight the case right up to the top."

The mayor denied the charge, asserting he'd warned all clubs to stop operating slot machines and the Legion alone had failed to comply—though observers declared other clubs' slots were all still running.

There were rumors of "heavy pressure" being exerted.

Then Commander Johnson abruptly stopped his newspaper campaign. And the legionnaires allowed their steward, wounded World War II veteran John Pich, to go to court alone, without even legal counsel. He was fined \$50. There was no further talk of appealing his case. And a short time later four substitute slot machines—not the Legion's own machines—were openly installed in the Legion Club.

The Commander Wouldn't Talk

When I called on Commander Johnson at his parents' home, his two older brothers were present. As soon as I mentioned the Legion's slot machines they fell silent. The brothers glanced apprehensively at one another, then the oldest advised in a low, urgent voice, "I wouldn't say a word about that, George. You'll regret it!"

And though I tried for a half hour, I couldn't persuade the very nervous Legion post commander to make a single comment. As I left, I thought: The Anzalone mob exercises fantastic power if it can thus influence, and silence, 800 husky, organized war veterans—surely the one group in the community least susceptible to intimidation.

At the time of the Legion's brief crusade, the Reverend Allen Howes had fired a verbal blast at the mayor for failing to stop organized gambling, comparing Monessen to Sodom and Gomorrah. And Editor Harry Pore of The Monessen Independent had labeled the local situation "a co-operative association between politicians and the underworld, for mutual prosperity!"

But Arthur B. Turner, for 20 years chief of Westmoreland County detectives (who are the district attorney's enforcement arm)—and the county's undisputed political boss—was not a bit concerned. He was escaping the cold winter weather, as is his custom, in Florida. After he returned, I called at his impressive home in Pricedale.

Large, bald "Buddy" Turner, as he likes to be called, has the florid face and oily manner of the practiced politician. (He early achieved notoriety, being charged, in 1915, with felonious rape and bastardy; the charge later was changed to fornication and bastardy, and he was convicted. In 1922, he was charged with rape, but the grand jury failed to indict; later that year he pleaded guilty to adultery.)

"My door is always open to anyone I can help," Buddy Turner informed me with a

great big smile. "I'm only interested in helping people. All people." He chuckled throatily. "Yessirree! . . . I'm just their Buddy!"

No reply seemed required, so I grinned back, and he continued to beam until the atmosphere of geniality became a bit thick. I said I understood he was Westmoreland County's political boss. He denied this affably, insisting, "I have no political influence."

I asked, since he often appeared with the gang's big shots, Anzalone, Ripepi, Serventi and Mannerino, at Florida race tracks, whether he'd spent much time with them on his last Florida vacation.

"Why, yes, I occasionally meet those boys at the tracks," he said warily. "Naturally, if I see anyone from home, I say hello." His eyes narrowed. "However, Mr. Schendel, if you intend to question me about gambling, I'll tell you right now I haven't a thing to say on that subject."

I said I'd observed Westmoreland County was one of the most wide-open, for illegal gambling, in the country; since he was its political boss, he obviously was responsible for the official attitude toward racketeers. I asked, point-blank, how big a "cut" the Anzalone mob gave him.

He flushed, then clamped his teeth tightly on his cigar and said, "Young man, I refuse to dignify that question with an answer."

I persisted: "Mr. Turner, you've told me you buy an expensive new car every year. You've just returned from two months in Miami. I happen to know, also, you recently negotiated the purchase of a \$75,000 mansion in Rostraver Township, though after the Monessen newspaper front-paged the deal I understand you backed out." I paused. "Don't you find it difficult to do all these things on your \$3,600-a-year salary as chief of county detectives?"

He angrily showed me to the door.

The veteran political boss of Fayette County, too, is chief of county detectives—William J. Long, a stumpy, bald man, once a professional football player, who talks out of the side of his mouth like the professional gambler he also once was. "Billy" Long's salary, even less than Buddy Turner's, is \$3,500 a year. But he also spends a large share of his winters in Florida; he spends his summers fishing in Canada. And, like Turner, he has a record. (In Fayette County, in 1921, he pleaded guilty and paid a fine to escape a jail term for keeping a gambling house; in 1930, he was indicted again, but not convicted, on charges of being involved in conducting a lottery. In Washington County, in 1931, he pleaded guilty and was fined for conducting a lottery.)

Chief Detective Long assured me: "There ain't any gambling joints in Fayette County, and there ain't any houses of prostitution, and there ain't any slot machines. And I, personally, ain't a gambler and never was! I'm a political worker; I admit that."

I brought up, rather indelicately, his two convictions. He pounced on one:

"That was 25 years ago. And in Washington County. I wasn't arrested in my own county." He spat and continued bitterly: "That's one conviction against me that shouldn't be. Two colored boys testified they sold numbers for me." He leaned back, nudging his hat and exposing more of his bald pate.

County Boss Is Evasive

Referring to his claim there were no gambling joints in the county, I mentioned a few I'd found wide-open. And I reminded him of the state troopers' Connellsville raid, which netted proof that \$8,500 worth of numbers was sold in one day and \$5,000,000 a year in the whole county.

"I know nothin' about numbers," he said.

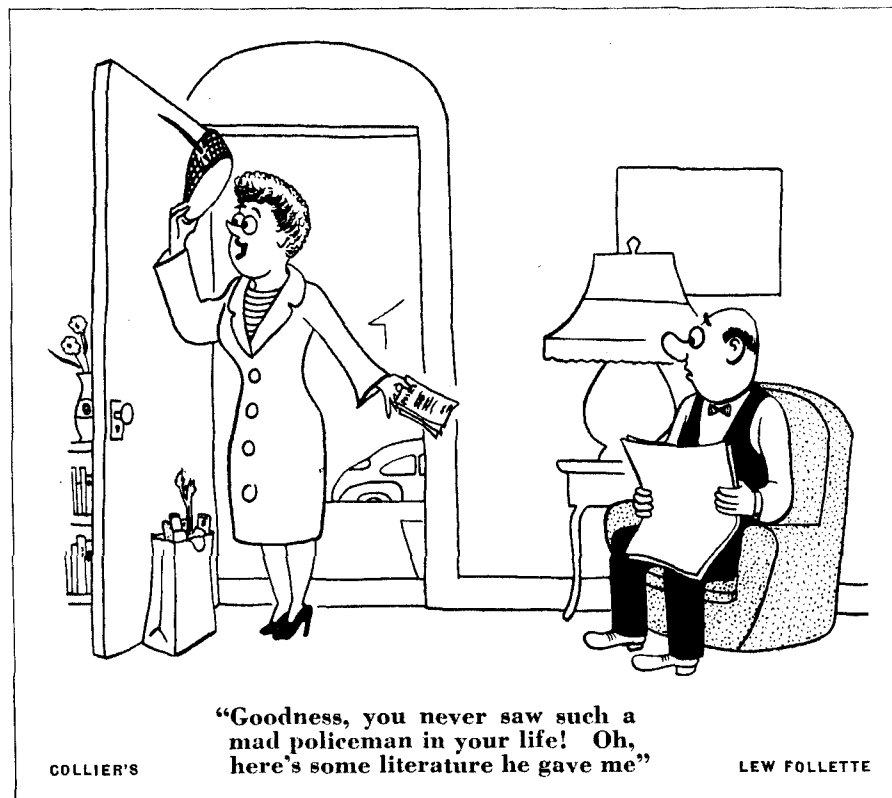
I asked how big a cut the Anzalone mob was giving him. He spat again and growled: "Them plums ain't so easy to pluck."

His right-hand man is Assistant County Detective Frank B. Kane, a tall, cadaverous character who stalks about like the movie version of a professional gambler. He, too, has a record. (In Washington County, in 1929, while a Monongahela city-police lieutenant, he was convicted of conspiracy, for which he was sentenced to a term of six to eight months. In Fayette County, in 1946, he was indicted as an employee in Ferrari's Connellsville casino, but was not convicted.)

Fayette County, like Westmoreland, has a member of the bench many of whose decisions reflect a tender solicitude for the gambling operators. He is Judge H. Vance Cottom. While district attorney (1940-'45), it was he who appointed Long chief of county detectives.

In 1941, when District Attorney Cottom and Detective Chief Long had been in office a year, rackets were running full tilt; the mob's slot machines, especially, covered the county like a rash. Finally a special grand jury demanded the district attorney and his detective chief oust the illegal devices; it further listed exact locations of hundreds. But Cottom and Long ignored these instructions—and their own law-enforcement duty—according to a grand jury.

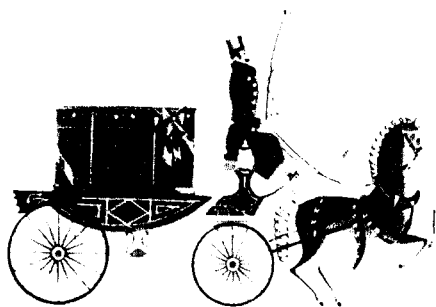
After six weeks, the court, to enforce



COLLIER'S

LEW FOLLETTE

Collier's for November 11, 1950



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BY DU MONT

*19-inch Life-Size picture.
Built-in AM-FM radio. Automatic time clock control.
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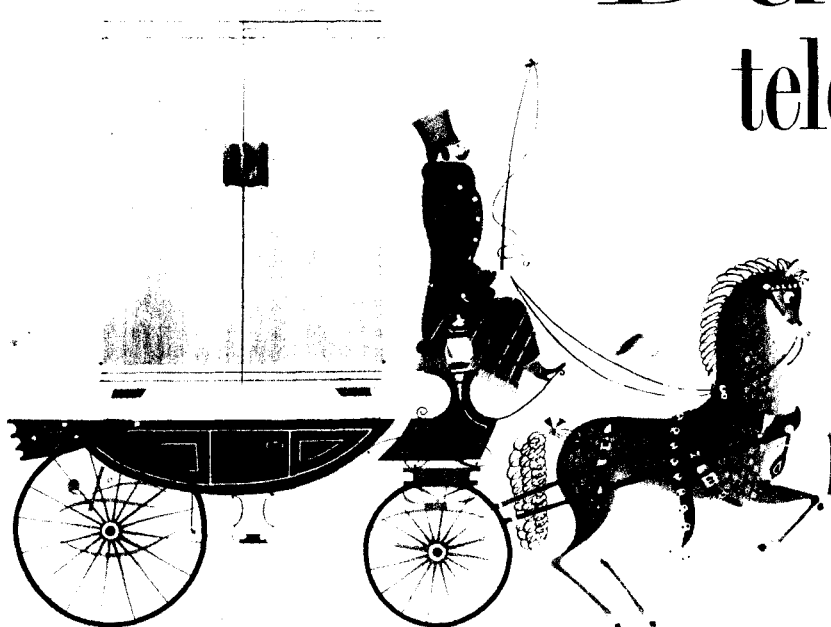
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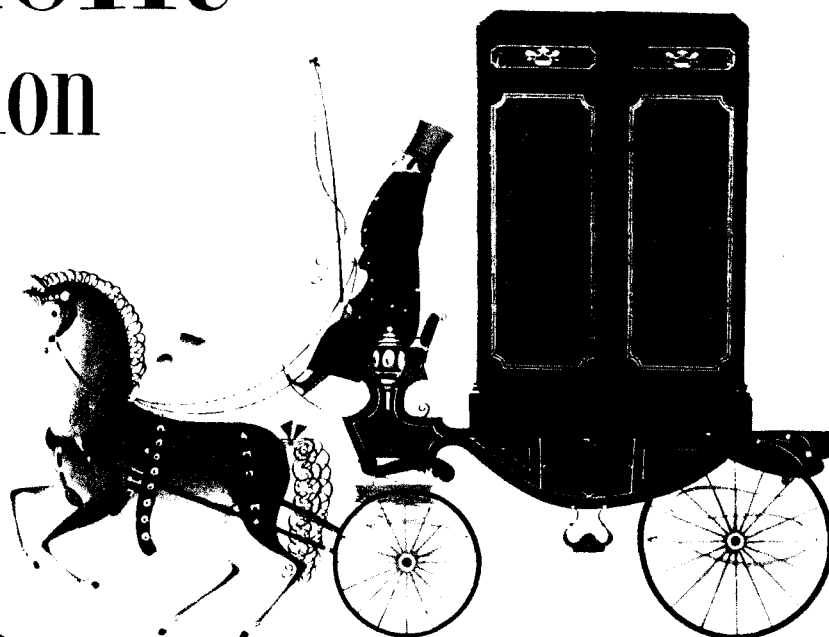
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DuMont television

No less than wonderful! Here is DuMont's most advanced thinking... brilliantly designed, built with craftsman's pride, and engineered to give you better, longer-lived performance.



THE BURLINGAME BY DU MONT
*17-inch Rectangular picture.
Built-in FM radio.
Plug-in for record player.*



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WESTMINSTER SERIES II AND ANDOVER CABINETS DESIGNED BY HERBERT ROSENGREN — BURLINGAME CABINET DESIGNED BY HARRY PREBLE, JR.



...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading



No mystery about this "Flying Saucer"!

WHEN NEW, FAST SCHEDULES of Erie freight trains Nos. 99 and 100 clipped a full day off the running time between New York and Chicago, the train crews instantly dubbed them "The Flying Saucers"!

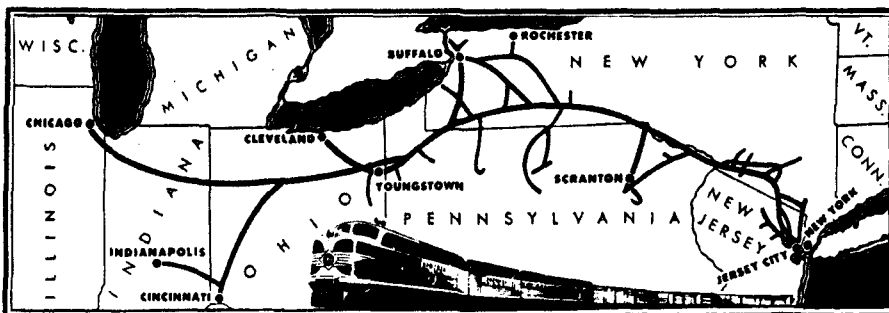
There is no mystery about this "Flying Saucer" service which offers Erie shippers the advantage of dependable second-morning delivery of less-than-carload merchandise between both cities.

Fine teamwork among Erie people all along the line is the answer—teamwork that has helped build the Erie's reputation as the railroad that's "First in Freight"!

Here again is another example of Erie's progressive railroading—the continuous search to improve the safe, dependable transportation of both passengers and freight!

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



the grand jury's demand, ordered the Pennsylvania motor police (now state troopers) to raid the listed locations. Troopers arrested over 100 persons and seized hundreds of machines. However, District Attorney Cottom failed to press the cases, and the succeeding grand jury did not indict any of the more than 100 operators who had been arrested. To add insult to injury, costs were charged to the state motor police.

The court called another grand jury "to investigate rackets in Fayette County and the behavior of its district attorney and detective chief," with special-deputy Attorney General James Marsh of Pittsburgh superseding Cottom as district attorney for the probe.

This "rackets" grand jury, in its formal report, scored both Cottom and Long, charging they'd "been extremely lax and unco-operative in enforcement of the laws"; that "facts seem to indicate prima-facie cases of flagrant and deliberate failure to perform their duties." It noted that during three years the district attorney's office had prosecuted only one rackets case (numbers); that in this one the defendant had been arrested by the chief detective *the day after he testified before a grand jury on behalf of the commonwealth!*

The grand jury concluded its report: "Disclosures appear to make out a prima-facie case of misbehavior in office by the district attorney and chief of county detectives," but its members were unable to agree on an indictment against them—and Cottom and Long escaped prosecution (by one vote) on charges of malfeasance, misfeasance and nonfeasance in public office.

The grand jury's slap hurt the two not at all. In fact, the powerful Democratic county organization soon elevated Cottom to the bench.

As judge, Cottom has handed down some interesting decisions:

A recent one paralleled that of Westmoreland's Judge Bauer ordering state troopers to return gambling equipment confiscated at the Getodo Club. After state troopers in a series of raids had confiscated thousands of punchboards from wholesalers, the cases were scheduled before Judge Cottom. The judge ruled punchboards "were not necessarily gambling devices" and ordered the troopers to return them.

Bar Near Church Licensed

And two years ago, an "influential group" in Uniontown bought a corner house two doors from St. Paul's Lutheran Church and converted it into a "club" bar. Pennsylvania law prohibits the sale of liquor within 300 feet of a church; the club was a mere 65 feet from church property, so the State Liquor Board refused it a license.

The owners appealed the case to Judge Cottom, contending the distance actually was 315 feet. They achieved their 315 feet uniquely: measuring from the center of the church's door out to the middle of the street, down the street, around the corner, and then up to the club's side entrance—its front door having been hastily bricked up. Though the statute plainly says such measurements must be "from nearest point to nearest point," Judge Cottom ordered the Liquor Board to grant the license.

(Both of Judge Cottom's decisions subsequently were reversed, on appeal, by decision of the three-judge court as a whole, with Judges W. Russell Carr and S. John Morrow outvoting Cottom, 2-to-1.)

Judge Cottom hears all the important racket cases (racket arrests here, of course, being made almost exclusively by state troopers). The court calendar is so drawn that they invariably fall to him. The penalties the judge imposes, in the few instances in which mobsters are found guilty, are negligible—usually mere \$25 or \$50 fines.

District Attorney Brothers, a junior member of the political gang in control of the county, told me he "knew of no gambling in Fayette County" and assured me "the record is an open book." But when I tried to obtain from County Clerk of Court

Harry Matthews certified copies of court records (legally available to the public) on criminal convictions against Chief Detective Long, his assistant, Frank Kane, and assorted gangsters, I was bluntly refused.

Recently, Constable John E. Stein, of Connellsville, was prosecuted on a charge of extortion. His attorney, contending the charge was a frame-up by Assistant County Detective Kane and other county officials to oust Stein from his job, attempted to introduce testimony which he promised "would blast open county officials' partnership with the Anzalone mob in the slot-machine racket and name Assistant Detective Kane as the county officials' collector of graft from that racket." He was barred from doing so by presiding Judge Cottom. However, he did get the allegation into the court's official record.

Woman Reporter Needles Gang

During this trial, Editor Joe Dickson and veteran rackets reporter Ruth Love demanded on the front page of the Herald that the barred testimony be made public—to expose "the whole corrupt partnership between county officials and gangsters." The Herald's constant barrages long have made both groups wince, especially the courthouse gang, and numerous attempts have been made to throttle it.

The outstanding one was a series of arbitrary boosts in the newspaper's tax assessment—raising it from \$15,000 to \$189,000. Many moves were made to force the paper's owners to end Ruth Love's embarrassing news stories. They failed until recently, when District Attorney Brothers threatened the Herald's publishers with libel suits. The publishers denied they had been intimidated—but Mrs. Love was first transferred to another news beat, and then discharged. No more exposé stories were printed.

Ministerial associations of Uniontown, Connellsville and New Kensington, outraged at the Anzalone mob's callous exploitation of the people through its gambling rackets, repeatedly have demanded that the politicians elected to protect public welfare perform their duty—but without result. Just last July, the Redstone Presbytery, representing 65 Presbyterian churches in southwest Pennsylvania, demanded that the governor and the attorney general step in to clean out gambling. But little help is expected from Harrisburg. For several months ago, the Rev. Arthur Armstrong, pastor of the Parnassus United Presbyterian Church at New Kensington, had written Governor James H. Duff asking that he intervene. And the governor had replied, with finality:

"It is utterly impossible for the commonwealth to perform the ordinary police duties of the local officers of the counties."

The governor did outline a procedure whereby, if a judge will certify the district attorney of his county is derelict in his duties, and specify particulars, the attorney general may intervene. But, as Editor Harry Pore of The Monessen Independent cynically observed, "When the judges sleep in the same bed with the other politicians, what can you do?"

And in the meantime the Anzalone mob, flushed with its continued triumphs over the law and lusting for even more millions, has already moved to take over the numbers racket in Pittsburgh—where, as earlier stated, the game's profits currently are split among many petty hoodlums. Anzalone's lieutenant, Mannerino, has quietly moved into the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh. City police have made some "harassing" arrests, but without much effect.

Mob rule in Pittsburgh indeed would be a calamity. Under mere inefficient, unorganized exploitation in the metropolitan area the numbers game alone already yields at least \$100,000,000 a year. Deadly efficient gang rule would boost this loot much higher—and with it bring, in the course of operations, incalculably vast political corruption. For the numbers game is the Anzalone gang's specialty.

THE END

Collier's for November 11, 1950

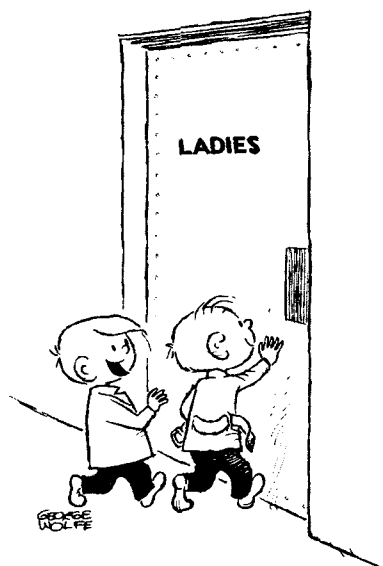
The One You Said You Loved

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

warm, close moments, that I'd get the urge to know about the girl he'd said he'd loved. I could have asked her name point-blank, but I was sure that if I did he'd turn on a look of wounded gallantry. You know. The Code. A gentleman never tells.

Besides, we were happy. What a mild, uninteresting adjective that sounds! Happy. It's done to death by those who don't extract the real meaning, and yet so rich when contemplated, so rare and distinguished. Don't think that I accepted this condition lightly, because I didn't. I did believe, however—and this was where I made a mistake—that it was going to be with us always. . . .

After two years of living in a Washington Square walk-up which we both agreed was quaint and crowded, Jeff got a raise and decided we could afford a larger place. I found one in the East Sixties. It had a



"After we learn to read
I guess there won't be
half as many surprises!"
COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

kitchen, a living room, a bath, a bedroom, and even a small foyer; and it was going to be fun to live in a place that had not been designed with a pixyish disregard for comfort. We acquired, along with the apartment, new friends. Not exactly new, that is—Katie Brooks, who I discovered was working in New York now and lived in the next block, I'd roomed with at school, and the Wetherleys Jeff had known before—but different from the ones we'd gone around with when we lived on Washington Square.

IT TAKES a lot of adjustment for a married couple to make friends with other married couples. Usually, if the men like each other, the wives are apt to be either bored or hostile; or, if the wives like each other, the men have trouble making conversation. So I felt we were pretty lucky finding a congenial couple in our own neighborhood. The Wetherleys, in fact, lived in the same apartment house.

"I'll be a frightful pest," I told Lisa Wetherley, the night I met her. "I'll be dropping in to borrow sugar, and a recipe to go with it."

She said she'd love that. She was charming, and her husband, Kirk, was nice, too. They couldn't get over the coincidence of finding themselves, in a city like New York, practically next door to an old friend. Jeff agreed that it was surprising, and also surprising that we'd run into them in the lobby the very day we moved. It was a large apartment house, and the four of us might well have lived there for years, one couple unaware of the other.

"But let's not overdo it," Jeff said to me

later. "There's such a thing as being too cozy with neighbors."

"Darling, I thought you liked them."

"I do. But I'm congenitally lazy, and I just don't want you piling up a lot of social engagements." He smiled. "I do like them," he repeated. "As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for me they probably wouldn't have got together. Lisa's a friend of Dolly's." Dolly is Jeff's younger sister; she lives in California. "When Lisa first came to New York I helped her to get work with an advertising agency—and that's where she met Kirk."

"How romantic!" I said.

"Yes, isn't it!" He raised his hand threateningly, and I dodged.

THE next morning I answered the doorbell, and found Lisa standing there. "Hi," she said. "I've two suggestions. The first one is that I behave like a proper neighbor and help you get settled. The second is that you drop everything and have lunch with me." She laughed. "I like the second one better."

"So do I." I opened the door wider. She came in.

"I was taking a chance, now wasn't I?" she said. "You might have put me to work dusting books or unpacking glasses."

"I might have, yes. But lucky for you I worked all evening on the job. Jeff helped."

"Jeff's a darling."

I was really glad to see her. Last night she'd been done up in hat and veil, furs and things, but today she was wearing a bright, schoolgirlish sweater and skirt and flat-heeled shoes, and if I hadn't heard from Jeff that she was twenty-six or -seven I would have guessed her age considerably less. I couldn't help reflecting that such unfeminine generosity on my part must be the beginning of a real friendship. I was even willing to concede that the color of her hair was genuine—or that, if it wasn't—I would like to know the name of the hairdresser who could work such magic.

It's fairly uncommon for a woman to admire, right off, a woman who looks like Lisa. But I did. I liked her voice, soft and unaffected; I liked her easy gliding walk; I liked the attentive way she listened when anyone spoke; I liked the way she laughed.

I found out later that I was not alone. I've never met anyone who had as many friends. She could walk into a roomful of strangers and emerge with conquests, male and female. She was that rare kind of person one feels absolutely safe in introducing to assorted groups; not only safe, but proud.

I enjoyed including her in luncheon parties arranged by women she didn't know. "I'm bringing along Lisa Wetherley," I'd say, and if there was a reluctant, "Well, if you want to . . ." on the part of a hostess who couldn't see why she had to be saddled with an extra guest, the moment Lisa made her appearance it would be fine, a kind of feather in my cap, even. "I'm simply crazy about your Mrs. Wetherley," the hostess would be almost certain to say, sometime during the afternoon, drawing me aside in confidence. "I want to see more of her. I'm planning a little party . . ."

I saw to it, of course, that Lisa met Katie Brooks, and also that Katie was frequently included in our parties.

It worked out fine, too, because Katie had taken a secretarial course the year before, and wanted a job—and Kirk Wetherley found an opening for her at his agency.

"How's she doing?" I asked Kirk one evening when the two of us happened to be sitting apart from the group.

"Just so-so," he answered, and he grinned. "She's a good kid. I guess you know that. Are you asking me—will she set the world on fire? No, I don't think she will." He glanced across the room at Katie, and shrugged good-naturedly. "She's

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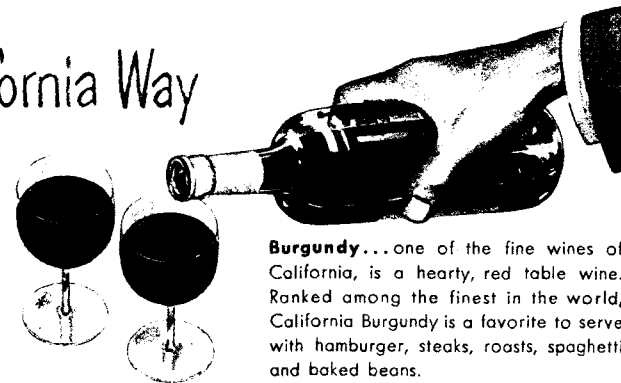
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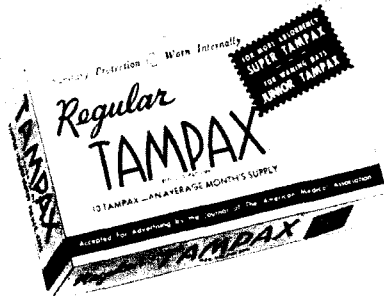
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simple and unaffected, and she enjoys life. Maybe that's enough."

I liked to go to the Wetherleys. Lisa's dinners were small masterpieces. She had a talent, too, for doing things easily—or at least making it seem that she did them easily. When I have a party I'm wilted at the start, and perhaps a shade resentful of the guests who are responsible for my efforts. Lisa began an evening looking faultlessly fresh and unruffled, and she didn't change as the hours passed.

I teased her one evening. "It isn't fair, Lisa. You're always ahead of the rest of us. I think you study up."

She did, too, and she admitted it. She had a flock of books on the shelf in her bedroom. Books on cooking, on style, on homemaking, on politics, economics and what lecturers call current affairs.

"No wonder you have the answers," I laughed. "And no wonder Jeff calls me an almanac of misinformation."

She stared at me and answered, "I couldn't bear it, Ann, if I didn't have the answers."

AND then one day everything changed. Oh, I kept on seeing Lisa—we all did, but that didn't help matters: it made them worse. We still lunched together occasionally. Lisa, Katie and I, and we still planned evenings, sometimes just the Wetherleys and Jeff and I, sometimes with Katie included, and sometimes—less frequently, though, because she had few beaux—with Katie and one of the mildly interesting young men who came to see her.

It was through Katie that I made the discovery. I suggested, one Saturday morning, that we call Lisa, and that the three of us take the subway down to Union Square and hunt for bargains. She didn't know, when she said, "But Lisa won't ride on the subway, Ann, it gives her claustrophobia or something..." that this innocent observation fell into place like the final missing piece in a jigsaw puzzle. So it was Lisa—the beautiful, the charming. She was the One. She was the girl Jeff said he'd loved.

I fitted the pieces together. By itself, this remark of Katie's might not have been enough; but now I remembered—and wondered why I hadn't thought of it before—Lisa saying, "I hate a windy day, it makes me feel depressed." And Lisa confiding, as she showed me a birthday gift from Kirk, "It's a love of a bracelet. I'd like a plain one better, though, without those jiggly things." And Lisa telling me, "I'm not an orchid type—I've always thought spring flowers suited blondes. Violets... daffodils..."

I said to myself: Sure, he loved her, but it's over, isn't it—what's your problem?

Of course I swore I wouldn't mention it to Jeff—and of course I did mention it.

"You never told me," I said, "that you and Lisa Wetherley used to have dates."

He said, "Didn't I?" and he smiled. "Well, we used to have dates."

"That isn't what I mean," I said. "I mean, were you—"

"Were we what?" He crossed the room and sat down on the arm of my chair, and ruffled my hair. "Now, honey," he said, and his kiss was like a punctuation mark, a definite and not to be disputed period. The Code was there between us, cutting off the past and leaving me shut out of a memory—the memory that belonged to Jeff and Lisa.

This was a special problem, all the more special because, I thought broodingly, there was no way to fight the past. If I had found Jeff unfaithful I could have faced him with it: I could have cleared the air with recrimination; or I could have used Tactics. But here was an intangible something, a hurt which the world at large would not even regard sympathetically, and only the smaller world of women in love would understand. When I looked at Lisa I saw her beauty, her competence and poise—and thought: All this was once Jeff's. And when I wasn't with her I looked at myself, in the mirror or mentally, calculatingly—and made comparisons....

I was glad to go away that summer. We took a small place up on the Sound, and Jeff came up week ends, and spaced his three weeks of vacation so that he could spend them there during July and August. We swam, we read, we lay in the sun, we talked and laughed together. Sometimes I'd ask—and I asked it too often, I know, I couldn't help it—"Do you love me?" "Love you, Annie?" he'd answer. "Why, of course I love you." But it wasn't enough. How much did he love me? Did he love me as much as he'd loved Her?

The Wetherleys drove up Sundays, occasionally. When they were coming I invited other people. "And bring Katie," I usually told Lisa. I knew that Katie seldom had plans for the week ends. And I guess the truth was that she was a solace to me. We both freckled in the sun; and although Katie was a different build from me (she was a little overplump in places where I was overangular) I liked to sit on the beach beside her without feeling, as I did with Lisa, that an average woman was not lined up beside unbeatable competition.

Katie didn't swim well, either. Kirk offered to teach her, but she floundered, spluttered, and finally reverted to her own inept technique.

"Give up," she told him, laughing. "You're wasting your time, old boy. I simply haven't the talent for it." And even though Kirk was graciously persistent she wouldn't try again. I saw Lisa skimming gracefully through the water, her white suit gleaming against the smooth tan of her body, and I was grateful to Kirk for showing Katie some attention.

Katie wasn't unattractive, mind you; she was personable, pleasant, intelligent. It was just that she was—well, look who's talking!—limited. Being, as she almost always was, the only unattached guest, it would have been natural for me to ask her to help me when it came to supper preparations. But no one could compete with Lisa's steak sauce, and no one else had quite the formula for making French-fried onions turn out crisp and evenly browned. So it was Lisa who made the sauce and fried the onions.

And later, when we came into the living room for nightcaps, I couldn't arrange to have Katie surrounded by an admiring group at the piano. Katie didn't play the piano. She could sing a little, I knew, but not well enough to hold an audience. Lisa had a low, throaty voice, and she always knew the lyrics of the latest songs and played her own accompaniments. I heard Katie murmur to Kirk, not with feminine malice, either—with genuine appreciation,

"She's really something, that wife of yours."

Kirk glanced across the room. Lisa was wearing a soft blue dress which in every way became her; her voice was controlled and confident; her hands moved gracefully.

"I know," he said, and his voice sounded thoughtful, almost toneless. "You're not the first to tell me, Katie. She's like a diamond without a flaw. Have you ever owned a perfect jewel? Do you know what it's like to—?" He didn't finish; perhaps he couldn't. Praise of Lisa wasn't new or unexpected. I supposed that he must be continually dazzled by his good fortune.

I longed to hate Lisa—and found it difficult. I resolved, however, to see less of the Wetherleys when we came back. This didn't work out, either, because they were, so to speak, waiting for us when we came back. Lisa had left a note in the mailbox: Would we have cocktails with them?

We did, and we went out to dinner afterward. Kirk was unusually quiet. He left the restaurant before the rest of us, saying that he had work to do. "He works a lot lately—evenings," Lisa said. Her voice was casual, but when I looked at her I discovered, startled, that she was crying.

"Why, Lisa, what's the matter?" "I don't know exactly. I really don't know. I'm sorry." And she wiped away her tears and reached for her coat. "I think I'd like to go home now."

LATER, when we were back in our apartment and getting ready for bed, I said to Jeff, "I can't understand it. Can you?"

Jeff shrugged, the typical male gesture of disposing of emotional problems. "Oh, a quarrel, maybe."

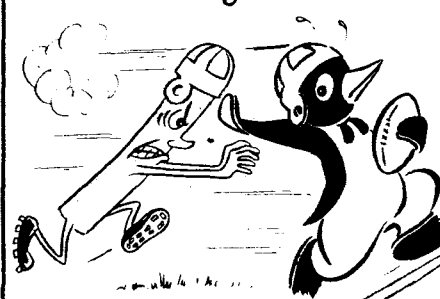
"Lisa never quarrels." (She'd told me once that she'd had a violent temper as a child, and had taught herself, as she grew older, to curb it. "It does horrible things to people," she said. "Have you ever seen anything uglier than an angry woman?")

But Jeff refused to pursue the subject. He came from the bathroom with a threatening, "Out of tooth paste again! There must be some other way to cut the budget."

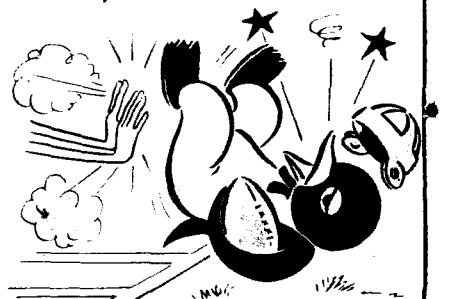
"Oh, I forgot." I was always forgetting things like tooth paste and kitchen staples and when to put out the trash. I felt guilty, but I didn't apologize, for, unlike Lisa, I'm not allergic to quarreling, especially when I'm wrong. I reminded him, not very relevantly, that he'd forgotten to pay the phone bill last month, and we went to bed glaring at each other. Jeff dropped off to sleep, and I lay there in the dark, feeling sorry for myself—and wondering whether Lisa would forget to buy tooth paste. Ten to one

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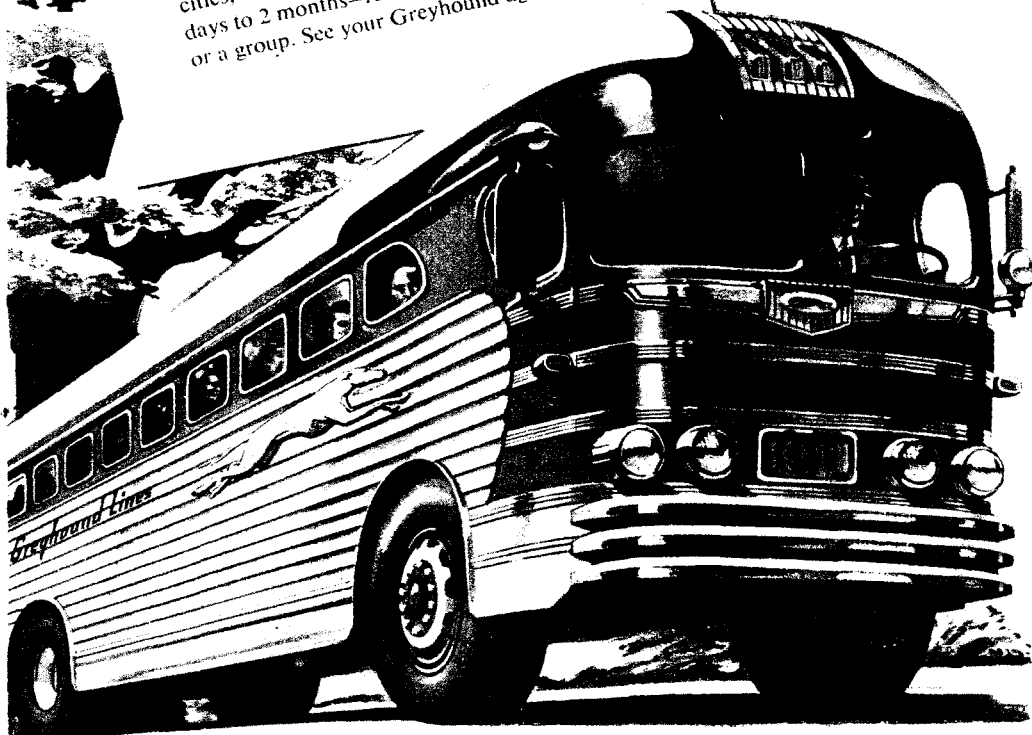
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she wouldn't. There she was again, and again I tried to hate her...

She looked beautiful on the following day, when she dropped by, about noon, to see me.

"Lunch?" I asked. "I'm a mess, but it won't take me long to make repairs." I poured her a glass of sherry and handed it to her. "I'll change my clothes, and—"

"No, wait a minute, Ann." She was holding the glass in her hand and looking down at it.

"What's the matter?"

She began to talk, and for a moment it must have seemed to her that I wasn't listening. I was, but they sounded strange and unbelievable, the things she told me. It was when she said, "So he's gone. Kirk left this morning. He wants a divorce," that I came to life.

"—gone?" I echoed foolishly.

Lisa stared at her fingernails.

"He's in love with Katie Brooks." She heard the quick breath I took, and stopped me before I could interrupt. "I guess it's been building for a long time but—funny, I didn't know that anything was wrong."

"Katie," I murmured, trying to understand, and failing. "I can't believe it, Lisa. It just isn't like Katie. I mean, how could she? She's not cruel or underhanded. I can't imagine her trying to steal another woman's husband, or even trying to lead him on."

"That's what's so funny. I don't think she did. Oh, she must be crazy about him, all right—who wouldn't be?—but I've seen them together and—why, she doesn't even make an effort." She added, with a sort of childish wonder in her voice, "You should have seen her one night when we stopped there for dinner. Nothing was started yet. She had her hair done up in bobby pins and she looked a mess."

Lisa took a sip of her sherry and regarded it thoughtfully.

"I remember little things," she said. "Things like Kirk teasing Katie. I heard him mention once that she had a systematic regard for lack of system." And one night at dinner—"You're a born burner," I heard him tell her. But he laughed when she answered, "Dinner started out all right, Kirk. I guess I just kind of lost interest." Lisa looked over at me, her eyes wide and inquiring. "And so he left me," she finished softly, "for Katie Brooks."

"He'll come back," I told Lisa, but somehow I knew he wouldn't. These idiot men, I thought—blind, foolish men who make a world for all the Anns and Katies. "Oh, Lisa—" I began. But, curiously, comforting words did not come to me. Even at this moment she was examining the drop of wine that had spotted her previously spotless dress. Her smooth pink fingers touched the blemish with disfavor. She frowned slightly.

THEN suddenly she lashed out with, "Does Kirk think for a minute that there haven't been men, a lot of them, who wanted me! I know how some women carry on—they're pushovers for attention, they'll make luncheon dates, they'll let men phone them, and maybe they'll phone back. I never did!"

"I know, Lisa." And I did know, too, because there'd been times at parties when a few drinks and a well-chosen compliment had released a strain of giddiness in me which Jeff would be certain to mention caustically on the way home—and condone the following day.

"Next time you start fluttering your eyelashes," he'd warn me, "I'll turn you over my knee and give you the wallop you deserve." He usually added, "You gullible little idiot."

But Lisa was never guilty of being a gullible little idiot. She knew how to attract attention; she also recognized, as should the ideal wife, its boundaries.

She knew so much—almost all the things that Lisa should know about Lisa. She had invested hours and days—years, too—in the project.

Like a handsome and well-constructed fortress which, pitifully, has nothing to guard, she was alone now, bewildered by the uselessness of her efforts, not understanding that she who had so much could possibly need something more.

Or, as Kirk once described her, she was the diamond he had owned, the many-faceted jewel a man could boast of and admire—and treasure only as an ornament. The man who had marveled at its brilliance had grown tired of its transparency.

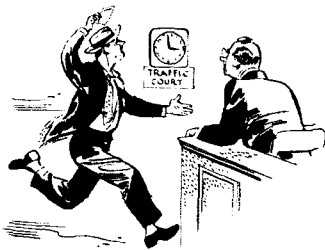
I wanted to give her sympathy and couldn't, and I knew the reason I'd never been able to hate her. There wasn't enough of Lisa, not enough to scorn or hate. And certainly not enough to fear. **THE END**

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

patronage. "I liked it all right," he said, "until I found out that the coach of the home team had a man stationed on the roof of the grandstand with binoculars and a roof-to-bench telephone to tell him what the heck was going on down there on the field. If the coach doesn't know, why should I spend my good money trying to find out all alone?"

We've just received a traffic violation ticket from Harold J. Fraley, chief of police in Tiffin, Ohio. No, don't cheer. We weren't caught. It's just a specimen ticket to show us how a well-run city handles traf-



fic intelligently. For example, it says here, on the ticket, that if you're charged with Overtime Meter Violation—overstaying your legal welcome at that particular spot—you had better hustle down at once to the traffic bureau. If you get there within

the hour, it will cost you 10 cents only. If more than an hour elapses between the writing of the ticket and your appearance at the bureau—one buck. Last year 16,944 persons paid a fast dime as against 2,038 laggards who were charged a dollar. You've got to hustle to save 90 cents these days.

L. R. Ashmore, a building contractor in Houston, Texas, thinks it would be an excellent idea if the American homeowner lived in a hole in the ground. His plans call for six circular and connected holes, seventeen feet deep, per family. Ideal in war and peace, he says. He's been told that if the cost of erecting conventional houses rises much higher most of us will be living in a cave of some kind. Says he's tired of hearing that. Insists on being taken seriously.

And now that the country is about to go to the polls to elect a large number of candidates to a huge list of offices, Mr. Herman Broadbill, of Roanoke, Virginia, gets out his records. He tells us that "in twenty years of voting I have found that more than four hundred promises made by candidates I voted for were promptly forgotten within a day after election."

Maybe it's just as well.

W.D.

Collier's for November 11, 1950

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A black and white illustration of a man in a checkered suit and hat, looking thoughtful or stressed, standing next to a vintage car. The man is wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a suit with a prominent checkered pattern. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the side. The car behind him is a classic, rounded model, possibly a Volkswagen Beetle. The background is simple, with some horizontal lines suggesting a ground surface.

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Clock the fast relief of

Vishinsky—The Kremlin's Gremlin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Yo-yo, pounds the table until it quivers, gives out with a veritable Niagara of words. His finger moves in an arc, pointing at the opposition, accusing, condemning, stabbing. This particular Vishinsky is something to see. He works himself into a frenzy, his voice rises shrill, he pounds the rostrum until it quivers. With every sentence his voice gets more acid, more biting, personal insults a little more direct. And 15 minutes later he bows politely and shakes hands with some of the Westerners on his list of "warmongers."

Vishinsky, when on a propaganda mission at the UN, doesn't bother with the niceties of diplomatic talk or the finer shadings of fact. He is fully aware of the importance of the sweeping statement, the same assertion pounded home again and again, the headline-catching claim. He was at his best, perhaps, during the debate on atomic control. He kept screaming for abolition of the bomb, knowing full well that the majority was willing to outlaw the bomb only when a foolproof system of control was in operation.

The West asked for effective inspection. Vishinsky denounced the proposed plan as a violation of sovereignty on the part of American imperialists who want to hamstring Soviet economy. Later, though, he did say that Russia would open her borders to inspection. The only gimmick was that inspection times would have to be arranged in advance. In the eyes of the majority of UN members, that would make inspection a farce. But Vishinsky skipped over that: "You can come on Monday, on Tuesday, on Wednesday, any day. Come and look at it . . . you are free to look at our atom bomb, to touch it . . . smell it. Why not? Only, of course, tell us in advance when you are coming."

When Vishinsky is in the United States he lives in plush comfort in the mansion of a former cement millionaire at swank Glen Cove on Long Island, a mansion purchased by the Soviet delegation. It is only a few miles from Lake Success and it offers the secluded privacy dictated for Russians residing in foreign lands.

When he is on official business, New York City often assigns a motorcycle

escort to see him through traffic. Sometimes the cops have to hang around the estate for hours—but it is always on the outside looking in. Nobody ever even dares to invite them in for a cup of coffee.

The local police at Glen Cove have been having sporadic trouble with their Soviet neighbors. It seems that Russian chauffeurs have a penchant for speed, and the Glen Cove cops have their hands full keeping them down to the legal limit.

Vishinsky's chauffeur is a special speed demon. He travels so fast that he often leaves the motorcycle escort behind. Last year the chauffeur was handed a ticket for speeding—and the Russians sent somebody to court to pay the fine. They didn't claim diplomatic immunity.

It was the same story though on the opening day of the Assembly this year—Vishinsky's car was going too fast in Glen Cove. Motorcycle patrolman Timothy O'Neil caught up with the car, waved the chauffeur to the curb and gave him a warning. Vishinsky, in the back seat, was very polite about it, but the Glen Cove police still keep an eye out for his big black limousine. Occasionally he holes up for the night at the Soviet delegation's establishment on Park Avenue. Life in the city, though, irks Vishinsky. For one thing, he can't take a walk without leading a parade of plain-clothes men, Russian and American. So he sticks to Glen Cove most of the time. Foreigners are almost never invited to the estate—the lush Soviet parties are given in New York hotels or at the Park Avenue headquarters.

So Vishinsky travels on his route, the man of many faces, the man with a supply of wares that somehow all look the same. When he replaced Molotov as Foreign Minister there was a lot of what-does-this-mean talk. Diplomats now think the change meant little or nothing more than a shuffling of duties among the Soviet leadership.

Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, when he heard the news of Molotov being replaced by Vishinsky, put it this way:

"A ruthless man has replaced a relentless man."

THE END

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Collier's for November 11, 1950

Play a Lone Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Giff thought grimly. His voice had a rough edge to it as he asked, "If you knew all this already from what Albers wrote, why did you send me to get him?"

"No good reason," Fiske said wearily. "In his letter, Albers said he once had two copies of the April 17th Free Press for last year—one a true-run copy, the other a fixed-up phony—and that they'd been stolen from him."

"Who stole them?" Giff asked.

"That's what I wanted to ask him—if he had any idea who could have them. I'm sorry I sent you."

Some of Giff's truculence fell away at Fiske's disarming honesty. He wanted to clear up the rest of the story now, and he asked, "What if I'd found the April 17th issue in the Free Press files?"

"That would have proved Albers' charge."

"I don't see how."

FISKE spread his hands. "Because the phony final proof notices that those five men cooked up are in the Land Office records in Washington. We could get them. If we found a true-run copy of the April 17th Free Press and found that those proof notices weren't in it, we'd prove fraud. Sebree, Deyo and Kearie would go to jail."

Giff understood it now. He asked, "What's so hard about finding a copy? There must be one somewhere outside of the newspaper files."

"Who saves fifteen-month-old newspapers?"

"Advertise and ask."

"In Kearie's own newspaper?" Fiske asked. "No, nobody keeps old newspapers except a newspaper itself. Since we can't ask everyone to look in their woodsheds, it's pretty hopeless, isn't it?"

Giff supposed that was true and was silent, but anger was still in him. In spite of Fiske's candor, he had the feeling that he had been used. He had been offered a simple workhand's job, and in one day he had become involved in an intrigue he had no taste for, and had got a beating for his pains. Cass, once he understood, would not blame him for quitting. No, he'd borrow a horse from Cass and ride out today.

Fiske drank his coffee and then reached in his pocket for his pipe. Stuffing it with shaggy tobacco which he seemed to carry loose in his jacket pocket, he regarded Giff with a frown. "I suppose you're through working for the government."

Giff nodded. "You can get another packer easy."

Fiske sighed. "Don't blame you." He lighted his pipe, and then said, "You'll have to go to the hearing."

"All right."

"I'll see you afterward and pay you."

Giff rose. "What do I say at the hearing?"

"Just what you've told Edwards."

Giff accepted that and tramped out. Once on the street, he turned toward the livery, wondering where Edwards' store was. Already there was a feeling of relief upon him at his decision to leave. He'd left a job whose deadly danger he was only beginning to realize. He had worked long enough in the bitter anonymity of the trail drives to know that his life was valuable only to him. Here in this strange town, he was a saddle tramp with only a name to distinguish him from other broke drifters. Nobody would question his death or if they did, the questioning would cease at Sebree's command.

He passed Henty's saloon. He had not seen a store marked Edwards' and he halted about to ask directions when his glance fell on the Free Press office.

Remembering his conversation with Fiske, a kind of perversity settled upon him as he regarded the sign. What was it Fiske had said when he suggested advertising for the missing copy of the Free Press? In

Collier's for November 11, 1950

Kearie's own newspaper? Giff was remembering Mary Kincheon's remarks about Kearie's total indifference to his publication. It just might work, he thought, as he headed for the Free Press office.

Mary Kincheon, apronless and neat, was seated at the front desk. She wore a dark blue serviceable dress, and was bent over the desk, writing. Paper cuffs protected her sleeves, and Giff could hear them scratching as she wrote. Looking up, presently, she smiled and leaned back in her chair, regarding him with a swift mockery. "The clay pigeon," she exclaimed. "You're off to a good start, so I hear. Who pasted all that pretty color on your face?"

Giff felt a faint irritation at her words, but he dredged up a grin. The press was silent, and he thought: Maybe it'll work.

"There was sand on my pillow."

She regarded him levelly, her face altering into soberness. "They're just playing patty-cake. Wait until they get serious."

"Who is 'they'?"

She shrugged. "Why, whoever gave you that. Do you know?"

"No. They won't do it again, either."

He asked, then, before she could comment, "Is the paper printed?"

"Hah!"

Giff waited, then asked, "What does that mean?"

"It means it isn't. It means it won't be until Kearie remembers he owns a newspaper."

"Can I get something in it?"

The girl frowned. "What's so important around here it can't wait a week? Land office business?"

At Giff's nod, she rose and started back to the print shop. Falling in behind her, Giff noticed how straight she carried herself, and he wondered suddenly: Is she in with Kearie? He would know in a minute, he thought, as she paused by the type case, picked up a composing stick, and rested both hands on the stand. "What is it, now? It better be short."

"Head it 'Fifty Dollars Reward,'" Giff directed.

Her hands moved so swiftly it was only seconds before she looked up at him, ready, and he went on: "Will be paid for a complete April 17th, 1882, issue of the San Dimas County Free Press by V. Welling, Territory House, Corazon."

FOR a long moment her hands were motionless, and Giff could not tell if she was making up her mind to refuse the advertisement. When Mary Kincheon finally looked up at him, her face was composed. "What's so special about the April 17th issue of last year?" she asked.

"They didn't tell me," Giff said.

She hesitated another long moment, then her hands went into swift action. Giff felt a faint elation. With any luck, the paper would be printed and distributed before Kearie ever saw the item, and then it would be too late to do anything about it. If the advertisement did Fiske any good, he was welcome to it.

"Welling will pay you," Giff said.

Mary nodded and observed dryly, "From what I hear, you'll have to count it out for him and tie it in a handkerchief. Why do you work for him?"

"Food."

"I understand." She gave him a brief and friendly smile before he turned and tramped out of the office.

Giff located Edwards' and was told that the hearing was to be held in a back room. He walked to the back of the store and stepped through an open door into a large room. Many folding chairs were arranged around a table in the center of the room at which sat a slack-faced, elderly man. He was in conversation with Sheriff Edwards, who had a booted foot up on the table. A dozen men besides Welling and Fiske were scattered around the room in several

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groups; Gus Traff was talking to a pair of punchers in the far corner.

Giff spied Cass Murray sitting alone on a chair toward the front of the room, his arms folded, a generous chew of tobacco pouching his cheek. There was something lonely and independent and be-damned-to-you about the man that Giff did not wholly understand, but he liked him. When he slipped into the chair beside Cass, ignoring both Welling and Fiske, the older man turned and winked solemnly at him.

Giff asked, "Who's at the desk?"

"Arnold, the J.P."

Before Giff could reply, Sheriff Edwards called out six names of men who were in the crowd of loafers—among them Gus Traff—and these men filed up to the six chairs set along the wall. They were the jury for the murder hearing.

Only now did Traff look at Giff. It was a long, down-bearing look holding a kind of careless triumph that Giff readily understood. He remembered that Gus Traff had been watching Albers all through the afternoon; it was doubtless Traff who shot Albers—or who waited at the alley mouth to administer Giff's kicking. Giff felt a slow wrath uncoil inside him.

THE proceedings that followed were informal to the point of carelessness. Arnold said the purpose of the investigation was to determine the cause of Perry Albers' death. He called him "Albert" and pronounced his first name "Peery" and Sheriff Edwards, bored, did not correct him.

As Arnold droned on, an idea took root in Giff's mind. It was, he knew, a reckless one, but he also knew he was going to carry it out.

The first witness was Henty's bartender who had not bothered to remove his apron. His testimony was brief. Around eight thirty he had removed Albers from the premises because he was using up a poker table that was wanted for a game. The removal had been gentle, he insisted.

Giff was called then and took the chair in front of the table facing Arnold. This was the man, he remembered, who notarized Kearie's perjured affidavits of publication. He was a long-jawed old man, dirty and slack-eyed, and his air of petty authority did not become him.

Once Giff had given his name, his occupation as land office packer, his age as thirty, he was asked to tell what had happened last night. Talking easily, he told about stopping at Henty's corner to watch Albers' progress from the saloon. The man was so drunk, he said, that he needed help and Giff gave it to him. Halfway down the alley they heard men running toward them. No, he didn't recognize any of the men; Albers did, though, and began to run.

"Albers did?" Arnold cut in. "How do you know that?"

Giff made the plunge. "From what he said."

"And what was that?"

"He said, 'Help me. Grady's after me,' " Giff lied calmly.

There was a long moment of utter silence during which Giff looked levelly at Arnold. He saw Arnold's brief frightened glance at Gus Traff, and then the J.P. swiveled his glance back to him. It was Edwards, however, who found his voice first.

"Do you know any Grady here, Dixon? Do you know who he was talking about?"

"No."

"Go on," Arnold said hurriedly. "Then what happened?"

"We ran, and then there were two shots. Albers fell. I didn't have a gun and there was no way I could help him, so I ran for the head of the alley. They were waiting for me there as I turned into the street."

"What happened?"

"I got beat up and kicked," Giff said.

Arnold's next question was asked reluctantly. "Have you any idea who did it?"

"Only the name of the man who ordered it done," Giff said casually.

"How do you know that?" Arnold asked anxiously.

"From what I heard them say."

Arnold looked pleadingly at Edwards and then away. He didn't want to ask the next question, but he was forced to. "What did they say?"

"One said, 'That him?' and the other said, 'He's the one Gus said.' That's all I remember because someone kicked me in the head then."

Again there was a long and ominous silence, and then Sheriff Edwards said dryly, "Judge, I'd suggest we put this witness under oath. We've been too informal."

Arnold looked at him blankly, and then Edwards' intent seemed to dawn on him. He opened a drawer in his desk, took a Bible from it and then said to Giff sternly, "Stand up!"

Giff did and was sworn in; then he sat down. Arnold looked questioningly at Edwards, who was watching Giff. Edwards said, "Go back to what Albers said in the alley."

Giff knew he'd been caught and he didn't care much, for he had accomplished what he had set out to do. Just what that was he didn't frame in words, but he had intended it as a parting shot at Sebree and Traff. His listeners could read into it anything they wished, but the facts which he was going to retract were nevertheless true.

He said indifferently, "Albers said, 'No. No, I didn't!'"

"Know what Albers meant?" Edwards prodded gently.

"No."

"Now go back to the attack on you. Did you hear any talk while you were being beat up?"

"None."

"Your witness, Judge," Edwards said.

There was a crash of talk in the room then, and Arnold pounded the table for silence. Someone in the rear of the room said loudly, "If it please Your Honor."

The voice was Welling's, Giff knew without turning to look. Arnold's gaze lifted, and Giff saw the bitter dislike in it as Arnold asked sourly, "What is it?"

"On behalf of the Land Office I would like to disclaim any responsibility for Dixon's testimony. He was instructed to co-operate with the county officials."

Arnold said coldly, "Is that all?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Step down!" Arnold said to Giff.

"Just a minute," a voice put in. It was Gus Traff's and he was looking at Arnold. "Is a juryman allowed to question a witness?"

"Of course," Arnold said. "We're only trying to get at the truth, no matter how."

TRAFF looked at Giff and said slowly, "You might tell the real reason you're so anxious to involve Mr. Sebree and me in trouble—any kind of trouble."

He didn't wait for Giff to answer, but addressed Arnold. "He walked into Burton's saddle shop yesterday, claimed he was working for Torreón, and took the saddle that he'd sold Burton. He said Sebree would pay for it." Traff looked levelly at Giff and said, "Mr. Sebree never saw him before. He never promised him a job and never told him to pick up his saddle from Burton. Know what I think?"

He was looking at Arnold now, and the judge said, "What?"

"I think he used a saddle-tramp's gall to steal back his saddle. I think he's trying to blacken Mr. Sebree's character now, beforehand, so that when Mr. Sebree turns the saddle stealing over to the sheriff's office, he can point to his own lying evidence here as proof that Mr. Sebree is a liar and that his word is not to be trusted."

Arnold slowly turned his head to look at Giff. "What have you got to say to that?"

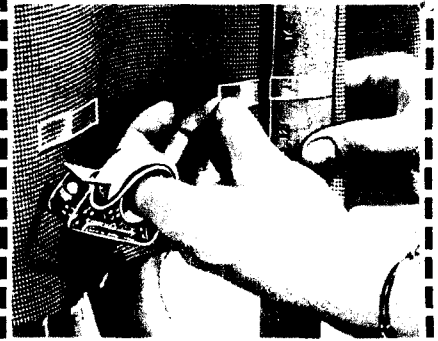
"Nothing you'd listen to," Giff said.

Arnold glared at him a moment, then said, "Step down."

Giff rose, his glance falling briefly on Gus Traff. Traff's eyes met his and they held a look of sleepy malice and of unworried patience. Instead of taking his seat again beside Cass, Giff started on through the room toward the doorway.

"Oh, Dixon."

**Mark hems
easily**



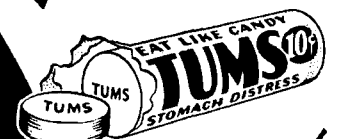
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It was the sheriff's voice, and Giff halted. "I'd like for you to stay around town until we get this saddle business straightened out," Edwards said.

Giff wheeled and went out. He heard someone rise and follow him, but he did not turn to see who it was. He was descending the steps when he heard a voice behind him. "Wait, Dixon."

He halted, and waited for the approach of Welling. The anger in the agent's face was evident as he came up to Giff.

"I want to talk to you," Welling said.

"You are."

"Not here."

"What's the matter with the saloon?" Giff asked with open malice. "That's where you talk best."

Welling didn't answer, only wheeled and headed downstreet toward the Plains Bar, four doors down. Giff followed at his elbow, and they went into the saloon together. A few riders were conversing at the bar, and they looked without curiosity at the pair as they entered and took a front corner table.

Defiantly Welling caught the eye of the bartender, called, "Whisky, please," and then sat back in his chair and waited for the bottle and glasses to be brought. Giff toed a chair out and sat down.

"You made a holy show out of yourself this morning, didn't you?" Welling said.

Giff only shrugged indifferently.

"Who gave you authority to speak up with that cock-and-bull story?"

Giff raised his hand and touched his bruised face. "This."

Welling said angrily, "I would like to remind you again that you were hired as a packer and guide only."

"Was I hired to get kicked silly in a dark alley?"

"That was bad luck, but it doesn't change what I said."

"You say too much and you say it in the wrong places," Giff said flatly. "You were here yesterday afternoon bragging about breaking open this case as soon as you had seen a man. All right. Albers is dead."

"You're talking without knowing any of the facts of the case," Welling said stiffly.

"I know all the facts. Fiske told me." He leaned forward in his chair. "Look," he said. "What did you haul me in here for—to spank me or to fire me? Which is it?"

"To fire you."

"Have you talked with Fiske?"

"What about? Firing you? No, that's my own decision."

Giff looked at him wonderingly. Apparently, Fiske had not told him of his resignation. There was something laughable in Welling's pomposity, but also there was something strange in his words. Why was Welling so anxious to get rid of him?

He asked bluntly, "Tell me something, Welling. Answer it straight. Do you want to prove this land swindle against Sebree and Deyo?"

Welling's florid face darkened. "If there is a swindle, yes."

"You don't believe there is?"

"I don't know. There's a dignified way of going about finding out. It has nothing to do with lying under oath and calling names and baiting influential people."

"That's too rough?" Giff asked.

"For a representative of the government, yes. That's why I think it's better for you to find some other work. I'll pay Burton for the saddle you took. I think that ought to square accounts and more between us, don't you?"

Giff heard the saloon door open behind him. He was aware that someone was approaching behind him, and he turned. Gus Traff stood over him.

"I think you're a Sunday man," Traff said coldly. "I don't think you've got the guts to say to my face what you said at the hearing."

Giff's anger was swift and immediate. He rose, grabbed Welling's bottle of whisky by its neck, and in a sweeping backhanded motion picked it up from the table and clouted Traff on the side of the jaw. Traff did not even stagger, he simply fell onto the adjoining table and made no effort to catch himself as the table legs buckled and caved under him. He rolled over on his side and lay motionless.

Welling rose with such haste that his chair tipped over backward. For a brief moment, fright was plain on his loose face. Then he said, "You damn' fool! You've probably killed him."

"I meant to."

Giff wheeled and walked out of the saloon, crossed the plankwalk, ducked under the tie rail and headed across the street toward the livery. He knew now that by hitting Traff he had pushed himself toward a final, irrevocable decision.

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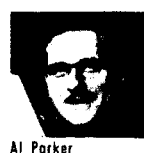
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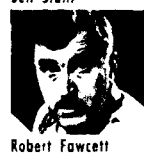
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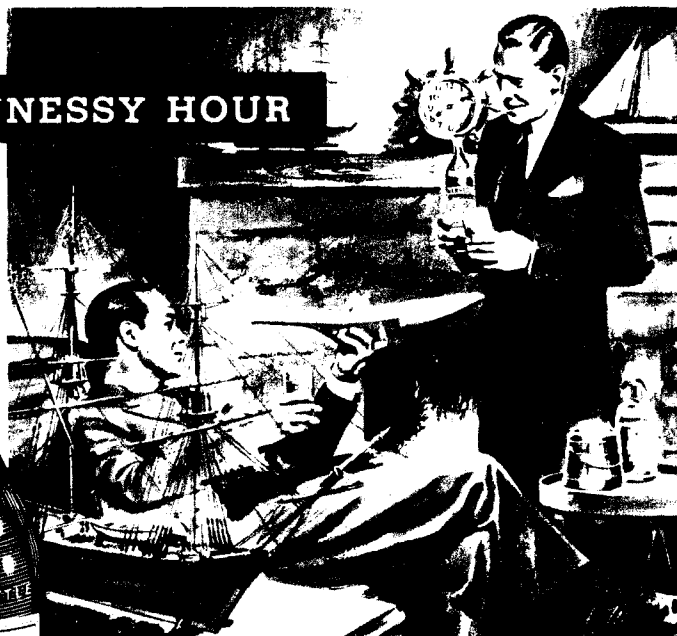
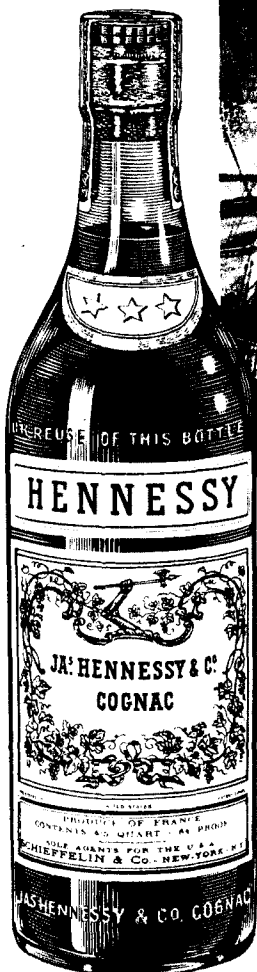
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seated at his desk. He had one foot atop it tying the laces of his farmer's shoes. At the sight of Giff, he shook his head in wonder. "Well, after that speech to Arnold you won't be needing any horses, will you?"

"I'll need something else first," Giff said. "Have you got a gun?"

Cass lowered his leg, never taking his glance from Giff's face. "Traff or Welling?" "If it was Welling I would have asked for a stable broom."

Cass did not smile. "If it's Traff, you've made a mistake."

"It's my own." He paused a moment, then said, "About the gun."

"Yeah, I got one." Cass reached down and pulled out the lower drawer from which he took an ancient Colt .44 holstered in a scuffed and scarred shell belt. He laid it on the desk top and asked, "Still working for Welling?"

"He says not," Giff said. He belted the gun, nodded his thanks, then started for the door. Suddenly he halted and turned to Cass, his dark face sober. "What's a Sunday man, Cass?"

"He's a man that's a real man only one day of the week, on Sunday. The rest of the week he isn't any man at all. Why?"

The slow smile that came to Dixon's face was not pleasant. He looked thoughtfully at Cass, said, "No reason," and walked out.

Cass sat a moment after Giff had gone, then, curiosity prodding him, he rose and went out to the street and looked up it. He saw Dixon mount the hotel steps and then vanish. What's eating him? Cass wondered.

His attention was attracted by a pair of men hurrying toward the Plains Bar. A third man came out of it on the run, heading for the hotel. Cass moved out into the street and headed for the Plains Bar.

AS SOON as he entered he saw a crowd of men collected around a figure on the floor. Cass elbowed his way inside the circle and saw Gus Traff stretched out amid the wreckage of a broken table and a smashed chair. Traff was unconscious, and kneeling beside him was a Torreon rider. "It could be broke," the kneeling man said.

Cass felt a solid pleasure at the sight of Traff in this condition and he asked his neighbor, "What happened to him?"

"He got belted with a full bottle of whisky by that packer for the special agent."

Bravo, Cass thought, and then he sighed. Not to Traff and not that way, he amended glumly. The bartender broke through the circle holding a glass pitcher filled with water. Phlegmatically he poured it on Traff's face and chest.

The puncher felt gingerly along Traff's right jaw which was already swollen and beginning to color.

The beginning of an idea crept into Cass's

mind as he watched the puncher. "Go ahead and poke his jaw. Every time you touch it, you're likely mashing bones," he said.

The puncher glanced truculently at him, and Cass continued, "Hasn't anyone here thought of Doc Miller?"

The two Torreon punchers glanced at each other. The services of a doctor for the bruises of a barroom brawl were seldom required in the circles in which they moved. The idea appeared to seem daring, but worth some thought.

Cass prodded, "Well, have you?"

The first puncher looked worriedly down at Traff and said, "Maybe we ought to."

This was what Cass was waiting for. He said, "I'll get him," and turned to elbow his way out through the crowd.

ONCE on the street, Cass really hurried. Dr. Miller's office was around the corner two doors and up a flight of stairs. Cass burst into the office and said, "Doc, I've got to talk to you."

Dr. Miller was a young man, barely thirty, with short-cut hair, an aggressive face, and a tall, indolent body. He leaned back in his desk chair and eyed Cass curiously.

"Do you know Gus Traff?" Cass asked and because he was certain Dr. Miller did, he went on, "Well, your friend Dixon just belted him across the face with a bottle of whisky. He's sleeping on the Plains Bar floor."

Dr. Miller said shortly, "The country wouldn't be lucky enough to have him die."

"Doc, how honest are you?"

Dr. Miller said warily, "Reasonably. Why?"

"Too honest to pretend a patient's got something that he hasn't got?"

"Certainly."

"How do you fix a broke jaw?" Cass asked quickly. He was in a hurry.

"That's a foolish question. Where's it broke? How could I tell how I'd fix it unless I saw it?"

"Does it hurt to fix it?"

"It hurts to get it; it hurts to fix it; it hurts to have it," Dr. Miller said. Suddenly an alertness came into his eyes and he straightened up. "I see," he said slowly and he gave Cass a brief searching glance, then grinned. "Are you sure it isn't broken?"

"No."

"I think I'll find that it is," Dr. Miller said. He got his bag and followed Cass down the stairway.

At the Plains Bar the crowd of men around Traff gave way for Dr. Miller. He knelt beside the still unconscious Traff, sought for the pulse in his wrist, found it, then gently probed along the bruises on Traff's jaw.

Cass saw him slowly shake his head in



"That kiss is for something nice you gave me that I haven't told you about yet"

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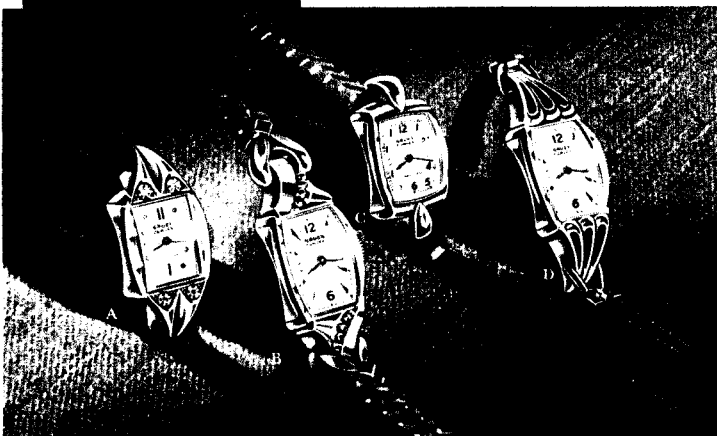
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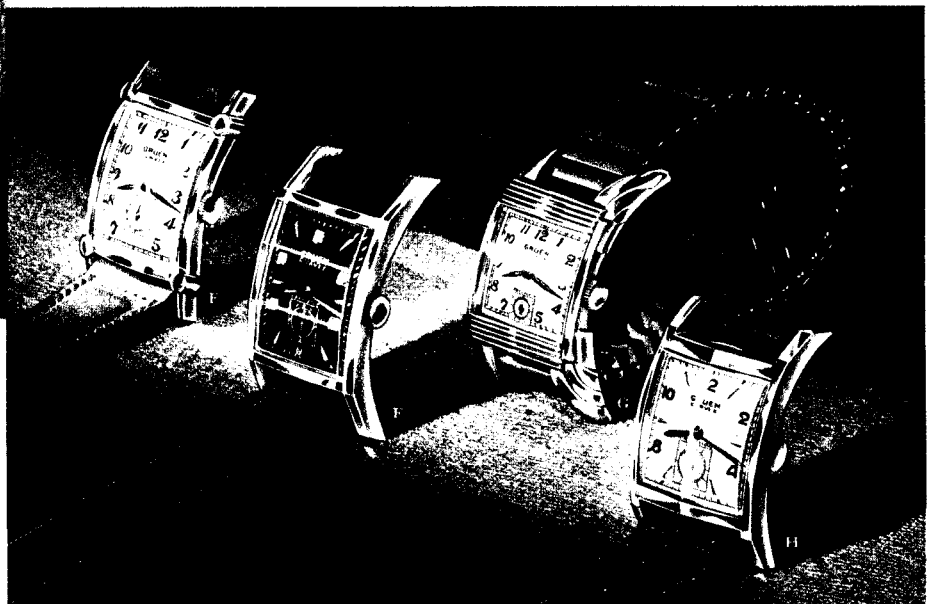


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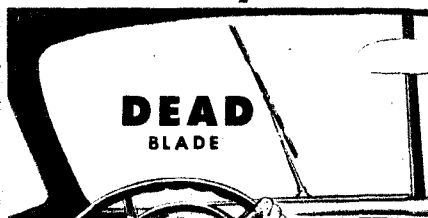
GRUEN Curvex

THE PRECISION WATCH

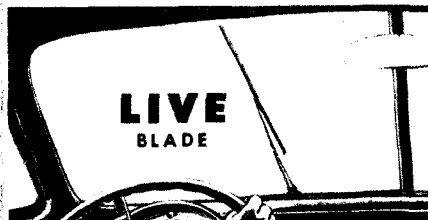
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Toni play-wave kit with every doll.

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Mr. William Tirrell, brilliant top-flight account executive of New York City, says:

"For years Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio physician, recommended Olive Tablets to patients troubled with constipation and its headaches, bad breath and lack of pep."

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discouragement and he was delighted by the doc's performance. Don't overdo it, Doc, Cass thought.

"Is it broke, Doc?" one of the Torreon punchers asked.

"How do I know, man?" Dr. Miller retorted irritably. He looked up at the puncher who had spoken. "Isn't there someplace we can take him where I can get to work?"

The puncher looked at the second Torreon rider who said, "What about the hotel?"

Dr. Miller rose, said decisively, "Good. Lend a hand, you men."

Remembering the doctor's admonition to stay out of the way, Cass did not volunteer his help. However, he trailed the crowd over to the hotel and watched the five volunteers stagger up the steps under Traff's inert hulk and disappear.

He bought a cigar and settled down in a lobby chair to wait. The more he reflected on what he and Doc Miller had plotted, the more he enjoyed the idea. He hoped passionately that the doc would crucify Traff, for Sebree's bully had come to symbolize everything Cass and the whole country hated in Torreon. Sebree was too smooth, too remote, too bloodless to nourish real hate; while Traff, the open executor of Sebree's dirty schemes, was a tough, cool customer. Cass had occasion to remember just how tough he was.

FOR five years, the galling memory of that day had been with Cass. Even now he could smell the smoke of his burning stand of wheat that Traff and the Torreon crew had set afire. He remembered how he had run from his shed to the house for a gun and how Traff had ridden him down, his horse knocking Cass sprawling against the cabin. He could even remember the color of the horse Traff rode that day—dark brown flecked with rust. That wasn't remarkable, for while he had lain in the dust of that hot August day, his arms and legs bound with a lariat, he had time to watch it all—the cabin go up in flames, the sod barn pulled down, his barbed-wire fence uprooted, his field ablaze and his homestead wrecked. He hoped Doc Miller would make it long and painful.

When the first of the five men who had remained upstairs to assist Doc came down, Cass prudently left the lobby and went back to the livery office. He had been there only a few minutes when Dr. Miller stepped in the doorway, black bag in hand.

"Was it broken?" Cass asked.

Dr. Miller said solemnly, "There's no sure way of telling. Still a doctor can't afford to assume that it isn't, can he?" He winked, but his sober expression remained. "I wired it up. It's extremely uncomfortable." He

paused. "The word 'uncomfortable' is a medical understatement for 'painful.'"

"Poor man!" Cass said. "Will he have to wear it long?"

"I believe he will," Dr. Miller said. They looked at each other in what might have been called mutual admiration; then Dr. Miller stepped out.

THE twilight dimness of the hotel corridor was no help to Fiske in fitting his key into the door. After seconds of fumbling, he found the lock, opened the door, stepped into the room—and halted.

Giff Dixon was seated in the armchair on the opposite side of the room, his feet propped up on the window sill.

"Welling with you?" Giff asked.

"No. Come for your money?" Fiske walked across to the table and threw his hat on it, eying Dixon quizzically. How did he get in a locked room? he wondered, and thought he ought to ask. But there was a kind of quiet bafflement in Dixon's face that checked his question. The young man came to his feet and stared thoughtfully out of the window. Either he had not heard Fiske's question or did not intend to answer it.

From under his arm, Fiske took a copy of the day's Free Press and threw it on the table. "Seen the paper?"

Dixon half turned to look at him and shook his head.

"The reward notice got in," Fiske said, a grim satisfaction in his voice. "I never thought you could do it."

Dixon turned and came slowly across to the table. He put both fists on it and looked levelly at Fiske. "What good will it do, even if you get the April 17th copy?"

"Why, I thought you understood that. I thought—"

"What good will it do if it's up to Welling to use it?" Giff demanded insistently.

Fiske understood him then; he only shrugged, but he felt a sardonic appreciation of the younger man's question. "That's not for you to decide."

"Look," Giff said. "You've been the tough uncle to me long enough. If I won't decide, will Welling?"

"He's the special agent."

"Is he?" Dixon eyed him coldly. "Or is he scared? Or is he waiting for a bribe from Sebree to call off his investigation? You heard him at the hearing. You heard him crawl, and you heard him turn on me. Now you tell me what he is."

"A man can be a coward and still be reasonably honest," Fiske said.

Dixon shook his head slowly. "Make it plainer than that."

"All right," Fiske thought a moment, reaching for the words to frame his own

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Collier's for November 11, 1950



COLLIER'S

DANIEL ALAIN

hard judgment of Welling. "There's more than meets the eye in this, son. Did you know a United States senator is a Torreon stockholder?"

Dixon was listening carefully, and Fiske went on with a fierce distaste in his voice. "Stealing public land is fashionable in the West. There's a lot of land, and the big boys have organized to get their share of it, and more. There are a lot of men who go to church, love their wives and don't cheat at cards who think it's right and proper to cheat the government." He grimaced. "Welling knows that. He knows if he steps on Sebree's toes, it'll be the senator who howls. He doesn't like this job. It's too big, and the people are too important. He'd be happy to find a minor error or two in Deyo's records, write a sharp report about the carelessness of land office clerks and go home."

"Then why was he bragging about turning up a big swindle?"

Fiske grinned. "When you were ten, didn't you whistle when you passed a graveyard at night?"

Dixon gave Fiske a long and searching look. "There's been a murder."

"Welling knows that, and he's preparing to ignore it. That's why he disclaimed responsibility for your talk at the hearing."

Fiske watched Dixon accept that; it took him ten long seconds, and Fiske saw the bitter resentment harden in his dark eyes. "Who gets Sebree? Do you?" Giff asked coldly.

"I'm a surveyor."

"Not Welling, then?"

"Probably not."

"Then who?"

Fiske shrugged, and suddenly he could not hold Dixon's glance.

Giff turned then, and walked slowly over to his chair, stooped down and picked up his hat from the carpet. He stood there looking at the hat in his hand and then his glance lifted to Fiske. "It's a funny thing," he said musingly. "I never earned more than a trail hand's wages in my life. I'm no surveyor, either. But I'm not scared of Traff. Sebree is like any other crook. Deyo is just a soft-bellied counterjumper." He paused. "And right is right, and wrong is wrong to me. I wonder what's the matter with me?"

FISKE had no ready answer, and before he could think of one, the door swung open and Welling stepped inside the room. When he saw Dixon, he halted abruptly—too abruptly, for he swayed slightly. It was obvious he had been at the Plains Bar most of the afternoon.

Welling said in a slurred voice, "What are you doing in here?"

Dixon didn't answer him.

"I thought I made it plain that you quit working for me several hours ago. What do you want—money?"

Dixon only shook his head slowly, and Fiske could see the cold contempt for Welling in his somber face.

"Then get out!" Welling said roughly.

Dixon didn't move. Then he said quietly, "Suppose you move me out."

Welling came farther into the room toward the table, his glance still on Dixon.

"I'll say this again," he said flatly. "You're fired! You're not working for the land office any more. I'll pay for the theft of the saddle. You're through! Now get out!"

Deliberately, Giff reached in his shirt pocket for his sack of tobacco and carefully fashioned a cigarette. Welling watched him with a kind of wrathful fascination. Giff licked the edge of his cigarette paper, struck a match with his thumbnail, lighted the cigarette, and then looked at Welling.

"I like the job. I think I'll keep it."

It took a moment for his words to sink into Welling's fuddled brain. Then he said pompously, "I don't intend to argue with a camp swamper. I'll see Sheriff Edwards about this." He turned and started for the open door, and Dixon fell in behind him.

"I'll go with you," he said lazily.

Welling paused in his stride as if to

speak and then went out, Giff following. Somewhere down the hall Giff heard a door close, but he paid it no attention. Downstairs, he and Welling crossed the lobby and went out together. They had skirted the stepping block and were almost to the hitch rack in front of Edwards' store when Giff said, "Sure you want to see the sheriff?"

"I said I did."

"Because if you have to see him, I guess I have to see him too. I think maybe I could straighten him out on Albers' death. I think he might be curious as to why you are suppressing Albers' letter."

WELLING hauled up so abruptly that a puncher who was crossing the street behind them almost bumped into him. The puncher had been whistling idly, tossing a silver dollar in the air and catching it. With no letup in his whistling, he glanced at them incuriously and ducked under the tie rail.

Welling looked sharply at Giff and said, "You're bluffing."

"All right, let's go."

"Look," Welling said wrathfully. "I didn't hire you and I don't have to keep you! I asked Edwards for a chainman and a packer. You're unsatisfactory. Now will you quit this foolishness and go your way?"

"No."

"But why?" Welling demanded in exasperation.

"Because you're all primed to run, Welling," Giff said softly. "You've taken a look at the big dog, and your tail's down. As soon as you can pull the cork, you'll crawl back into your bottle of whisky." He shook his head. "Not while I'm here. And I'm here."

Welling didn't even answer him. He moved onto the plankwalk and suddenly turned downstreet. He skirted the whistling puncher who apparently had dropped his dollar through a crack in the plankwalk and was on his knees searching for it. Giff walked around the puncher, too, and fell in beside Welling. Again they walked silently, ignoring each other.

Surprisingly, when they drew abreast of the Free Press office Welling turned in, Giff following. Mary Kincheon came from the print shop at the sound of the door being closed. When she saw Giff, she halted, nodded, and then regarded Welling with a close curiosity.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," Welling said, and touched his hat. "I'd like to place an advertisement in next week's issue."

"You already have one in today's and it isn't paid for," Mary said tartly. "Let's get that settled first. It'll be two dollars."

Her abruptness brought a startled look to Welling's face. He looked blankly at her for a moment, then remembered and said, "Oh, yes. I'd forgotten that."

He reached in his pocket and pulled out his wallet and handed Mary two silver dollars. As he finished, the door opened behind him, and a puncher stepped into the office. He closed the door and leaned against the wall, seemingly waiting his turn.

Mary went over to the desk and, without sitting down, drew paper and pencil toward her. Then she looked expectantly at Welling, waiting for him to dictate his new ad. Welling quoted: "To whom it may concern: Gifford Dixon, formerly employed by the General Land Office, has been discharged. He has no authority to purchase supplies, sign vouchers, or speak for the General Land Office in any capacity whatsoever." Sign that, please, Vincent X. Welling, Special Agent, General Land Office."

Welling glanced at Giff now and said mildly, "Your newspaper advertisement gave me the idea. Thanks." He turned to Mary then and said, "How much will that be, miss?"

"Not a penny, because we won't print it," Mary said. As if to underline her words, she folded the paper, tore it in quarters, eighths and sixteenths, and then deposited it in the wastebasket.

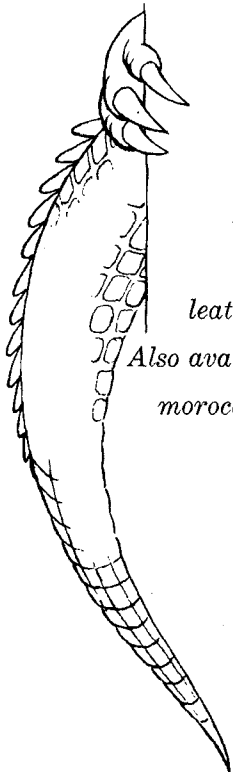
Welling regarded her with total amazement and for a long second he did not

you'll toast today's **KING**





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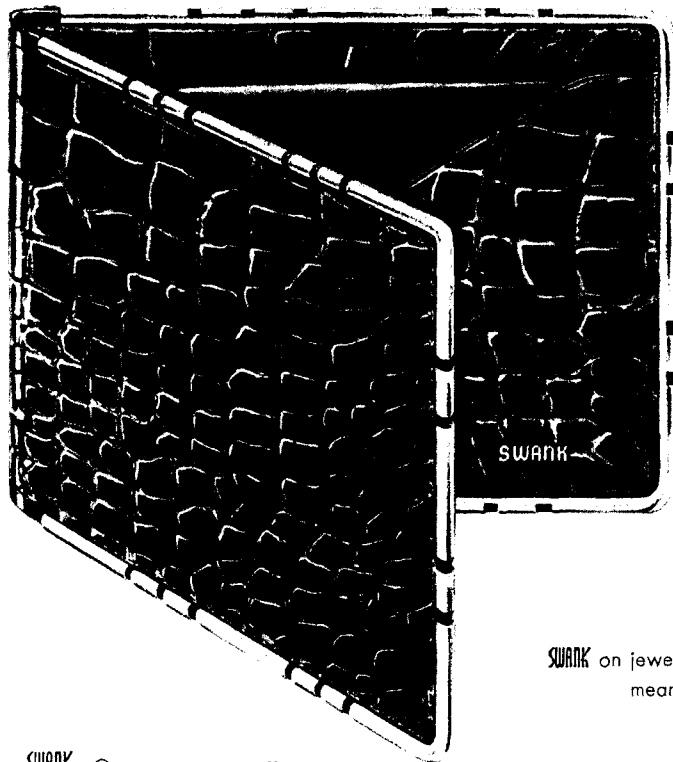


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speak. "Why won't you print it?" he asked at last.

"That's a right all newspapers reserve for themselves. isn't it?"

"Are you the publisher of this newspaper?"

"No. You'll find him over at the billiard table at Reno's. Go tell him I wouldn't print it. Then he'll come to me and tell me to print it and I still won't print it and I still won't get fired."

Welling looked from Mary to Giff and back to Mary. "What's going on between you two?" he demanded.

"Mostly hard words," Mary said dryly. "Then why can't I get that printed?"

Mary gave him a thorough stare as if she were examining something new and distasteful to her. "Just assume that I don't like the color of your bloodshot eyes."

Welling's face flushed and he glanced quickly at Giff whose face was expressionless. "Why don't you have her up to the sheriff's?" Giff said softly.

WELLING wheeled and tramped out of the office past the waiting puncher, slamming the door behind him with the petulance of a child.

Mary said to the puncher, "Something for you?"

"A paper."

"Try the hotel or any of the saloons. We're out."

The puncher nodded, touched his hat and went out.

Mary glanced at Giff, then, "Did I do right?"

Giff was looking at the door, and now his glance shuttled to Mary. "Who's that?"

"I don't know. Why?"

Giff didn't answer. I've seen him, he thought, but where? But he couldn't place him. Then it came to him. The fellow who whistled and tossed the coin. He was the man who had crossed the street behind Giff and Welling. Remembering now, Giff knew that the agent's voice had been raised in anger so overhearing him would have been easy. He knew with sudden conviction that the puncher had heard every word of his argument with Welling. Furthermore, he had just heard Welling's attempt to fire his chainman publicly.

Worried, Giff thought of another point

as well. The hotel-room door had been open when they had argued. And another door had closed softly as they went into the corridor.

Without a word, Giff turned and tramped out. Looking upstreet, he saw the puncher hurrying up the plankwalk.

Giff increased his pace and kept his eye on the puncher as he threaded his way through the late-afternoon crowd.

The man was in a hurry. Two doors below the Plains Bar he cut across the road, heading for the hotel. Now Giff moved into a dogtrot, so that as he reached the lobby of the hotel he saw the puncher starting to take to the stairs. At the landing Giff slowed, and saw the man turn right at the head of the stairs, toward the front of the hotel. Then he lunged up the steps three at a time and was just in time to see the door of the room adjoining Welling's close.

He stood motionless a moment, and then came to his decision. At the door he paused long enough to lift Cass's gun out, then he softly turned the knob. The door wasn't locked and he threw it suddenly open, and then stepped inside.

Traff lay on a wide bed, a towel pressed to the side of his swollen face. Sebree sat at the desk chair, listening to the puncher's report. Two riders, chairs tilted against the wall, swiveled their heads at Giff's entrance.

In unison, both punchers brought their chairs down to all four legs as Giff lifted his gun in their direction. "Sit still!"

His glance shuttled to Sebree and he asked thinly, "What do you think of it?"

Sebree said pleasantly, "I haven't heard it all yet."

"I'll finish it for him," Giff said. "Welling wants to fire me. I'm still working for him. I'll work for him as long as he stays."

"That's interesting, but not very," Sebree murmured.

"One more thing."

Sebree waited.

"They shouldn't have kicked me," Giff said slowly. "That was a mistake. I'll make it a mistake." Sebree didn't comment, and Giff backed out, closing the door behind him.

As soon as the door was closed, both punchers lunged out of their chairs, headed for it.

(To be continued next week)

BUTCH



"I hope you're all comfortable. I got to go home again for my burglar tools"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS



He woos your wife
while you're at work!

Millions of women love genial, jovial Don McNeill! Every weekday morning from 9 to 10* on ABC, Don stars in *The Breakfast Club*.

He and his wonderful gang (including Aunt Fanny and Sam, at left) make housework fly by in homes all over the land.

The Breakfast Club is happy, wholesome FUN! (Sponsors: Swift, Philco, General Mills.) And all day long, every day in the week, there's tip-top entertainment on ABC!



Real Problems of real people. Hear *My True Story*, weekdays at 10 am* (Sterling Drug).



Helpful Hints for you on *The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air*, 10:25 am* (General Mills).



Advice about nutrition and diet from food expert *Victor H. Lindlahr*, 10:45* (Serutan).



Drama you'll never forget! Don't miss *Modern Romances*, at 11* (Norwich Pharmacal).



Fun! *Quick as a Flash* is loaded with laughs, suspense! 11:30 am* (Am-i-dent).



Ladies' Man! He's Johnny Olsen, on the *Luncheon Club* at noon* (Philip Morris).



Human Interest—*Edwin C. Hill* reports human stories in the news. Tune in every weekday at 12:25 pm* (Serutan).



News! Learn what's behind the headlines from *John B. Kennedy* every afternoon at 2:30* on ABC (Serutan).



Laugh! For five minutes of foolish fancy, tune in *Falstaff's Fabulous Fables*, 5:55 pm* (Milky Way Candy Bars).

*All times listed are Eastern Standard. In other areas, consult your newspaper.

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DORMAN H. SMITH

War Won't Prevent War

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS we have been reading and hearing about something called "preventive war." We have examined the arguments in its favor. We have listened to them and thought about them. And in the end we haven't even learned what the term means.

"Preventive war." What would it prevent?

It wouldn't prevent war.

It wouldn't prevent the atomic bombing of the United States. It takes an incredible optimism to believe that the Russians have collected all their atomic weapons in one vulnerable place, and that the U.S. Air Force knows exactly where that place is, and that our bombers would surely and inevitably get through on their first strike and destroy all the Soviet bombs on the first day of war.

It wouldn't prevent the invasion or neutralization of western Europe. We gather from the proponents of preventive war that we should start it right now, or in the very near future. But even they must know that the present or presently foreseeable combat strength of Europe is only a corporal's guard compared with the almost limitless man power of Red Russia and its satellites.

We can't think of anything that a preventive war *would* prevent. But we are certain of what would happen if such a war was started.

It would destroy the United Nations at the drop of the first bomb.

It would outrage millions of Americans and disunite this nation as no other act of government in our history has done.

It would brand the United States forever as the aggressor in the world's worst war.

It would shock and disillusion those who are now our friends. It would cost this country its moral allies, just as the invasion of Europe would cost us our physical allies.

It would destroy what may be the greatest real preventive of war in the world today—the chance to utilize the force of hatred which millions of enslaved Russians feel toward their terroristic government.

The Russian government now suppresses that hatred by violence and the fear of violence. But the Germans discovered how quickly the hatred could erupt when the threat of terror was removed. Hitler might have taken advantage of it to defeat Russia. When the Nazis first invaded the Soviet Union, soldiers of the Red Army deserted to them by the thousands. Thousands more civilians were eager to co-operate with the invaders, though it only meant exchanging a known form of tyranny for an unknown.

But Hitler lost the chance of victory through

his fanatical stupidity. He regarded the Russians as subhuman beings. He treated them as he had treated the Jews and the Poles. So instead of gaining liberation, if it could be called that, western Russia was swept by the same tide of sadistic cruelty that had engulfed Poland. And Hitler paid for his stupidity at Stalingrad.

We believe that if the United States attacked Russia, its citizens, for all their hatred and discontent, would unite for another Stalingrad. But if their own government should lead them into an unprovoked, aggressive war, their discontent might break into open revolt. That possibility has surely crossed the minds of the men in the Kremlin. It may be the reason why, in spite of the five years of growing defenselessness between Tokyo Bay and Korea, this country has lived in a state of peace, however unstable.

The chance of peace is risky at best. But the American government's aims and objectives at least preserve that chance. The only possible future course is to strive for peace while strengthening our defenses until the risk of war is greatly lessened and finally averted.

The trigger-happy champions of preventive war offer no hope of peace. They offer an un-American, immoral, unthinkable alternative which would doom their country to unprecedented loss of life and almost certain destruction of its institutions, its wealth and its freedom. They are inviting the enslavement of their country's friends and the end of Western civilization.

Yet this idea of preventive war has supporters among the highly placed officials of this government, including Secretary of the Navy Matthews, and among some influential people outside the government. The world may well give thanks that the President of the United States is not among them. We have not hesitated to take issue with Mr. Truman's judgment on many occasions, but we have never doubted that his fundamental purpose is to avert war.

Fit to Kill

WE'VE KNOWN a few dedicated Communists in our time, and we recall that all of them had one trait—or rather, one lack—in common. They were devoid of any semblance of a sense of humor. We have often thought that if all Communists were suddenly and simultaneously endowed with the ability to laugh at themselves, the party would collapse inside of a month.

Lacking such a miracle, perhaps the next best thing is to bring some humor into the lives of the unwilling victims who must dwell beneath the cold shadow of a sober-faced tyranny which preaches that any means, however ridiculous or terrible, is justified by the end. So we were interested to learn that the West German government is now using humor as a weapon to combat the totalitarian regime in the eastern part of their country. Pamphlets of jokes, built around the ludicrous aspects of enforced conformity, are being secretly distributed among the East Germans as part of a program whose hopeful slogan is "Ridicule and Kill."

We don't suppose that humor will kill Communism. But if it isn't a lethal weapon it may perhaps serve as a protective armor which will help the East Germans to endure and resist. There was no such free, organized German campaign to lampoon the pompous, stupid cruelties of the Nazis. Let us hope that this attack by ridicule against the new dictatorship in Germany is a portent of a happier outcome.

Collier's for November 11, 1950

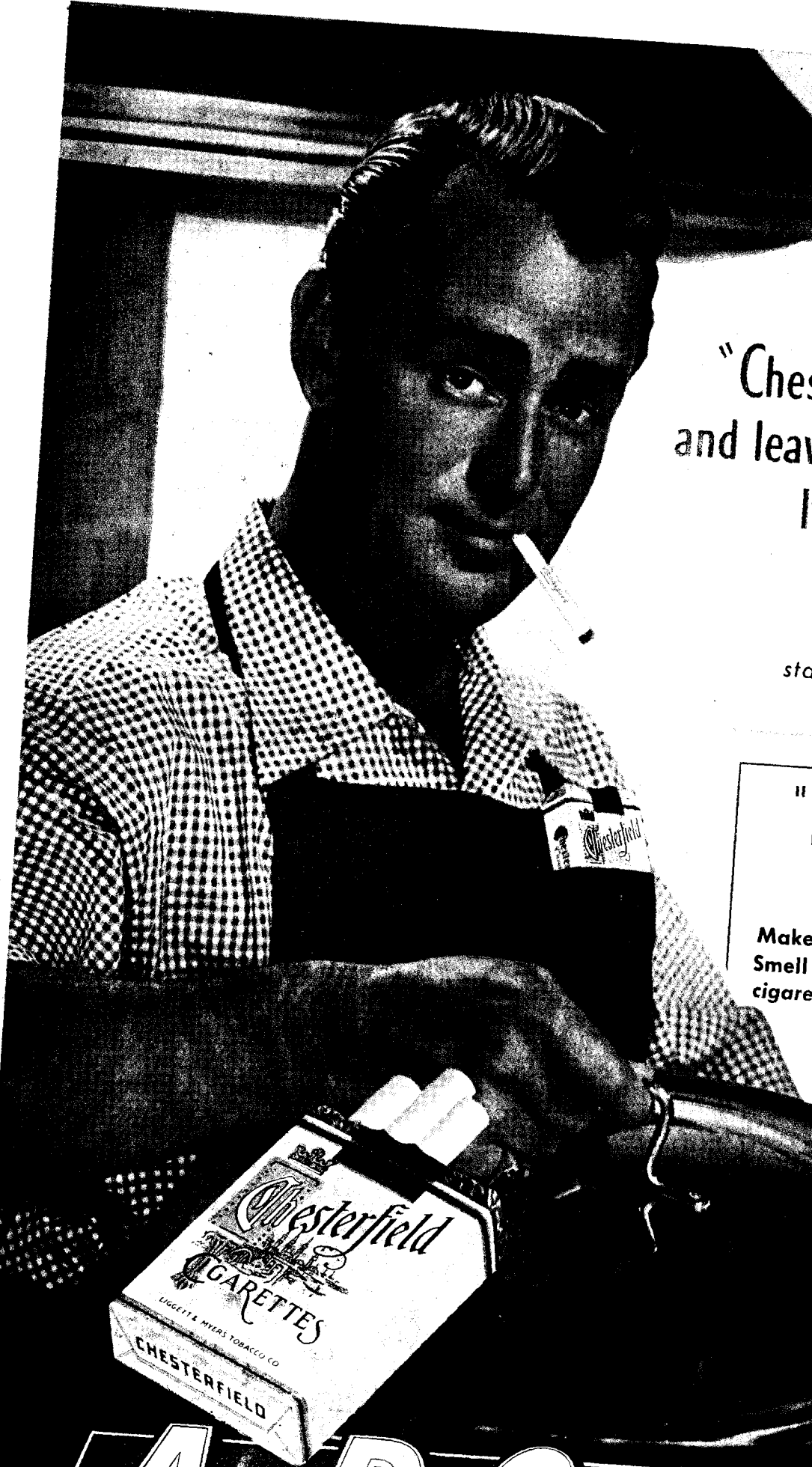


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